Modern Screen

JANUARY

10

ENTS

MEDICAL DIVISION

Dolores Del Rio

1936 FORECAST FOR

Garbo, Gable, Hepburn, Astaire, Colbert, Harlow



IN LOVE WITH HER SLAVE

. . . What happened when beautiful aristocratic Arabella Bishop became the captive of the man she had once purchased at the slave block for ten pounds?

Admiration for his proudly insolent manner and for his refusal to be humbled by those supposed to be his masters, coupled with a strange inner feeling, had prompted her to bid ten pounds for this man when he was auctioned off. And although his manner toward this girl, who had bought him as she would buy a horse, was one of scorn, Peter Blood could not dismiss the face of Arabella from his mind. . . . Even the hardship and torture of a slave's life could not do this. . . .

You will enjoy reading the thrilling romance of Captain Blood—an exciting story of slavery and piracy in the Caribbean. The complete story of "Captain Blood," Warner's new picture, starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, appears in the January issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other complete stories in this issue include "Riffraff," with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. . . . Jack Oakie, Joe Penner and Frances Langford in "Collegiate." . . . Paul Muni in "Enemy of Man." . . . Gene Raymond in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." . . . Also previews of "Hands Across the Table," with Carole Lombard. . . . Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel." . . . "Mary Burns, Fugitive" with Sylvia Sidney. . . . "Transatlantic Tunnel" with Richard Dix and Madge Evans.

THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN • JANUARY ISSUE NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

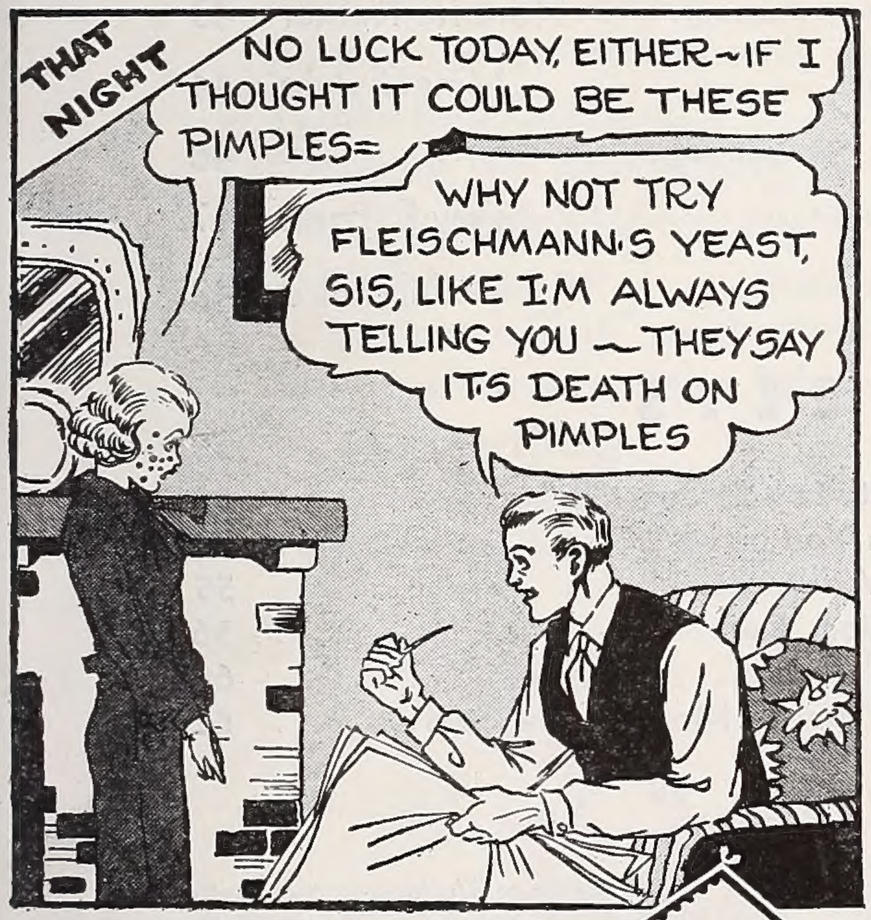
SCREEN ROMANCES



Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job









Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin —and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

★ ★ ★



We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.



★ ★ ★

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.



★ ★ ★

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—



Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.



★ ★ ★

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

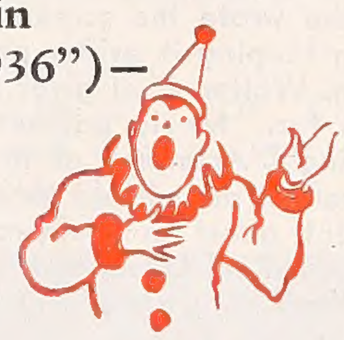


★ ★ ★



And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!







"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend





(Right, above) Walter Abel (as D'Artagnan), Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes in a tense scene from "The Three Musketeers." Remember Doug Fairbanks in the silent version? (Center) There's some fine entertainment in this Ronald Colman-Joan Bennett opus, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." (Bottom) Carole Lombard gives her best performance to date in "Hands Across the Table," with Fred MacMurray.

★★★ The Three Musketeers (RKO-Radio)

Possessing all the charm and dash of the old silent version which starred Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., "The Three Musketeers," with sound effects, is a welcome addition to the new season's playbill. The story, familiar to everyone, has undergone few changes, and scenarist Dudley Nichols (who wrote the screen play for "The Informer") has done a swell job in keeping it swiftly paced and well stocked with humor. As D'Artagnan, Walter Abel gives his character all the life and vigor the script calls for. Movie patrons with memories may prefer the more swashbuckling D'Artagnan of the elder Fairbanks, but Abel's performance is excellent and should make this recruit from the Broadway stage a permanent guest in Hollywood. The musketeers are played by Moroni Olsen, Paul Lukas and Onslow Stevens, and they're in capable hands. Others seen about are Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Ian Keith and Ralph Forbes. If you like your entertainment dished up in the virile manner, this film has everything you're looking for.

Preview Postscripts

"The Three Musketeers" talk at last. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., made the silent version several years ago, and followed it with "The Iron Mask," which took up the adventures of the Dumas gangs twenty years later. Extensive research was made for this more elaborate version and the costs were tripled on the former pictures. Faithful reproductions were made of old French scenes and architecture. The grilled iron gates of an old palace outside of Paris were imported for one scene, as were sixty-five fine steel rapiers from a French museum and many old costumes from which duplicates were patterned. The court ladies look elegant on the screen, but they didn't feel that way. Every gown had steel ribs holding in the bodice and some of the skirts were lined with wooden slats to give that modish flare. . . . This is Walter Abel's first picture, but not his first movie contract by any means. He was signed up two years ago after one of his many Broadway successes. Hopefully, he came to Hollywood and, optimistically, he hung around the studios. The pay checks came regularly, but not a sign of work. Somewhat disillusioned about this new art, Mr. Abel returned to Broadway. A year later he was recalled and decided to give the studio another chance to see him work. Again the weeks drifted by, and just as he was boarding a plane to New York a producer rushed up with an assignment to play in this flicker. Mrs. Abel was able to give her husband some pointers on playing D'Artagnan. She once played that gentleman's role in an ultra-performance staged by the girls of Bryn Mawr. In those days she was Mary Anna Bitters,

with fond hopes of seeing that name in the electric lights. She thinks her present name looks just as good in lights, though. . . . Moroni Olsen, that first name notwithstanding, is of Norwegian descent. He's anyone's idea of a Viking, with six-feet-four and two hundred and twenty-five pounds to his credit. This is Mr. Olsen's first celluloid appearance, too. But now he's busy with two pictures at the same time out on the RKO lot. He'll be Buffalo Bill in one of them. On Broadway, Olsen played with the Theatre Guild and with Miss Katherine Cornell for several seasons, besides having his own repertory theatre for a time. . . . Onslow Stevens is a Pasadena product. The entire Stevens family is stage-struck. In a recent play at the Pasadena Community Theatre, Papa Stevens, Mama S. and three of their sons took part. Onslow's the only professional. The rest of the family just participate for the fun of it. . . . Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes fell in love with a couple of other people while making this picture. But it was just to please the director. This was their first picture together since their marriage of a year ago. . . . No one has arrived in Hollywood recently with more ballyhoo and hullabaloo than Rosamond Pinchot. She was given space in the Social Register because her father is Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. But she was given the coveted role of the nun in "The Miracle" because she had proved herself an actress of talent and beauty. Hollywood, however, hemmed and hawed about a role for Miss Pinchot several months before giving her this one.

★★★ Hands Across the Table (Paramount)

Here's a grand picker-upper for all the woikin' gals out battling the world and the New Deal for a living. For Miss Lombard plays a poor but pure—oh, very—manicurist, who lands a millionaire playboy for her very own. The fact that he turns out to be just the playboy without a million doesn't spoil it either, since Fred MacMurray is our hero. But don't think Carole didn't have a chance to be in the money. She spurns the bonafide bankroll of Ralph Bellamy for love in a cottage. Further proof that money isn't everything—to Carole—is the fact that she looks lovelier in her starched beautician's uniform than she's ever looked hung with diamond bracelets and Travis Banton's creations. Marie Prevost does a grand comeback in this picture as Carole's plumpish pal. Fred MacMurray and Ralph Bellamy are excellent in their respective roles. And Miss Lombard tops a whole list of good performances with this one.

Preview Postscripts

Training to be a barber and finding yourself in the movies is apt to be a shock. So don't worry about that startled look on the faces of the dozen young men in the barber shop sequences. Paramount sent a rush call to the Los Angeles Barber College one day for twelve of their prize students and then kept them on the studio payroll for a couple months. Miss Lombard had a surprise, too. She found herself transplanted from the studio to a Boulevard beauty shop, where she had to give manicures for a whole day, following some intensive instruction in the art. The next day she appeared on the lot with her two dachshunds on a leash. Both were sporting brilliant ruby red claws. Carole had been doing her homework. . . . This marks Fred MacMurray's first starring role in pictures, thanks to Miss Lombard's insistence and persistence with the powers that be. Fred has leaped to fame in the cinema. But then, he's a speedy young man, having literally blown through college. He played a saxophone in the orchestra. Carroll College is his alma mammy, which school also boasts of Alfred Lunt—now. Fred's soulful saxophoning attracted the attention of a Chicago orchestra leader and he was offered a job. The pay wasn't much, but there was a possibility of the band having a free trip to California in the summer. So Mr. MacMurray joined forces. The next two years were spent traveling between Hollywood and New York with various orchestras. When in Hollywood, Fred took any extra roles he could get, but always returned to his first love. While in New York with the California Collegians, a comedy stage band, he was suddenly offered a dramatic role in "Roberta." In this he was "spotted" by a cinema sleuth and woke up one morning back in Hollywood. . . . Director Mitchell Leisen used to be a set dresser for Cecil DeMille in the good old days of silents. He still has an eye for the artistic and made it a rule to appear on the set every day in a different suit with some dazzling combination of handkerchief, tie and socks. Bets ran high among the cast as to whether Mitchell's miraculous wardrobe would hold out for two weeks. The thirteenth day Director Leisen showed up in shorts and sweat shirt—sockless, shoeless and hankyless. He admitted he was beaten.

★★★ A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)

The title of this one is really too modest. It should have been tagged "What a Night at the Opera!" for it stars the Three Marx Brothers. Some of you patriarchs may recall that there once were Four Marx Brothers, but Zeppo, one of the silent partners, has since retired and gone straight. Groucho, Chico and Harpo carry on, however, and uphold the fair name of Marx in excellent fashion. Groucho is Otis J. Driftwood, and he uses his abundance of sex appeal to lure Margaret Dumont into contributing heavily to an opera company which supports the romantic leads, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones. Mr. Jones, incidentally, has a voice and a personality which should get him places. The action shifts from Italy to a transatlantic liner to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where Harpo and Chico break up the performance with a series of backstage antics. All in all, it's one of the Marx's maddest jamborees, and our only complaint is that we could have used more of Groucho. To us he is the funniest of the brothers, and his every leer is loaded with drama, sex, and just a touch of hysteria.

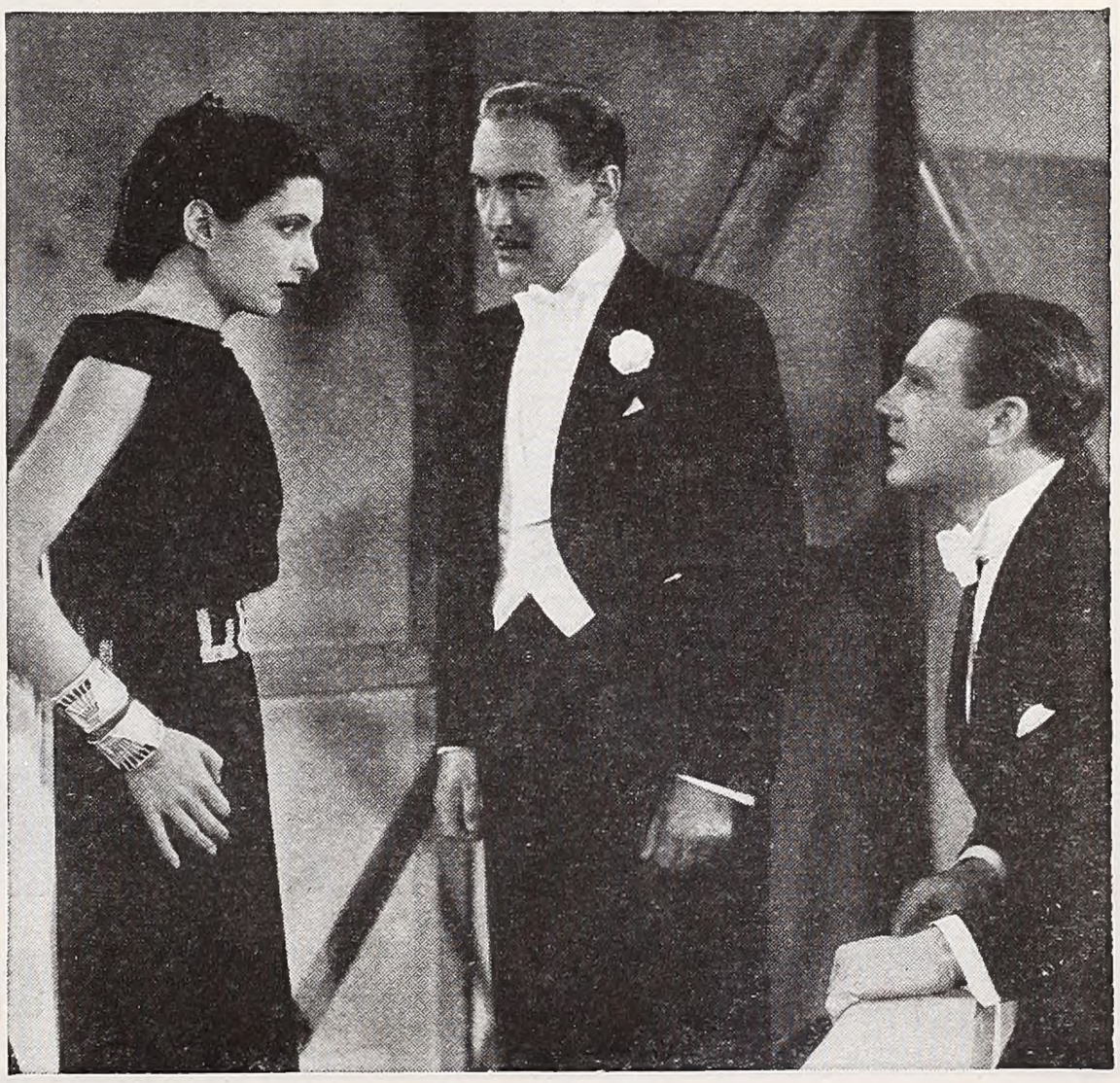
Preview Postscripts

Director Sam Wood lost fifteen pounds worrying over the Marx Brothers during the filming of this picture. Those boys just never run down. No one on the set was safe from their practical and impractical jokes. Instead of the usual camp chairs with their names printed on them for use on the set, the brothers Marx had large beds moved to the lot, with their names printed across the foot. Their musical instruments were placed on an adjoining table, so at a sign from poor Mr. Woods the boys could just reach over, get their instruments, and tune up. When they weren't *(Continued on page 88)*

Thrills and laughs galore in "Rendezvous," from "The Black Chamber," with Binnie Barnes, Bill Powell and Rosalind Russell.



Kay Francis, Paul Lukas and Ian Keith head the cast of "I Found Stella Parrish." Little Sybil Jason is in it, too.



THE BEERYS' CHRISTMAS
FEAST IS CHOCK FULL
OF CULINARY SURPRISES

By Marjorie Deen

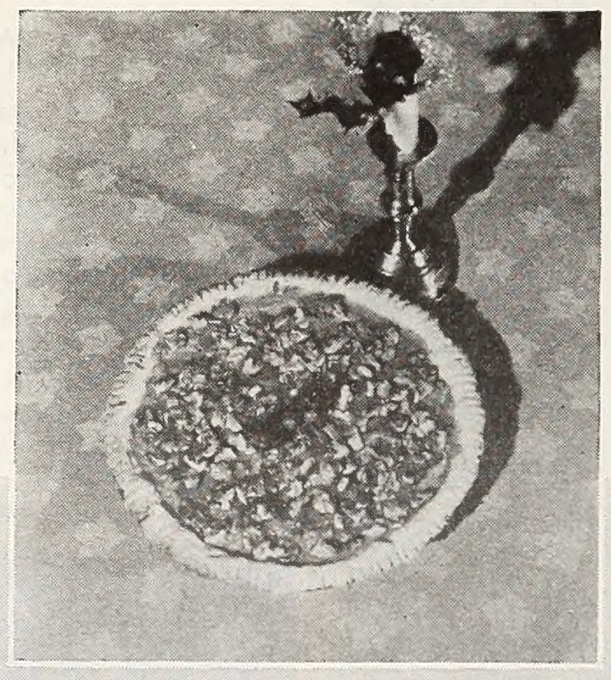
The Modern Hostess

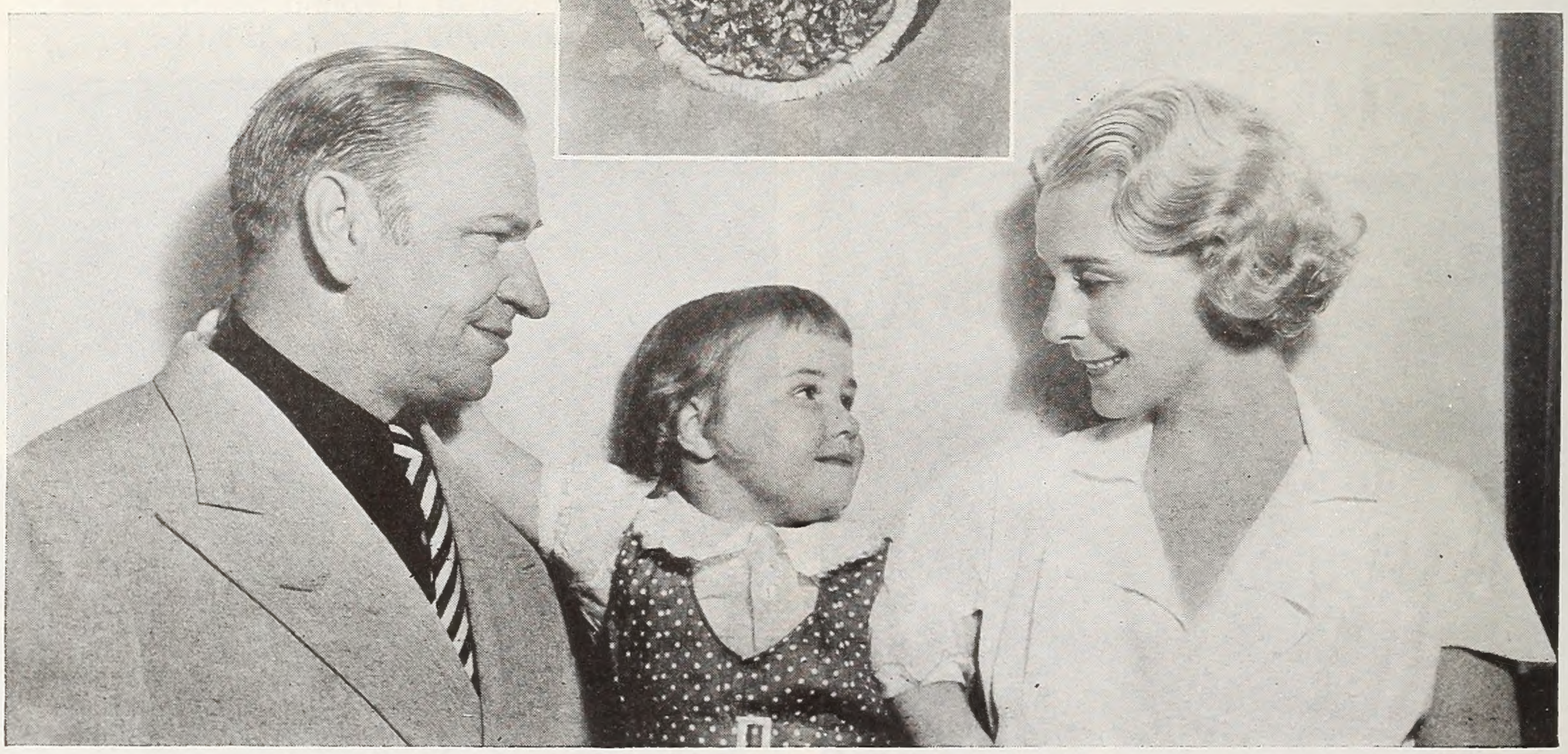
CHRISTMAS at the Wallace Beerys is a page from Dickens. Excitement reigns from the amusement room, decked in tinsel and holly, to the steaming kitchen where Blanche, the cook, and Mrs. Beery (when she's not unwrapping gifts before the tree) superintend the making of goodies that will tempt the vast number of relatives who are invited for the eventful day.

Recipes handed down from Mrs. Beery's mother, from Wally's mother and his mother's mother produce Christmas culinary surprises for the delectation of their guests. And just wait until you hear more about the Hollywood holiday foods that Reta Gilman Beery, wife of the screen's best-loved character actor, has for you, too! Ruby-colored, shimmering cranberry jellies and sauces . . . turkey stuffing made of shredded wheat biscuit (imagine that!) and rich with chestnuts and oysters . . . a wholesome fruit concoction that is good for children . . . a Yuletide pumpkin pie with walnuts scattered over its broad golden expanse . . . these and other delicacies will make their proud appearance at the Beerys' Christmas feast.

During the entire week preceding Christmas, the low, sprawling, Spanish plaster house is a seething center of planned activity. Wally's beloved and lovely adopted daughter, Carol Ann, hustles about with mysterious packages—presents purchased by the hoarding of pennies and nickels from her twenty-five-cents-a-week allowance. Wally himself is secretively busy in the amusement room—a tabooed spot for Carol Ann until December 25th! And for the whole week before Christmas the tree is in place so that Wally can have the fun of hanging ornaments and decorations by the dozens on its friendly green arms.

"I don't know who is more excited, Carol Ann or Wally," pretty blonde Reta Beery told me. "Both are up at the crack of dawn on Christmas morning and down they go to the amusement room to see what Santa Claus has brought them. Carol Ann is a firm believer in Santa.





Pumpkin pie, sprinkled with walnuts, is one of the many delicacies which Mrs. Beery will serve Wally and little Carol Ann on Christmas Day.

As for the tree it takes days for Wally to decorate it to suit his fancy. He puts ornaments here and there, then changes them, like an artist, to get a better effect. Really I am just as excited as they are, for we all love gifts and celebrations."

Good-natured, big-hearted Wally is at his expansive best as Yuletide host, surrounded by relatives big and little, old and young. Doubtless as he looks at the smiling faces about him he recalls his own pitiful, cheerless Christmases as a child in Kansas City where his father's patrolman's wages barely supplied the needs of life and left very little for frivolity. At fourteen broad-shouldered, muscular, young Wallace joined up with a circus, you know; became successively elephant trainer, New York chorus boy (his brother, Noah was one also) and thus entered show business where he remained with short excursions into hobo-ing and banking for contrast! Not until Wallace Beery reached manhood did he ever have a bang-up Christmas celebration. Small wonder, therefore, that Beery, today, assembles as many as fifty or sixty relatives and friends in his Beverly Hills home and plays Santa Claus to them all.

AND such food as they serve in Wallace Beery's household when Christmas dinner-time comes around! Of course, the turkey, as everyone knows, is the *pièce de résistance* and the rite of its preparation is one that engages Reta Beery's own personal attention. The bird should be dressed the day before, she says, and salt and pepper sprinkled inside it—after which it should be allowed to stand and season over night. In the morning the bird is stuffed with the special stuffing already mentioned, placed in a slow oven and roasted for the required amount of time, allowing twenty-five minutes a pound for cooking. Reta cautions that the turkey must be cooked slowly and basted every fifteen minutes.

"Turkey to reach its peak of perfection must be juicy, yet well done," says Wally's wife, "and still further deliciousness is added to this popular bird by a well seasoned stuffing." The turkey stuffing Reta uses is perfectly elegant and entirely novel. The coupon that will bring you a copy of her recipe accompanies this article, but of that more anon.

Of course, turkey without cranberries is practically unthinkable, so Reta Beery next introduces you to her cranberry recipes. You may prefer the red berries with their crunchy shells left in, as a sauce; or smooth and clear as a jelly, so I'm giving you Reta's (*Continued on page* 67)

Take your Laxative the **CHOCOLATE** *way*



Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take . . . so gentle—so effective

YOU can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But . . . why?

Why—when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness . . . *constipation.*

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GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name .....
Address .....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

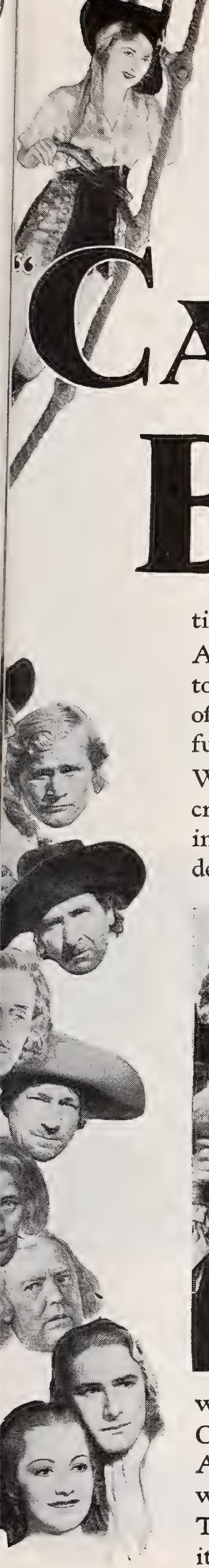
polo *and* parties



Meet one of Cinema-town's more fickle young gals, Miss Wendy Barrie. Maybe Wendy's broken troth to young Donahue made her cagey, but the fact remains that she gets about town with a vast assortment of swains. Here, at left, you see her being squired by that rising young actor, Louis Hayward, at a polo meet.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson step out at the Roosevelt Blossom Room, above right. In case you don't recognize Mrs. N., it's your old pal, Bette Davis. Bette tries to keep Harmon from being called Mr. Davis—so they make few appearances at the popular night spots. "Ham" keeps busy with his swell band.

Above left, Bob Taylor puts one over on the rumor hounds by taking his mother, Mrs. Ruth Brough, to the polo matches. Bob's romance with Irene Hervey seems to be on once more. And right, the opening of a new night spot finds this gay looking trio—Eadie Adams, singer at the new Cinegrill, C. Henry Gordon and Una Merkel.



Come Adventuring with

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.

After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill.

What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes – with an entire town destroyed by gunfire – this drama of unrepressed



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

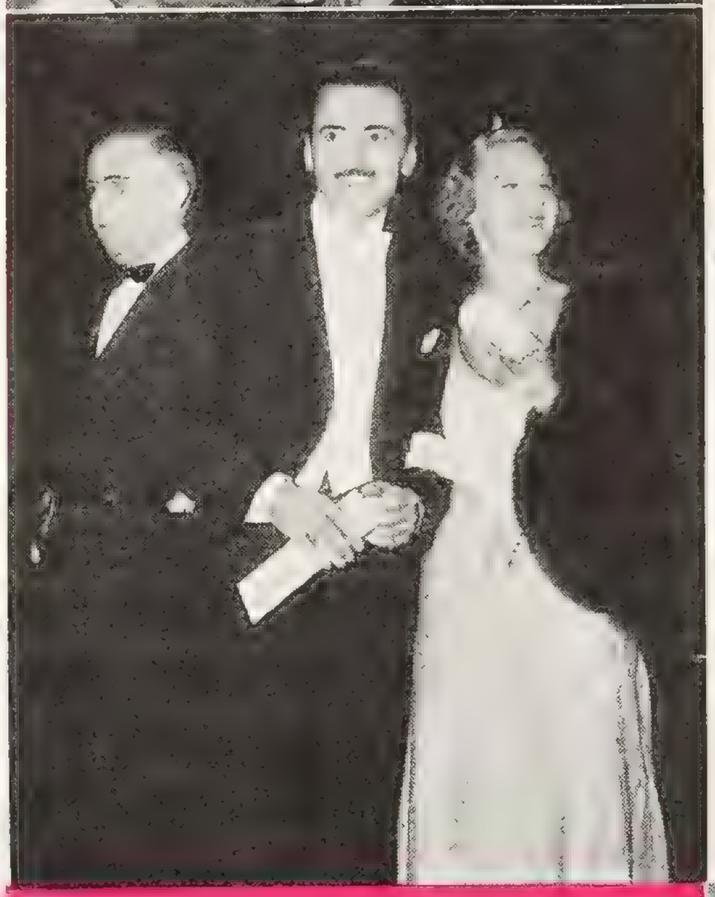
hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

And the cast is just as exciting as the production. First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn* captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely *Olivia de Havilland* who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

GOOD NEWS





No rest for boiled shirts and white ties this month in Hollywood—such goings-on! At right, Myrna Loy autographs a fan's book while Arthur Hornblow grins—at "Hands Across the Table" preview. Grace Moore hanging on to hubby, Valentin Parera, at the "Dream" premiere. Gracie's always good for the dazzling smile and so's Val.

by LEO TOWNSEND

When you see "Klondike Lou," Mae West's latest, you may observe that La Belle West is the best-dressed woman in the cast—and there's a reason. Seems that Lucille Gleason was signed for an important role in the picture, and Travis Banton designed a few nifty costumes for her. They were so nice, in fact, that our Mae walked off the set when she saw them, refusing to return to the studio on the following day. However, into the breach stepped Ernst Lubitsch, Paramount's new big boss, and a heavy conference ensued. Following it everyone kissed, made up and returned to work. The dove of peace flapped again, albeit somewhat nervously, over the "Klondike Lou" set.

■ ■ ■

The big splurge of the social season, thus far, was the premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for which everyone dug the ermines out of the moth balls and tucked away ordinary preview costumes in favor of white ties and tails. The occasion was so gala that it took three-quarters of an hour to move from the corner of the theatre, which was in the middle of the block. The traffic was so tied up, despite—or maybe it was because of—the presence of a police delegation, that the picture started an hour late. Everyone saw Shakespeare, heard speeches, applauded members of the cast and girded themselves for the hard fight getting out to their respective cars. And thus was a new social season born.

■ ■ ■

Following the premiere, some 500 guests journeyed out to Marion Davies' Santa Monica beach home—we were going to say "cottage" but it hardly seems a proper title for a 30-room domicile—where Miss D. once more proved herself the undisputed champion hostess of Hollywood. It would be





Those Wylers, tsk, tsk! Maggie Sullavan and Willie do a tandem on their new cycle. A new way to prove marital compatability.

OUR SMOOTHIE REPORTER JOTS NOTES ON HIS DRESS SHIRT

impossible to list all the celebrities present, for almost anyone you could name was there. A specially-built dance floor covered the space usually occupied by a few swimming pools and a couple of tennis courts, and a blue canopy sheltered the entire area. Two orchestras furnished the music—and most of the fancy dancing was supplied by the hostess and one of her escorts of the evening, George Brent.

■ ■ ■

The most amusing single incident connected with the opening was the advertisement in a Hollywood trade paper. You probably don't know it, but when a picture is completed everyone from the director to prop boy, advertises in the trade papers to announce his part in the completed task. In this manner, producers, noting their accomplishments, hire them for new pictures from which the boys often make enough money to pay for the ads on the last one. Anyhow, a day before the opening, and after much hullaballoo about the genius of Reinhardt and the courage of the Warner Brothers, there appeared a half-page ad in one of the trade papers which simply said: "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—original story by William Shakespeare."

■ ■ ■

Last month we told you that Jean Harlow and Bill Powell had taken back their deposit on the orange blossoms and decided to be just pals, instead of Mr. and Mrs. That it was a friendly break-up has appeared to be correct, but there is one little dissenting voice of rumor that puts a new light on the sitchee-ashun. It seems that the cause of the break was no less a beguiling lass than Rosalind Russell, his co-star in "Rendezvous." So Jean steps out of an evening with her "Riff Raff" director, Walter Ruben—or with Harry Richman, who seems to be the gent to dab a hankie in the eye of many a distressed damsel!

■ ■ ■

The Grant-Bruce twosome is passé, for Virginia has switched her affections to Cesar Romero, the Latin from far-off Manhattan. Having been seen out together three nights in a row they are, according to the rumor-makers, all set for a march to the altar. When you take a girl out three nights in a row in Hollywood, your fourth day finds you flooded with wires from the air lines offering attractive round-trip rates to Yuma with a quiet wedding thrown in for a small additional charge. And on the fifth day you start getting information on the rates to Reno.

■ ■ ■

Questions without answers department: What very good-looking young star, who recently gave the heavy boy friend the air, now finds herself in the same boat, so to speak? Making a picture on location, she fell considerably in love with a handsome male star, but when they returned to Hollywood the gentleman decided home and fireside was the best place, after all. So now the young lady is enjoying a mild breakdown. Wasn't it Wordsworth who once said of a girl like this, "She can dish it out, but she can't take it"?

■ ■ ■

Hollywood is doing considerable buzzing about the Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay divorce. The "I told you sos" are having a field day, but a few of the more observant natives are almost willing to bet that the divorce will lead to a reconciliation. For one thing, it must have done something to Frank, for he has gone back to work in a big way. Once one of the smartest comedians on Broadway, Frank went into almost complete retirement after his marriage. Since the marriage fell apart he has finished a role in "Stars Over Broadway."

■ ■ ■

Item number two on the Michael accident: Gertrude was rushed to the hospital in a semi-conscious state, and during the examination an interne, gathering information, asked her her name. Gertrude knew she was in pictures, but she couldn't quite place herself. The interne must have had the same idea, for he said, "You're in pictures, aren't you?" "Yes," replied Gertrude, with what she thought was the light dawning on her, "I'm Grace Moore."

Now that Gertrude has fully recovered from her automobile accident, this little item can be told. When Gertrude was thrown from her car, a group of Mexicans, who saw the accident, immediately phoned the hospital and took care of her until the ambulance arrived. After seeing Gertrude safely into the ambulance they left—with her purse, her wrist-watch and her shoes.

■ ■ ■

Another nice-gesture-of-the-month is that made by Fred Stone. When Will Rogers died, his stand-in, Leonard Traynor, was left jobless. He was, that is, until Fred heard of his plight. Now Traynor is Fred's stand-in, and just to be sure he always gets the job, Stone had a clause to that effect inserted into his contracts with RKO and Paramount.

■ ■ ■

Probably the most social-minded of our younger gentlemen, hereabouts, is Tom



More "Dream" premiere-trotters. All Alma Mammy Warner Brothers, too. Pat Ellis, the Warren Williams, Lyle Talbot and Paula Stone.

Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in earnest confab at the very elaborate Marion Davies party after the "Dream" premiere.

These Britishers! George Breakston and his Dad talk things over with Freddie Bartholomew at a Father and Son get-together breakfast.







Above, left to right, a telling little trio of snaps that shows you love's thorny path in Hollywood! Joan Blondell, looking very wistful, dates Dick Powell, looking very gay. Next evening Joan, all smiles, steps out with ex-hubby George Barnes. The same evening, Alice Faye, putting on the big gay act, dates a wistful looking gent named Powell! And so, my pets, that to the Powell-Blondell romance rumors! To the right and down, bride Sally Blane looks adoringly at her new husband, Norman Foster. Hermia arrives for her Hollywood debut in "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Olivia de Havilland, looking more like Juliet, has a tussle with her train while Ernest Mendel-Hall looks on. Olivia received bravos on her fine performance in the Shakespeare-Reinhardt special. And last, gaze on Cinematown's sizzling romance of the month—Cesar Romero with that blonde charmer, Virginia Bruce, at the "Metropolitan" preview.



Brown. Almost all of his appearances, however, are with Jane Frances Mullen, socialite of Los Angeles.

Young Mr. Brown, by the way, is fast becoming a very popular guy with the young lady fans, if what we saw at a football game last month is any indication. It was at the outside gate, and a group of young things were crowded about a lass who was exhibiting a Tom Brown autograph she had just obtained. As we passed she was in the process of rejecting a trade-in offer of a genuine Dick Powell. Of course, the young lady with the genuine Dick Powell may have had a couple more at home.

■ ■ ■

And what's this about Joan Blondell? When she obtained her divorce from George Barnes everyone thought she was a gal who divorced for keeps. Well, on a Monday night she was seen out with Dick Powell, which proved everyone's prediction—until Wednesday, when she attended the premiere. The gent whose arm she clung to was none other than ex-hubby George Barnes, and they looked sooo devoted, which certainly put everyone on the ropes!

■ ■ ■

We're a little late announcing it, but Katharine Hepburn recently posted an offer of $100, and it went begging. It happened this way: just before her last jaunt to New York she was stopped in front of a Hollywood cafe by a photographer who wanted a picture with her escort, Leland Heyward. Katie refused, and paused long enough to announce that anyone agile enough to snap her between here and New York would be handed a hundred bucks. Miss H. still has the money.

When you read about the lavishness of the stars—how they spend fortunes wiring their swimming pools for sound and so forth—it's nice to know that there are a few residents out here who know the value of a dollar. Take Ruth Chatterton, for instance. Ruthie is no pauper—she has a lovely home, cars, and flies her own plane, but she can skimp when she has to. Just recently, for example, she sent a basket of flowers to a friend in honor of an anniversary. With it was her card, a pretty sentiment on one side, and on the other, in neat engraving, *Mrs. George Brent.*

■ ■ ■

Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox's French import, who couldn't speak a word of English when she arrived in this country, is doing all right with her language these days, judging from a recent conversation we had with her. The little lady announced she was about to buy a car, and when she was asked what brand she had in mind she replied: "Oh, just a little Packard!" Being able to say "Packard" after only two weeks in these parts comes under the head of nice going.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of autograph fiends, Evelyn Venable has just met the tops in that field. Recently Evelyn was stopped on the street by a little girl who handed her a sheet with two carbon copies and asked for her signature. Evelyn inquired about the carbon copies and the little lady said, "Well, I sell the original, give the second copy to one of my friends, and I usually keep the third copy for myself." P. S. Need we add that she didn't get the autograph!











Left and down, Marion Davies with George Brent at "Midsummer Night's Dream" preview—Marion threw a huge and very exclusive party after this. Glenda Farrell with her big heart throb, Addison Randall, at the opening of a new night spot, the Roosevelt Cinegrill. John Boles and Gladys Swarthout take a radio duet very seriously. Lower row, left to right, Cary Grant still goes places with Betty Furness. Here they are on a recent evening at the Trocadero. And next, that young smoothie, Tom Brown, beaming on Toby Wing. Tom told Scotty to say that he hadn't given la Wing his class pin yet—the wag! Incidentally, Tom seems to be taking lessons in variety from some of the town's more seasoned Lotharios. Gary Cooper and wife, Sandra, take in a preview of "Hands Across the Table." Somehow the Coopers always look so glum about their public appearances. Could it be that they don't like photographers?

If any of youse guys have ever gone six months without a haircut you'll have a rough idea of how nice a barber chair looked to Donald Woods recently. It wasn't that Donald couldn't afford a haircut, it just seemed that his art forced him to let his hair down. Parts in "Frisco Kid," "Enemy of Men" and "A Tale of Two Cities" all called for long tresses, but after six months of it all three roles were finished and Mr. W. sat himself down at his favorite tonsorial parlor. Five minutes later a frantic phone call told him to hold everything—he was needed for retakes on "A Tale of Two Cities." Donald rushed to the studio and did his scenes entirely in profile, for the barber had finished half of his job and only one side of the Woods' head was Dickens.

■ ■ ■

Now that Christmas is approaching it might be well to know what your favorite stars want in the way of gifts. We haven't got around to many of them so far, but a heart to heart talk with Edith Fellows reveals that she's counting on Santa Claus to bring her a monkey. Anyone possessing a monkey, even if it's a slightly used one, can have Edith's address for the asking. We think, though, that Shirley Temple's request tops them all. Shirley doesn't want toys and she doesn't want dolls. She merely wants the Dionne quintuplets!

■ ■ ■

Lyle Talbot is going to stop being nice to kiddies. Mr. T. is one of Hollywood's most accommodating gents—he's even nice to autograph hounds. The other night a group of youngsters surrounded him and, after he had autographed all their books, he gave one of the lads a fatherly pat on the head. As he turned to leave he heard the little guy's voice booming out. "Say," said the kid, "who is that guy?"

■ ■ ■

Hollywood has gone terpsichorean, and you can blame it all on Fred Astaire. After seeing Fred's nimble footwork in "Top Hat," the young ladies of the town have taken to dropping uncomplimentary remarks about the dancing of their male friends. Remarks, you know, like "I didn't say you were clumsy, dear, I merely asked if you had seen the way Fred Astaire did it." Soooooo, after a series of nasty looks from their young men, the gals have banded together and formed a dancing class. Charter members are Patricia Ellis, Grace and Gertrude Durkin and Paula Stone.

■ ■ ■

It may not be a new idea, but Dolores Del Rio says it is, and who are we to doubt Dolores? Her idea is to equip her wardrobe for each picture with gowns of the same shade. If you saw her in "In Caliente" you probably noted that everything Dolores wore was white, from unmentionables on up. In her next, "Meet the Duchess," black will get the call, and those who have seen some of her creations say they're swell.

■ ■ ■

Now that Jan Kiepura has arrived to make a picture, Hollywood seems like the old days once more. Mr. Kiepura is the Polish tenor whose pictures are so sensational in Europe, and Mr. K. is also extremely (*Continued on page 58*)





Beauty Advice

A DRESSING-TABLE PREVIEW OF "GETTING READY FOR A PARTY"

By Mary Biddle



SO YOU'RE going to a party! Well, here's our own little private preview of "Party Glamor" (produced and directed by Mary Biddle—ahem!). Olivia de Havilland is the star, and we might re-title it "A Midwinter Night's Dream."

Olivia de Havilland's mother named her after the Olivia in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and perhaps the name itself has touched her with magic. At any rate, her fresh beauty has stirred even Hollywood to enthusiasm . . . and for her, the dream has come true. She has suddenly awakened to find herself all that she had ever dreamed of being, a Reinhardt protegee in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . a Hollywood discovery . . . a sought-after actress.

Now, all of us have different dreams about what we want to be and what we want to have happen to us, but I imagine we're all alike in having shared the dream of being "the belle of the ball," with all the Gables and Montgomerys beseeching us for just one little dance. And the one particular heartbeat would be fuming and glaring from the sidelines in savage jealousy over our being so popular, and all the women would be murmuring not too sweetly, "What *has* Mary done to herself . . . she's a positive sensation." Isn't that a pretty good crystal reading of your own cherished dream?

Let's analyze this business of being the belle of the ball, before we sit down at our dressing tables. Think of the most popular girls you've ever known. Did you ever know a popular girl who didn't have a gay face and a gay manner at parties, a sort of party face and party manner? Miriam Hopkins, for example, is a grand party belle. She has a certain radiance about her, an outward reflection of her inner gaiety. The most effective beauty aid in the world is a happy mental state.

Sometimes girls write me and say, "I dread going to parties. I never have a good time." Well, there they are handicapping themselves right at the start. They work themselves into a glum, gloomy state of mind even before they get to the party. Have you ever watched children's faces when you say the word "party" to them? They light up with an eager anticipation over the magic word. If you could just work up a little more of that spirit, too, you would be surprised at what an effective beauty aid it would be.

A famous artist once said that the most (*Continued on page 72*)

With the holiday partying season in full swing, Olivia de Havilland illustrates some tricks to give new life to the hair. Sprinkle a little brilliantine and a dash of perfume on your hairbrush and brush vigorously. This gives the hair an even sheen, rather than the smeary, plastered effect that results when brilliantine is applied with the hands. Try it!



Joan and Franchot's wedding as you imagined it, not the simple affair it really was!

Here Comes the Bride!

JOAN TONE DISCUSSES HER MARRIAGE WITH HER CLOSEST FRIEND

By Katherine Albert

I CAN tell you that what the Crawford-Tone wedding lacked in orange blossoms and Lohengrin, it made up for in to-do from press and public. For weeks Joan and Franchot had been playing a matrimonial hounds-and-hares with the poor, benighted newspapermen. They were married . . . they weren't married . . . they might be married. And so it went until, finally, Joan and Franchot slipped away to a little New Jersey town and were quietly wed by a local judge. Joan had consistently, even tearfully, denied even to me that she would marry Franchot. Franchot, like a gentleman, refused to say whether or not he was sitting on the fence waiting for her answer.

And the question that you will ask is, "Why did Joan change her mind?"

Ever since the day that Joan divorced young Doug, she had stoutly maintained that she was through with marriage forever. She said that it had no place in her scheme of things.

THE DAY after her marriage I asked her what had changed her mind.

"Franchot," she said. "Franchot and all that he is as a person made me change my mind. I had wanted to marry for months but Franchot (*Continued on page 70*)

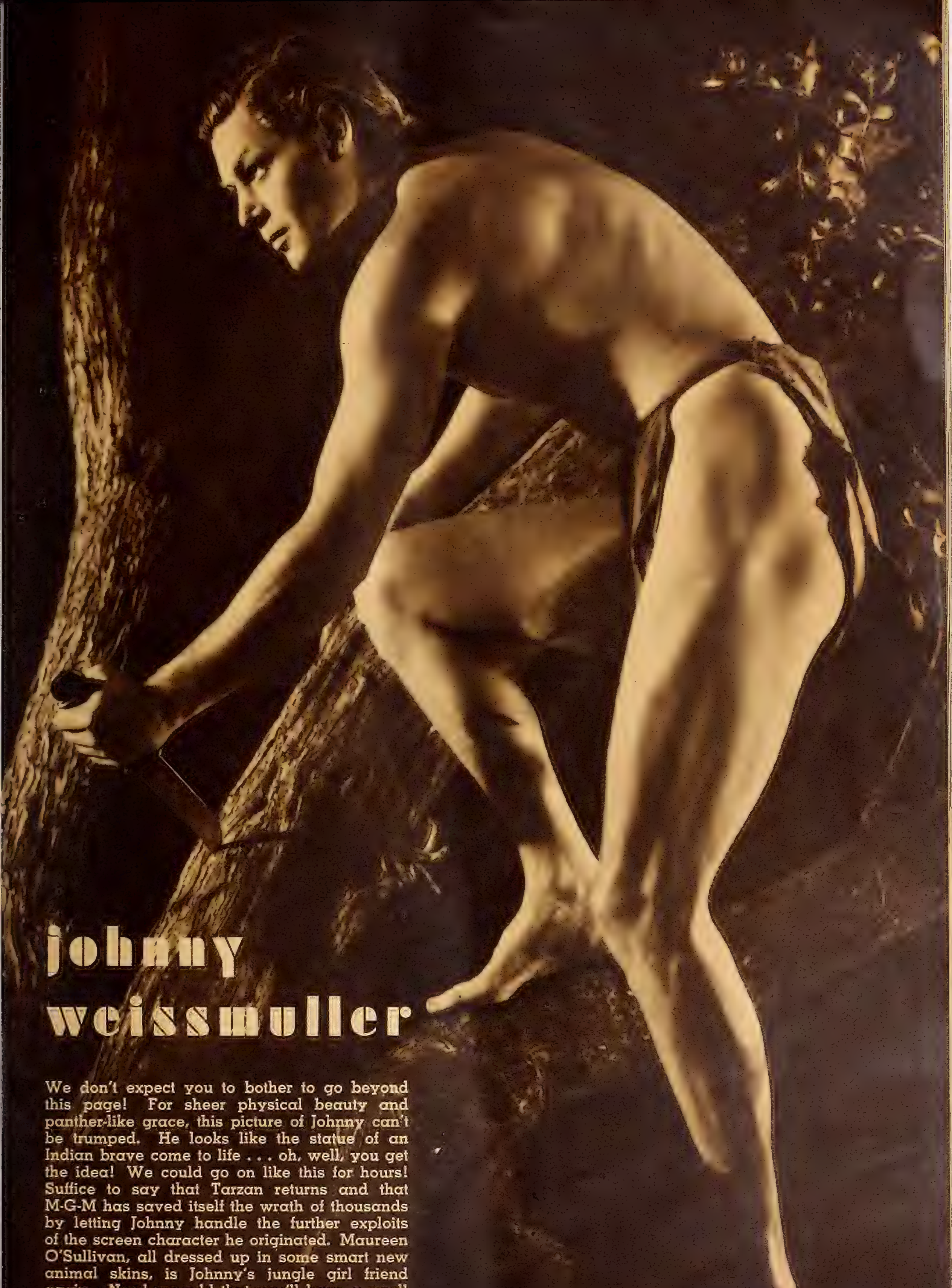
A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes...for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know...THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"





We don't expect you to bother to go beyond this page! For sheer physical beauty and panther-like grace, this picture of Johnny can't be trumped. He looks like the statue of an Indian brave come to life . . . oh, well, you get the idea! We could go on like this for hours! Suffice to say that Tarzan returns and that M-G-M has saved itself the wrath of thousands by letting Johnny handle the further exploits of the screen character he originated. Maureen O'Sullivan, all dressed up in some smart new animal skins, is Johnny's jungle girl friend again. Need we add that you'll have a swell time at "Tarzan Escapes"?



jean harlow

A grand gal, Jean, and one of Hollywood's real "toiling tillies." So much so, in fact, that it must seem strange to her to find no immediate picture scheduled after "Riff Raff" and an eastern vacation trip a reality. "Riff Raff," incidentally, gives Jean a new team-mate in the form of Spencer Tracy. Spence, an exponent of the Gable-Beery virility school and a grand actor, with Harlow, should give you fans a new combination to cheer.



ronald colman

It's homey to see Ronald Colman with an upper lip decoration again and back in one of those suave roles that he tosses off with such aplomb. After the unkempt Darnton of "A Tale of Two Cities," it must feel good to be washed up for the sleek part of "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Joan Bennett returns, too, as his fair partner in this famous gambling saga.

Cary Grant

Here's a chap that isn't taking any dust on his way up to the topnotch leading man rank. Cary gave a nice performance in that very masculine opus, "The Last Outpost," and now he's with Hepburn in "Sylvia Scarlett." Off-screen, he's a favorite Hollywood beau-about-town.

rochelle hudson

It looks as if dark-haired, hazel-eyed Rochelle is stepping right into the star shoes of Janet Gaynor. Since illness forced the Gaynor to quit the "Way Down East" cast and Rochelle so capably took her role over, 20th Century-Fox has been busy looking over scripts suitable to the Hudson talents. Rochelle is fragile and young looking, but she's a poised, intelligent gal when it comes to planning a bright future. "Show Them No Mercy" is her next picture, then comes "Ramona" with John Boles.



All the elusive fascination of the changeable Dietrich seems to be caught here by the camera. Everyone wonders about "Desire" which, as you know, will be without the Von Sternberg guiding hand. But one interesting fact stands out, Marlene has the same leading man that she had in that great success years ago, "Morocco"—Gary Cooper! Perhaps with Gary she'll recapture that subtle screen charm which seems to have been swaddled in the elaborate costume pictures.

marlene dietrich



Blithe, young Anita Louise gaily admits that she isn't old enough to wangle a mink coat from her mother, but the Brothers Warner consider her quite enough of a dramatic veteran to handle some of their neatest supporting roles! She's had great breaks of late what with falling under Max Reinhardt's tutelage in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and now to be cast with that fine actor, Paul Muni, in "Enemy of Man." She laughs off rumors of her romance with Nino Martini, the newest screen vocalizing charmer.

anita louise



Threats?

Divorce?

Marriage?

Accident?

what will happen

What Dareos Prophesied

1. Death for three of the screen's best-loved players.
2. No Pickford-Fairbanks reconciliation despite talk. Mary to make success at writing.
3. Emotional uncertainty for Constance Bennett—beginning of career decline.
4. Chaplin to complete picture—fact of his marriage to Paulette Goddard accepted.
5. Garbo to go to Sweden; her mother to die; career to decline; no marriage.
6. Leslie Howard divorce whispers untrue; scandal threat; screen and stage in London.
7. Marriage either in '35 or '36 for Loretta Young; breakdown late in year, which will stop work.
8. Barbara Stanwyck on verge of divorcing Frank Fay but will make up. Adopt child.
9. Claudette Colbert to be victim of violence. Threat of scandal. "Will do a Garbo."
10. Miriam Hopkins to have big screen year. No marriage.
11. Katharine Hepburn to marry.
12. Big professional year for Ronnie Colman. No marriage despite rumors.

THE PLANETS for 1936 frown balefully on Hollywood and many of its best-beloved stars . . . !

They say:

—there is more woe ahead for Harlow! Danger of life or limb menaces Gable! A serious motor crash lies directly in John Boles' path! It'll be a "bad year" for Bing Crosby, and an even worse one for Constance Bennett! Kidnappers have their eyes on many Hollywood children! Gangsters threaten Mae West! Dolores Del Rio faces heart unhappiness! Many other stars enter the year in the shadow of accident, scandal, sickness, even possible death. The break-up of several stars' homes is indicated. For Hollywood itself—internal strife and subsequent upheaval.

But there is good, too, to balance the bad in the year's astrological aspect . . . the public will thrill to torrid ro-

EIGHTY PER CENT CORRECT IN HIS 1935 PROPHECIES, DAREOS



DAREOS' ANNUAL FORECAST

AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

ILLUSTRATION BY FLOHERTY, JR.

Love?

Success?

Unhappiness?

to them in 1936?

mances in the lives of Garbo, Myrna Loy, Gene Raymond, Dick Powell, Janet Gaynor! And marriage—*happy* marriage — is probable for Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young. Bright futures lie ahead for Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew, the child-wonders of the past year. There'll be new babies in Hollywood homes—the Jolsons will probably adopt another child, perhaps even twins. And there's a likelihood of twins being born to the Fred Astaires! The Paul Munis, the planets say, may adopt a child, too. For Hollywood, generally, it will be a big financial year, despite what internal woes the industry may have. At least one great film will be produced, during the year, that will amaze the world.

All these events are in the 1936 forecast of Dareos, that world-renowned (*Continued on page 74*)

What Happened

1. Death of Will Rogers, Junior Durkin and Sam Hardy.
2. Correct on both prophecies. Doug and Mary are divorced. Mary's three books are selling well.
3. Connie's emotional life none too serene. Career definitely on wane, after year of free-lancing.
4. Picture completed and Hollywood does accept marital status with Paulette.
5. Did go to Sweden; mother still lives; her career waning; no marriage.
6. Right about divorce talk; no known scandal. Did successful London screen and stage work.
7. No marriage as yet in '35 but Dareos says to watch '36. Breakdown now keeping her from work.
8. As this is written Barbara and Frank are separated. They adopted a boy.
9. No known violence but scandal whispers concerning her Mexican divorce. Now hiding from questioners.
10. Right-o, Dareos! Miriam's career on the up but no marriage.
11. She denies it but Hollywod says *yes*.
12. Correct. Colman has had splendid pictures but no marriage despite romance rumors.

TELLS HOLLYWOOD STARS WHAT TO EXPECT IN '36!



Garbo's GLAMOR?

By Helen
Louise Walker

Hepburn—artist or imitator?

WHAT GOES into the making of a successful actress? What are the *ingredients* of screen success and how do you mix them and at what temperature do you bake them? Wouldn't a lot of people, including you and I, like to know the answer to that one!

Someone, at a party not long ago, described Katharine Hepburn as an "assembled" star. Asked to explain, she said, "Katie uses her hands like Nazimova, walks like Hope Williams, talks like Garbo . . ." and so on through quite a lengthy list of characteristics, the implication being that Miss Hepburn's borrowed attributes had been important factors in her truly spectacular success. And I don't use "spectacular success" with any reservations since the amazing dramatic right-about-face Katie did in "Alice Adams." From one of the worst slumps any actress ever experienced to a new high in fine acting, she certainly deserves the tag of "spectacular" without contention. Katie's "Alice" made you feel that she had undreamed of dramatic potentialities and it makes the question of whether she is an "assembled" star worth the analyzing at this point in her career.

LET'S GO 'way back for a moment. In the first place Katharine Hepburn has been one of the most assiduous, the shrewdest, the most successful borrowers of stage or screen. She has always been a person who knew what she wanted yet who has recognized her own limitations. When she was a small, red-haired girl in Connecticut, she knew that she wanted to be an actress. In fact, she was convinced that she *was* an actress because she had discovered that the tears and the heart-rending sobs, which she could produce at will, were very useful

THERE ARE THOSE WHO CLAIM KATIE'S A COPYCAT! IF SHE IS, HER BORROWING IS REMODELED INTO A BRIGHT NEW FORM OF GENIUS

in getting her what she wanted. She sobbed at her father until he built her a small theatre of her own in the back yard where she could practise her lachrymose histrionics to her heart's content.

Then and there, Katharine began to "borrow." There was a little girl in the "company" who was, it seemed to Katie, a more convincing cry-er than was Katie, herself. She insisted upon knowing how the other child did it.



She studied, imitated, analyzed this superior art of sobbing until she had made the secret her own. Even as a young and spoilt child she developed the knack of benefitting from what other people had learned.

Later, having profited in school dramatics not only from the instructors but from talented amateur colleagues, Katharine, in the face of violent family objections, went to Baltimore and demanded to be allowed to become a member of Edwin Knopf's stock company. She was, she informed Mr. Knopf, an actress. When he viewed her gangling figure and youthful enthusiasm with obvious amusement, she *acted* for him. She did it with such fiery and bad-tempered verve that he engaged her, despite her awkward lankiness. And Katie began to learn . . . or borrow . . . some more. That was what she was there for.

She detected some discontent with her delivery of lines . . . and no one in the company had time to coach the newcomer. So, when Kenneth McKenna joined the company briefly as a visiting star, she asked him, point blank, what was wrong with her. He told her, bluntly that there were a great many things wrong. Chiefly her timing. She spoke too rapidly, her bodily poise simply wasn't, she did not know how to time gestures to suit action.

Katharine listened . . . and when the season closed she betook herself to New York, engaged a voice and diction teacher and then besought Mordkin, of the Russian Ballet, to help her to overcome her long-legged awkwardness. She *haunted* that ballet at performances and rehearsals and, if the Hepburn of today undulates in poetic fashion across the screen, it is partially due to that persistent haunting.

But there is more about that now-famous walk of Hepburn's. After a number of devastating disappointments (the gal had both backbone and determination!), she finally was engaged to understudy Hope Williams in the stage play, "Holiday."

Now, Hope Williams was a young woman with an arresting and dynamic talent, a boyish figure and a sort of ball-bearing walk which she had developed to conceal the fact that her legs were a leetle mite too long for ideal symmetry. She was at that moment one of New York's sensations.

Hepburn was, in a trice, letter perfect in the role. She rehearsed it, she stood in the wings during performances . . . months of successful *(Continued on page 81)*

who will be



Petite Lily Pons, the most individual of the prima donnas, met with approval in "I Dream Too Much," her first film.

Will "Rose Marie," Jeanette MacDonald's next singing effort, send her stock higher?

THE BATTLE OF THE SONGBIRDS IS ON—WITH MOORE, MACDONALD,

hollywood's jenny lind?

By RAMON ROMERO



Grace Moore has "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever" to her credit. Can she top these performances?



Moore and Pons have a real rival in Gladys Swarthout, whose rare beauty and dulcet tones are thrilling audiences with "Rose of the Rancho."



VOICES PITTED one against the other. A war with song as the ammunition. A rhythmic conflict which no League of Nations can stop, for in the end the best voice must win. Victory means popularity. Screen immortality. An everlasting niche in the Hall of Fame. Gladys Swarthout versus Grace Moore! Lily Pons against Jeanette MacDonald! Marta Eggerth challenging Mary Ellis. And in the reserve forces, behind this vanguard of golden-voiced nightingales, Marion Talley, Jeritza, Irene Dunne, Jane Froman, names that have won their spurs wherever melody is loved. Musical comedy queens, Grand Opera stars, movie prima donnas—all mixed up in a musical melee, the like of which has never been seen in all moviedom. All out to capture the exalted title of "The Jenny Lind of the Movies."

The first shot fired from the melodious first-line trenches transpired a little over a year ago when Grace Moore appeared in "One Night of Love," scoring such a tremendous hit that Jeanette MacDonald's laurel wreath was blown right off her pretty head, forcing her into immediate retreat while preparing a counter-attack.

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S answer to the enemy was "Naughty Marietta," which has proved to be her most successful picture. It has recovered for her much of the lost prestige she had conceded to her victor. The combat between these two songstresses has become so personal that the battlefield has narrowed down to a lyrical prize-ring. Behind the ropes in this corner, ladies and gentlemen, you have Miss Grace Moore (applause), and in this corner Miss Jeanette MacDonald (more applause). You, the Public, are the referee. When the gong goes off and these two lovely ladies start pulling notes out of each other's throats, all for your amusement, it will be your audience reaction that will decide the championship.

M-G-M's star prima donna has just won a coup over her rival by being awarded the most coveted musical role of the year, the title part in "Rose Marie," in which Nelson Eddy is once again her co-starring partner. If you remember, Miss Moore, who is under contract to make one picture for Miss MacDonald's employers, was originally announced for the same picture. Miss MacDonald is said to have insisted on having the part. Now it is reported Grace Moore will *(Continued on page 68)*

PONS AND SWARTHOUT AS CONTENDERS! WHO WILL BE THE VICTOR?





BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT'S NOT DUE

TO GLAMOR, NOR BEAUTY—BUT

SOMETHING THIS CHARMING STAR

SAYS YOU, TOO, CAN ACHIEVE

By Robert Eichberg

EVEN HER best press agents wouldn't call Miriam Hopkins "glamorous." Nor would any artist choose her as one of the "Ten Most Beautiful Women in America."

Yet there is hardly a man who knows her who doesn't swear that she is one of the most fascinating girls he ever met. Many of them, indeed, are more than a little in love with her.

So I decided to find the reason for Miss Hopkins' astonishing charm.

Consequently, I rang the bell, not long ago, at the door of the little house she occupies when in New York. A butler showed me upstairs, and into the library. It was a cheerful room—not very big—with a log fire burning to take the chill off. The walls were covered with books. They weren't de luxe editions; they were just a miscellaneous collection of volumes that she had read and liked well enough to keep for re-reading. (The others, she told me later, go to the Salvation Army, the Old Sailors' Home, and so forth.)

There were no dressy, flashy chairs, made to be seen rather than sat in—simply two huge, soft armchairs and a long, low davenport with a coffee table before it.

Maybe that's the first of her charm secrets. She knows how to make a home *livable*. She doesn't make it just a "front" for a movie actress; it's the sort of room every man wishes his wife would give him.

I sat and waited. In a moment I heard quick, light footsteps running down the stairs from the third floor and in came Miriam, wearing a trim little gray tweed suit, a gay neckerchief, a wide smile and practically no make-up. Her lips were pink instead of bright red, her cheeks were powdered but unrouged, and her fair, curly hair floated around her face. She looked scrubbed and wide awake and gay. Maybe it isn't a compliment to



Men who know Miriam find her completely fascinating, many are more than a little in love with her. What makes her so captivating is a lesson to every girl who yearns for popularity and the admiration of men. As it happens, the big heart-throb in Miriam's life, since her divorce from Austin Parker, is that blond fellow, Michael Hopkins, her young adopted son! At the extreme left you see her in a scene with Joel McCrea from "Splendor." Joel just finished winning the gal in "Barbary Coast," too. "Lucky duffer," did we hear all the gents in the audience say?

say that a young woman looks "wholesome," but there it is. There wasn't even the faintest trace of glamor; she just looked clean, healthy and full of life.

AND maybe that's another reason why men fall for her. Maybe glamor is just a little frightening to most men.

Now, I had heard that Miriam was a holy terror. I had heard the story about the time she was to be guest of honor at a week-end party on a yacht, and how, after the first day, she got bored and made the host head back for port. They say he was so broken up about it that he had to stay in bed for two days.

And I had heard about the time an old friend of hers in New York, phoned across the continent to her one night to say that he had just sold his first play to the movies, only to be asked, "Why bother me about it?" So I decided to see this alleged "holy terror" in action, and proceeded to ask her the dumbest, most infuriating question I could. I said, "Say, Miss Hopkins, how do you go about getting men to fall for you?" And then I waited for the storm to break. Instead of flying into a rage or even simpering coyly she burst out laughing, promptly looking about eighteen years old. Her eyes twinkled as she changed the subject by suggesting that we discuss something that she "knew something about." No false modesty —she just didn't want to talk about her amazing charm. But in the conversation that followed, she revealed many sides of her multi-faceted personality.

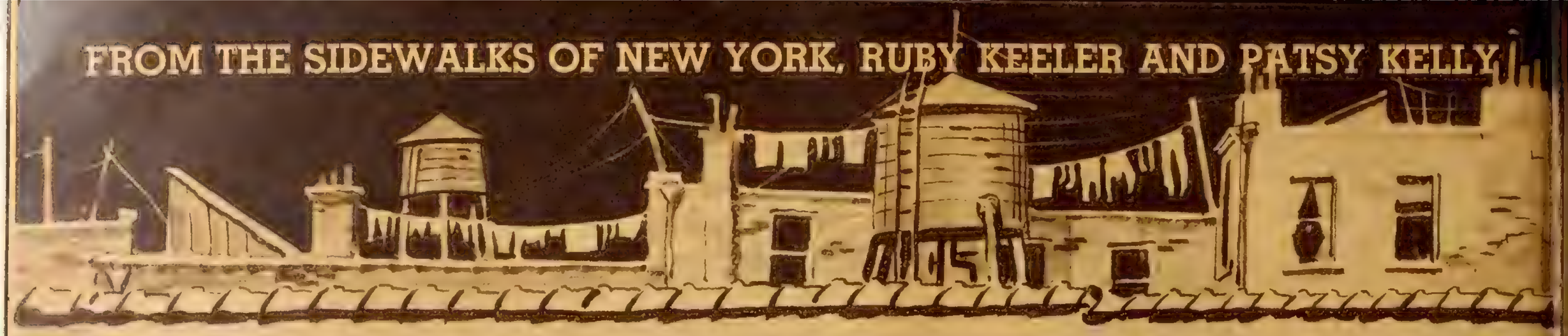
As we sat down to breakfast (yes, she'd been thoughtful enough to order *two* of everything) she said, "I'm sorry I kept you waiting, but I had to broadcast last night, and after that some friends came over here with me and we scrambled eggs, played the phonograph and talked 'til after three."

"How are you as an egg scrambler?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't really scramble them," she confessed. "One of the men did that. I just looked on and ate them and told him how good they were. But I can cook and sew if I have to. I take care of the baby when the nurse is out, and he seems to like it. Wait a minute, I've got to show you some pictures that I took of him a few weeks ago."

She jumped up and went to the desk, caught up a handful of snapshots and came back. "Here," she said, sitting close beside me, so that she could point things out, "this one's Michael. He's the one making the face. Don't you think he looks strong? And he's only three! Now look at this one. Here he's . . . "

And in these few minutes she had unwittingly disclosed several more reasons why she appeals to men. First, she's punctual—apologizes for being less than two minutes late. She's good-natured, (*Continued on page 66*)



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES KELLY





Above, Patsy Kelly, queen of comedians, knows Ruby Keeler (left) as no one else does and so she gives the lowdown on her friend.

By William French

four dancing

FOUR AMBITIOUS little feet, tapping gaily on the echoing floors of Jack Blue's dancing school. Four tired, hot feet, with aching toes and blistered soles, shuffling over the last few blocks of scorching sidewalk from 51st and Broadway to 70th Street and Third Avenue. Four flashing, nimble, educated feet, climbing steadily upward.

And now, two of these four feet, encased in comfortable slippers and propped against a camera dolly, are resting between scenes on the Twentieth Century-Fox set and Patsy Kelly, fresh from a boudoir scene with Dick Powell in "Thanks A Million," is spilling the lowdown on Ruby Keeler. And if there's anything about Ruby that Patsy doesn't know, it's because it hasn't happened yet.

"Don't let that gal fool you," Patsy was saying, "she's always had a system. She may have stood in the background and never tried to sponge up any credit for anything, but she was little Miss Efficiency all the time, and she had a way with her. She was so darned sweet, she made giving easy. And don't ever make the mistake of thinking it was luck that got Ruby where she is. It was system and efficiency.

"WE WERE about ten, I guess, when I got my bicycle. A friend of the family gave it to me, glory be. And somebody else had given Ruby a pair of roller skates, glory be again.

"As I remember them they weren't anything like the roller-bearing skates of today. One, I think, had an egg-shaped wheel on it. Either that, or those old New York



Big-time stuff! At the age of ten years young, Patsy (left) and Ruby all set for a doting audience at one of Jack Blue's syncopation soirees.

feet . .

sidewalks had goose flesh. Anyhow, one foot always felt like it was on a miniature bump-the-bumps.

"I don't know how wonderful Ruby thought those skates were, but I'll never forget how well she sold them to me. Before she got through I was convinced that I was the luckiest kid along Third Avenue to be able to use them while she rode my bike. When I look back at it now, I sometimes suspect those skates had grown to my feet.

"ANYWAY, Ruby was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen, and I used to love to watch her ride the bicycle. Maybe it was because she looked like I ached to look, way down deep in my heart.

"I remember the first day (*Continued on page 71*)

UNLUCKY? DISCONTENTED? SO WAS JEAN MUIR! BUT SHE FOUND A WAY OUT AND YOU CAN, TOO

By Caroline Somers Hoyt

ride a hobby to happiness

Her desire to set herself apart from the crowd has caused Jean misery and loneliness. Those wallflower days are over now since handsome George Wolcott is her constant companion.



WHAT'S HAPPENED to Jean Muir? Two years ago she was one of the unhappiest girls in Hollywood. Today, I would venture to say that she is one of the gayest. And what caused this amazing change is a story from which you can take a lesson in the achievement of true contentment.

To tell this story properly, I must go back to Jean's childhood. She told me that her earliest remembrance is something both sensitive and lovely. One day she was rolling her doll buggy, when suddenly a drop of rain fell upon her hand. Looking down, she was filled with a curious wonder at the miraculous beauty of that raindrop, trembling there before evaporating. And Jean believes that it was this first emotional reaction to loveliness which has made her seek it, unconsciously, throughout her life.

As a child, she outwardly refuted this inward sensitiveness. She was wildly rebellious, invariably putting her worst foot forward. Once she was sent home from school because she would not pledge allegiance to the flag. She was to stay expelled until she would take the simple oath the other children so willingly gave. But she never did. No one bothered to explain to her why loyalty to flag and country was expected of every citizen. Therefore, she couldn't attach any significance to a piece of striped and starred bunting. And, when she was told the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, she refused to believe that he couldn't lie. Jean went on the theory that everybody told fibs and that the Father of His Country was no exception! In fact, Jean should have been born in this decade of progressive schools. She would have basked in the careful explanations that are part of modern child education and psychology today.

So different was Jean from the pack, so ready was she to question and doubt, so intolerant of those who did not share her doubts, that it is not surprising that the other children disliked her. Children are quick to sense the misfit. Jean was definitely a misfit and so they punished her for her nonconformity by chasing her with sticks and stones. She used to walk backwards so that she could keep her eye on her persecutors and then, when she was only a couple of blocks from home, she would break into a run and throw herself, weeping and terrified, upon the floor.

BUT TEARS were reserved only for the times when she was alone. She faced the world rebelliously and the world was her enemy. Her maladjustment followed her through adolescence. She was big, awkward and gauche and boys did not like her. At dances no one cut in.

So she dramatized herself and escaped from reality. And, from dramatizing herself, she stepped quite naturally at school, to dramatizing in plays.

A wise teacher allowed her to have her way in her classes and for the first time in her life Jean achieved a little personal happiness. Here (*Continued on page 74*)





Peter Lorre in person, so truly mild that it's fantastic that he could play vicious criminals. And below with Mrs. Lorre, a Viennese actress.



Below, Peter Lorre, Marian Marsh and Douglas Dumbrille in "Crime and Punishment." Peter's in nearly every scene and it promises to be great.



he'd rather act than Eat

TALENT +, TEMPERAMENT —, AND A PRANKSTER, TOO—THAT'S LORRE

By Hilary Lynn



"LORRE haunted the studio like a sick kitten during all those months of waiting for the right role to turn up," one of Columbia's executives commented. "He's miserable unless he's acting fourteen hours a day. Honestly, I believe it nourishes his body as well as his soul."

Yet one of the first things he asked me, stopping for a moment in his steady locomotion back and forth across his dressing room, was—

"Doesn't it strike you as just a little funny when you think of us actors eternally putting on and taking off make-up and spending the best part of our days and nights making funny faces? When you look at it from a grown-up point of view, acting is the most childish of professions, isn't it?" He eyed me seriously.

"The way I justify it to myself is that with me acting is like a drug and I am an incurable addict. I can't get along without it. I can't throw it off. I *must* act!"

THAT *MUST* was a still, small voice which prompted him when there seemed no earthly possibility of fulfilling his craving for the stage! Heaven knows, he didn't have the sort of face one associates with an actor. Like Cyrano de Bergerac his beauty was an inner thing. Not even the woman in love with him can call Peter Lorre remotely handsome.

The extreme poverty and narrow Puritanism in his family closed the doors of all show houses to him, even after his family had moved from the small Carpathian mountain village to Vienna. So that Peter Lorre has the distinction of being the only actor in Hollywood who had his first taste of the theatre, not from a seat in the gallery, but from a walk-on part on the stage! The first time he entered this "house of the devil," as his family probably termed it, he came in by the stage entrance. And he's been going in that way ever since!

He walked on to his first stage without a word to say (his original three-line part having been cut because he played it like Lady Macbeth in (*Continued on page 77*)



INTIMATE!

the private diary

MONDAY:

Mornings are all the same. I wake. I wonder why I never go to bed until the dawn comes up like thunder. I can't decide.

My mouth feels like the flannel underpinnings of a moth.

I ring for orange juice. Before it arrives, I open my door to look for the morning papers. I hope they will not be there. So that, item, I can find something to kick about. And, item, so that I won't have to read them. They are always there.

The orange juice arrives. I contemplate it skeptically. I don't know whether it will go—or rather, stay. I achieve it. I then settle myself against my three-cornered reading pillow (a Christmas present) and read the movie columns.

I rise and totter to the shower.

I go out of doors.

I survey my lawns with melancholy pleasure. I decide that I was just as happy in more modest diggings. I figure that it's all right, though, if only communists don't crawl under the wall—or tax-collectors over it—or termites into the house itself.

The other day a young lady, with healthy interests, asked me how one knows when one's house has termites. My answer scientifically was sound. I record it. I said, "If you should fall from your bedroom through to the



Photo by Abril Lamarque

AMUSING! SPICY! As given to Gladys Hall

of bill powell . . .

cellar, that would be a definite termite symptom."

She said, "Oh, *rully?*"

I went to the swimming pool and shivered. I looked across to the Barthelmess estate. I wondered where Dick might be. I've had a gate cut through the wall connecting our two properties to save Dick walking all around the block. He came along presently. He asked me how I felt. I told him lousy. I said it was the last three. He seemed to understand. I asked him how he felt and he said swell. That made me feel like licking him on the courts so we played a few sets—but I didn't!

I felt that some liquid refreshment was indicated. I went to look for my keys—any keys. The keys to the locker by the pool. Or the locker in the game-room. Or the one in the dining-room. I never find them. Dick asked me if I ever knew where I put them, and I said that I didn't.

After luncheon I had an interview. I was on the stage for years and I've been asked all the questions so I only give interviews because I like some of the interviewers, and don't want to seem snarky.

The young woman asked me what I think of love. I said, "You are twenty years too late." She wanted to know what I meant by that. I told her that, when I was twenty I knew all about love, how its works went around. I could have talked about it for (*Continued on page* 80)



Retirement for Janet? Or will she turn from youthful roles to more mature ones such as "The Farmer Takes a Wife" with Henry Fonda? Right above, Al Scott, a recent beau, not a serious one.

what's ahead for

MOVIETOWN IS BAFFLED, FOR FAR MORE IS KNOWN

THE QUEEN is dead! Long live the Queen!

Are "They" saying that about Janet Gaynor?

For "They"—the shadowy, invisible host known as "They"—are muttering and mumbling, that is certain. "They" say that Janet no longer reigns as sovereign on the Fox lot. "They" say that young Rochelle Hudson is being groomed for the stellar place once held, undisputed, by Janet. When Janet stepped out of the cast of "Way Down East," all kinds of rumors reared their serpent heads. "They" muttered that Janet wasn't really as ill as the public was being led to believe. "They" theorized, knowing nothing, about the change of studio policy, when Mr. Sheehan stepped out and Mr. Zanuck stepped in. "They" said that they had heard "on good authority . . . that it was believed . . . that someone close to Janet had said. . . ." Just what it was that "They" had heard or that was believed or that had been said was somewhat incoherent.

And there hasn't been anyone close to Janet. No one save her mother and one or two very old, tried and tested friends who wouldn't misquote Janet if they were drawn and quartered for it. For Janet has kept her counsel well. She has gone ahead with her work and with her play, giving no confidences. More, far more is known about Garbo, here in Hollywood, than is known about Janet Gaynor. Like most girls of her type, she has been shy and secretive—and very clever.

Is the Queen dead—or isn't it merely that she stands with reluctant—or unreluctant—feet where the brook and river meet? The brook which was her shining girlhood. The river which begins to carry her to an uncharted womanhood?

Years ago a Golden Girl made her dainty debut before the screen public. She was called "America's Sweetheart." The whole world loved her. Elderly men, watching her, felt the pangs of nostalgia for their days which were no more. Elderly women watched her and they, too, felt the grip of that nostalgia for their own vanished yesterdays. Young men watched her and felt within their skeptical young hearts the stirring of an olden chivalry. Young girls watched her and faced their mirrored selves uneasily—lipstick and jazz and petting parties. They wondered whether . . . perhaps . . . perhaps not.

Her name is Mary Pickford.

Time and tide caught up with her. America's





By Faith Service

janet gaynor?

ABOUT GARBO THAN ABOUT THIS RETICENT STAR

Sweetheart matured. Her white nostalgic star went into eclipse.

AND THEN another America's Sweetheart was smiling winsomely from the screen. Again men and women, girls and boys, vibrated to youth, wearing the white flower of innocence. When "Seventh Heaven" flashed its lyrical loveliness before our eyes, another white star was born and we watched it and said, "Yes, this is the way youth should be . . . and love . . . and life."

She is called Janet Gaynor.

No two girls on the screen have ever so captured the public—heart, imagination and box office—as have Mary and Janet. For they were youth when the world was young and the hearts of men gallant and the hearts of women pure. And we loved them for reminding us.

But youth is a dream and dreams fade and new dreams rise up to replace the old. And is it because they feel, uneasily, the dimming of that young dream that they murmur, uneasily, about Janet?

For a good many years Janet held the high at the box office. Month after month statistical ratings gave her top place. Then, a couple of years ago, the beloved Will Rogers caught up with her and they were teammates at the top—the winsome girl and the kindly man.

At this writing, Janet's box office has dropped one to two points. That is all. If she no longer appears at the apex, she never drops below third place. I believe that Clark Gable is one of the two to top her at this writing.

It may be because the Tree of Movie Life has so spread its branches that new ways, new faces, new enthusiasms occasionally force their lusty young life to the top. It may be lack of perfect story material —no second "Seventh Heaven."

But it is my belief that the change, if any, is simply that Janet has grown up. And Janet, the woman, is beginning to assert herself. When the mature woman steps in and takes the star personality, which is herself, in hand, some changes are bound to occur. If the studio backs her up as she enters upon a new phase, then a new lease of life should be guaranteed. In Janet's case, and just at this possible juncture in her life, a new studio regime came in. Unsettled conditions

(Continued on page 84)



little man, what next?

Freddie Bartholomew's promotion to stardom didn't ruffle him a bit since his allowance remains 5 cents a day.

By Franc Dillon

FREDDIE'S FUTURE LOOKS EVEN BRIGHTER THAN HIS STARRING CONTRACT

"WELL, young man, you're a star now," Louis B. Mayer announced to eleven-year-old Freddie Bartholomew.

"What does that mean?" Freddie asked.

"Why, it means you're important to us," the older man explained. "It means you will get more money, for one thing."

"You mean I'll get more than five cents a day to spend?" the child asked eagerly, for to him money is important only insofar as it affects his spending money. When informed that his allowance would remain at its present figure, the value of stardom took an immediate slump in Freddie's mind, but remained at par in the minds of the M-G-M executives, who consider this child one of their most important stars.

For Freddie was not made a star at the expense of money and years of time. He earned the title and all that goes with it in one picture by his portrayal of David Copperfield. Since then he has received more fan mail than *"even* Clark Gable," a wide-eyed girl in the fan-mail department reported.

Popular demand made him a star, a star with equal rights to those of Jean Harlow, Nelson Eddy, Wally Beery and other top-notchers. You saw him with Garbo in "Anna Karenina," and after that *he* will be the star of any picture in which he appears.

"How do you like the idea of supporting a mere child, who has made but one or two pictures?" I asked an actor who has been one of America's finest, both on stage and screen, for forty years or more.

"I CAN'T say I like it," the actor replied honestly. "But in all fairness, I must say Freddie deserves it. He had a great break—a break that comes to one out of hundreds of actors—but he was more than lucky. He was able to make good. He is not only a great artist, but a charming, unspoiled boy."

Now actors are known to have what is called "professional jealousy"—which is really no different from the common, garden variety of jealousy—and such an honest tribute from a fellow-actor is as rare as it is greatly to be desired. Freddie is a genuine favorite at the studio where he works. His contemporaries are constantly bringing him gifts, doing him little favors, vying with each other for his affection.

Recently Constance Collier, the famous English actress, presented him with a cocker spaniel, "a relative of Flush," Freddie will tell you proudly, which he promptly named Concoll. "Con for Constance and coll for Collier, see?" he explains.

Miss Collier (*Continued on page 64*)



The Mad Marx Brothers, Chico, Harpo and Groucho, in "A Night at the Opera."

By Nanette Kutner

AUDIENCES HAVE HYSTERICS, WHILE WIVES BECOME HYSTERICAL!

don't marry a marx brother!

THIS IS a story about some crazy people. In other words, the Marx Brothers, who treat everybody with equal and impartial disrespect. Whether he be executive, co-worker or relative, each is in line for a practical joke at one time or another.

The Marxes are natural comedians. They never quit. That same erratic brand of tomfoolery which has successfully, year after year, sent audiences into delighted hysterics, is applied around the house. So, at home, they can be a trial.

Recently, Ruth, Groucho's wife, gave an elaborate dinner party. Among the guests were two whom Groucho had never met.

Prior to their arrival, Ruth warned him concerning his behavior. "I want to make a nice impression. They're very important people," admonished Mrs. Groucho Marx.

She really should have known better. Such a remark addressed to any of the Marx clan, will, with unfailing certainty, defeat its purpose. Dignity to them is like raw human flesh to hungry cannibals. They devour it whole.

Unaware of an impending bomb, Mrs. Groucho dressed for the party. And she put on an outfit, which, from Hollywood reports, was considered the latest fashion—lounging-dinner pajamas. Except for their wide trousered legs they resembled an evening gown—silver cloth and satin with a low-cut back.

AFTER SPINNING about for her husband's approval, and admonishing him to "Please hurry up and dress; they'll all be here any minute!", she left him to greet the company.

An half hour later, Groucho made his appearance. At the moment Ruth was in the pantry, supervising the cocktails. She heard sudden and loud laughter. No one needed to tell her. A Marx was up to his tricks.

She ran into the living-room. There she saw Groucho confronting their guests, attired in a short smoking jacket, and the blue-and-white striped trousers of his sleeping pajamas.

"Hello," he blandly called. "If you can wear your pajamas, I guess I can wear mine!"

For the remainder of that evening, he did so.

Episodes of like dizziness are no uncommon events. When they motored to Agua Caliente, Ruth, who loves to dance, and claims Groucho (*Continued on page 69*)

how to hold your husband



Dixie Lee Crosby





BY MADAME SYLVIA

EVERY WOMAN can hold her husband! But not every woman knows *how* to do it, nor does she realize that it's as much of a career as any nine to five job in an office. Instead of the business woman's eight hours a day, a wife's job is twenty-four hours long.

You know the old adage used to be. "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." That's still a bit of wisdom to bear in mind—but, while you give him what he wants to eat and plenty of it, be sure that he isn't allowed to become sluggish or grouchy. And you be smart about your diet, too. Don't eat your head off, stuffing on sweets and starches, so that, before you realize it, *you* are the one who looks fat and acts sluggish. If you do, be forewarned now, you don't stand a chance in competition with the slimmer gals he will meet in his daily contacts.

There is nothing so wonderful as being a pal to your husband. It's the perfect relationship in any marriage. But no man wants a pal, if she weighs a ton. And you can't be a real pal when overweight limits your activities —you have to be alert in body as well as mind.

KEEP YOUR husband making love to you! Isn't that what all of you hope you can do the day you marry? But how many of you can honestly say that it is true today? What's wrong then? Have you let him keep his individuality or have you tried to remodel him? Don't tell him how he *ought* to be. Remember that you fell in love with him as he was. And he fell in love with you, as you were (probably a cute, slim baby) so before you start making him over, take a long look at yourself, and be that slim baby again. Don't nag at him, nag at yourself so hard that you stick to diets and keep at those exercises of Sylvia's!

Above all else, be regular. Once, I read a lot of nonsense about holding your husband by the simple—and I mean simple in the sappy sense—trick of waking up in the morning, applying fresh make-up, slipping back into bed and waiting for your husband to awake and murmur, "Ah, how ravishing!" Such bunk, as if any man wouldn't realize what a hoax it all was. You don't need any such slim dodges if you stay slender, keep your skin clear and fresh with health, your hair glossy from constant, careful



Griffin

Joan Bennett Markey

grooming. You can't help looking grand, without benefit of make-up, if you follow such a regime.

Don't listen to that rubbish about "preserving" the illusion of slimness. It can't be done. Don't even *try* for an illusion, make it a *reality* and you'll get along better.

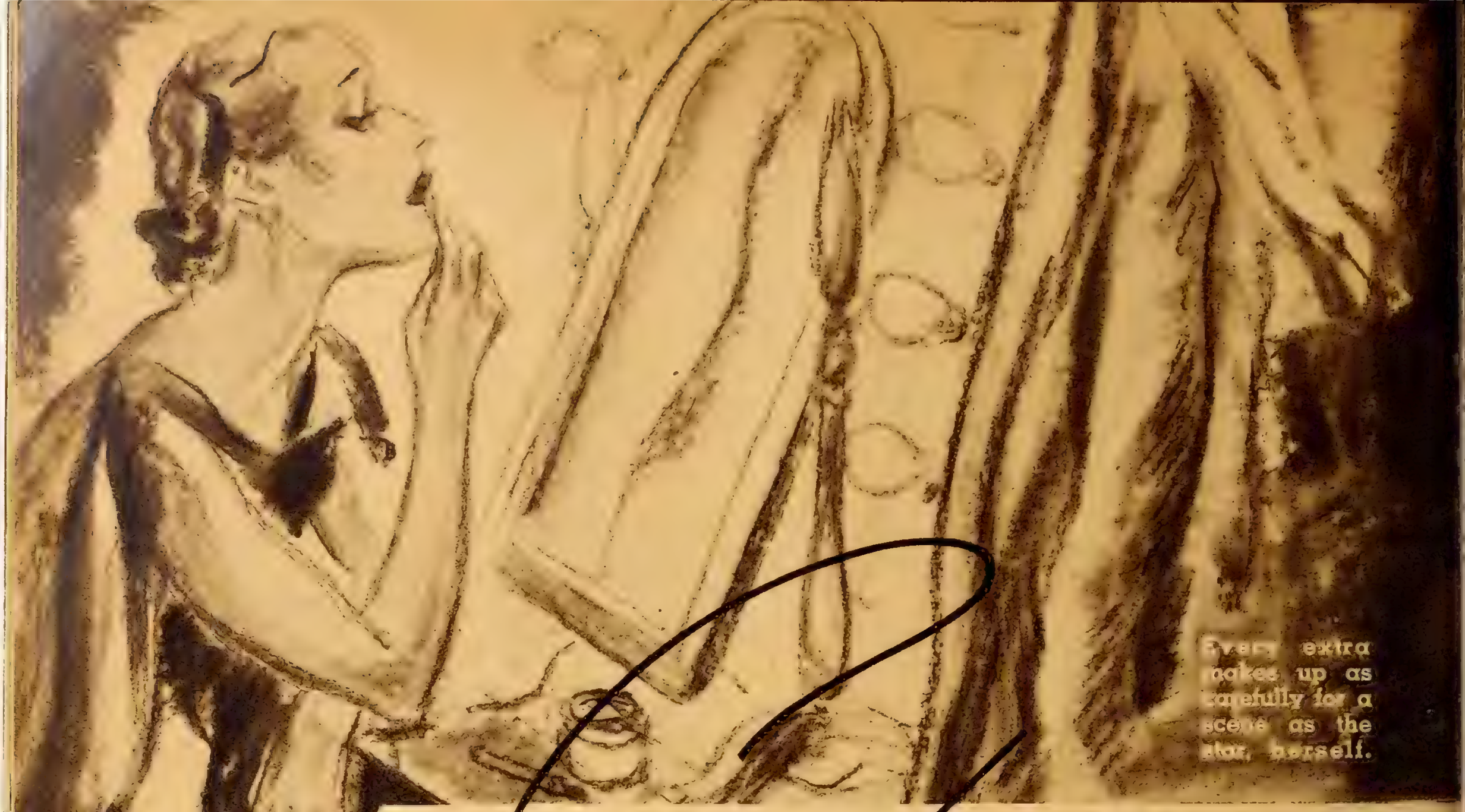
Look at your Hollywood favorites. Nine times out of ten, a star can hold her husband as long as she wants him, all because she's learned the art of staying attractive. Of course, every time I mention a happily married Hollywood couple I keep my fingers crossed and watch for the first divorce rumors! It's hard to stay happy in Hollywood where everybody butts into your private life. But it's hard to stay happily married in Jones Center for the identical reason.

I'll risk a chance on saying that Joan Bennett can hold Gene Markey's love as long as she likes. Why? Well, look at her picture. She's cute, she's slender. And you couldn't find a fault with her gleaming hair, brushed to a trim cap. She looks regular—nothing artificial about her. Her eyes are, above all, beautiful but they are something more than that—they look at you honestly, unwavering. Look at her lovely hands, her perfectly groomed nails. She's exciting to look at, think how wonderful she must seem to the man who has been her husband for over four years.

JOAN'S a real pal. Gene adores her. You'll often find him visiting her set when she's working. He brings her silly little gifts. They are a family combination as well as careerists—don't forget Melinda and Diana—but they preserve romance by laughing and playing together. They're both the matrimonial tops with me.

Then there's Irene Dunne. Do you think you could handle your marriage as smartly as she has with three thousand miles separating you most of the time? Irene has a husband whose dental profession keeps him in New York, her work ties her to Hollywood. Yet neither of them has asked the other to give up his or her work. Instead, each keeps from interfering with the other and they look forward eagerly to their frequent reunions. When they meet it's like another honeymoon. I wouldn't recommend this except for (*Continued on page 83*)

DIET AND EXERCISE BACK THAT GIRLISH FIGURE YOU ONCE HAD



ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Confessions of an extra girl

AND, IN CLOSING, OUR EXTRA GIRL TELLS WHAT SCREEN CHANCES AWAIT YOU IN HOLLYWOOD

CONCLUSION

FIVE YEARS ago, when I came to Hollywood so full of hope and ambition, you will recall the pledge that I scribbled upon a piece of paper. That pledge, to myself, was to the effect that within a year, if I had not become a leading woman, I would return to my home. Today, as I conclude this chapter of my career, I am still in Hollywood, still an extra and with little hope of becoming anything more important in even another five years! The pledge is lost. My mother has died, my father re-married. Now Hollywood is my only home. Even Bradley, the man who begged me to give up my idea of a career to marry him, has gone to New York. No doubt he has lost faith in me and I have lost a finer career than Hollywood will ever offer—that of a wife and mother.

As I jot down these depressing facts, telling myself over and over again that I am only an extra among thousands of extras, a hope still lurks in my heart. And there you have the real tragedy of Hollywood—false hope. For, although five years of bitter experience should have convinced me that my case is hopeless, still I have the fixed idea that some day, some time, I'll get the chance to show I can act! I continue to grasp at that will-o-the-wisp, fame! Nor must you think that I am unique in this—there are thousands like me right here in Hollywood. Girls who struggle on, barely making a living, eating the crumbs from the fat loaf while hoping that the whole loaf will be theirs some day.

I promised that in this concluding chapter I would tell you girls how much opportunity I think there is for you in Hollywood. Therefore, let me analyze the situation for you *(Continued on page 79)*

don't take advice!



Helen Vinson, luckily for her, followed her instincts.



Paul Muni takes the do-as-I-please attitude always.

Myrna Loy's first hunch proved right in her recent studio fracas.

Remember Cagney's rebellious days? But he's tops now.

LEARN A PROFITABLE LESSON FROM STARS WHO SHUNNED IT

By Mary E. Parks

THE OTHER day on a movie set I saw a little newcomer, who had just signed her first contract, sitting at the feet of an elderly actress, eagerly listening to her.

When she arose and came over to me her eyes were shining. "She's so marvelous," the girl said, indicating the actress, "and she has been giving me such wonderful advice."

I smiled at this touching tribute, but what I wanted to shout was, "Don't take it, if you want to get ahead. Whatever you do, don't take it!" For I have seen "good advice" ruin hundreds of Hollywood careers. And I believe statistics will bear me out that the people with the biggest box-office appeal are those who have thrown suggestions and rules to the California winds.

The point is, I believe, that the sort of person who must go to others for guidance hasn't the force, the vitality, or the courage, to face the rigorous demands made by life and careers. And there is within great artists some innate intuition which makes the small voices of their own souls the only ones worth heeding. Let's take a look!

Remember when Jimmy (*Continued on page 82*)



Four ideas that run high in fashion but low in cost. Billie Burke's attractive rhinestones with a new way to place your hair clip. Anne Darling's red bead and rhinestone set. Billie again in a lamé jacket and flowers bunched at the neck. Virginia Bruce's simple felt hat with fetching veil.

Star Stuff on a shoestring

ANY YOUNG, ambitious extra in Hollywood today can tell you that it takes wit, perseverance and more than a share of close figuring to dress like a star on a spasmodic income of a few dollars and fewer cents a month. You girls with your weekly pay envelopes, no matter what amount they contain, are far better off than they—you know how much you can plan on, they never know! They may work three days one week and only one the next.

And there's hardly a big star today who won't break down and confide the rigid economies she had to carry out in order to feed and clothe herself well during those first long steps toward stardom. Many a time a few yards of a good fabric, bought in a remnant sale, were sewed into a dress that helped keep up a smart face during the grilling round of the casting offices. Just such an economy was resorted to by Merle Oberon only a few short years ago. She told me that she used to wait for sales of fine fabrics and then would buy enough for a dress but would have to wait for a season or so to roll by before the fabric was seasonable again to make into a dress. She would buy woolens and velvets toward spring, then save them to make up in the fall—and in turn, she would buy cottons in the summer sales and wait until the next spring to sew them into dresses.

Frances Drake likes to design her own clothes even now because she got in the habit of making charming clothes before she could buy them. And there are many more who get a kick out of remembering the penny-saving dodges they practised in leaner times.

Dressing well with a firm hand on the purse zipper is like going on a diet—you have to pass up the pastries of the fashion output for the more homely vegetables!

FOR SOME time now, with this article in mind, I have asked every star I met to tell me what rules she considered important in trying to dress on a shoestring. And so I give you the ideas of some of the cleverest and smartest of the cinema gals—everyone questioned was a former member of that large sorority of sisters who live on next to nothing a year!

From sophisticated Claudette Colbert to young Anita Louise, eight stars out of ten put a tailored suit as a *must* on their budget lists. Not just any tailored suit, either, but one that is tops in fabric and tailoring. 'Scrimp somewhere else,' they all chorus, but don't try to spend your

HOLLYWOOD SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE ECONOMIZING QUITE









When you can't have several evening dresses Rosalind Russell recommends one simple black one like hers, above, which can be infinitely varied by changing accessories. Black crepe with gold leather gardenias, very graceful but devoid of fussy details. And for an all year 'round evening gown, as smart in summer as in winter, Miriam Hopkins suggests white moire taffeta with only a huge self fabric bow for trimming. Maureen O'Sullivan's practical thought is a dual personality frock. Black crepe trimmed with white which can be formal without its jacket and just right for a Sunday evening supper or cocktail gathering with its wide-sleeved, split-down-the-back jacket.

fewest dollars on your suit. They unanimously select the semi-mannish style, in a good worsted, that is so popular in Hollywood. A suit that is neither sporty, nor elaborate but one that by its very simplicity can change its personality by a dozen little accessory tricks such as a bright scarf, a new piece of costume jewelry, a flower boutonniere and an infinite interchange of inexpensive blouses, sweaters and vestees. That's the frugal Hollywood suit that goes right through the day and often into an informal evening date. And it's a suit that goes right around the year with you from spring through the cool days of summer, through fall and then slyly slips under your winter coat and kids the innocent bystander that it's a brand new outfit in each appearance!

Just as you can't scrimp on your suit, you must follow the same rule about your accessories, according to the Hollywood budgeters. One good set a season in a shade that will harmonize with everything in your closet is a sound investment. Good shoes, a nice handbag and one good hat—a trio that will reincarnate any ancient dud and

PAINLESS WITH A DOZEN OR SO SMART IDEAS! By Adelia Bird



Three daytime gems tor the slender purse. Evalyn Knapp's two-piece silk crepe jacket dress with military braid trim on the jacket. Marsha Hunt's one-piece black woolen with white accents and a cape that can be worn in milder weather but is not essential to the costume's chic. And Rosalind Russell's tailored gray woolen which permits many accessory changes.

add that all important new look to this year's wardrobe gem.

HAUNT THE between-season sales is another star pointer. Often you can pick up a perfect beauty of a dress for five dollars. It may be a little soiled or a little shopworn but it still looks like the original price tag—the cleaning and repacking is a mere item of your own labor. And you have the fun of knowing that you have a gown that you never could have contemplated at its original pricing.

You may not be able to save pennies then on suits or the basic accessories but — and here's where Hollywood stars are canny—you can make it up on the following items. Fabric gloves, rather than kid or suede ones. A dollar will buy you a really finely made fabric glove and several cents under a dollar will purchase serviceable ones. Hose is next, it's nice to ogle the sheerest of chiffons but long wear and economy sit upon the service sheer counters. Glove silk and rayon undies are well styled and very practical these days. They minimize the laundry bills and they wear marvelously. For every day they are one of our shoestring economies with a nice set of silk ones thrown in for the dress-up costumes. One good hat can be augmented by one of those school-girl looking felts that suits your tailored clothes and gives you an inexpensive jauntiness.

AND OUT of long experience of needing to turn on the glamor in the evening, Hollywood will tell you that you don't have to spend much on formal clothes. A dinner dress or a party gown can be as inexpensive as you like because the evening lights are flattering to cheaper fabrics and not so careful sewing. One young English star, who amazed Hollywood by the variety and number of her evening gowns, laughingly admitted to me that it was a terrific hoax because she bought the most inexpensive little dresses—six of which would barely cost what one of Colbert's or Shearer's would. Evening accessories can be cheap, too. A bit of glitter in an evening bag will cover up its economical pricing. And even the most lavish spender would not consider buying very expensive evening slippers. You have to have too many and the hazards of being stepped upon are too great.

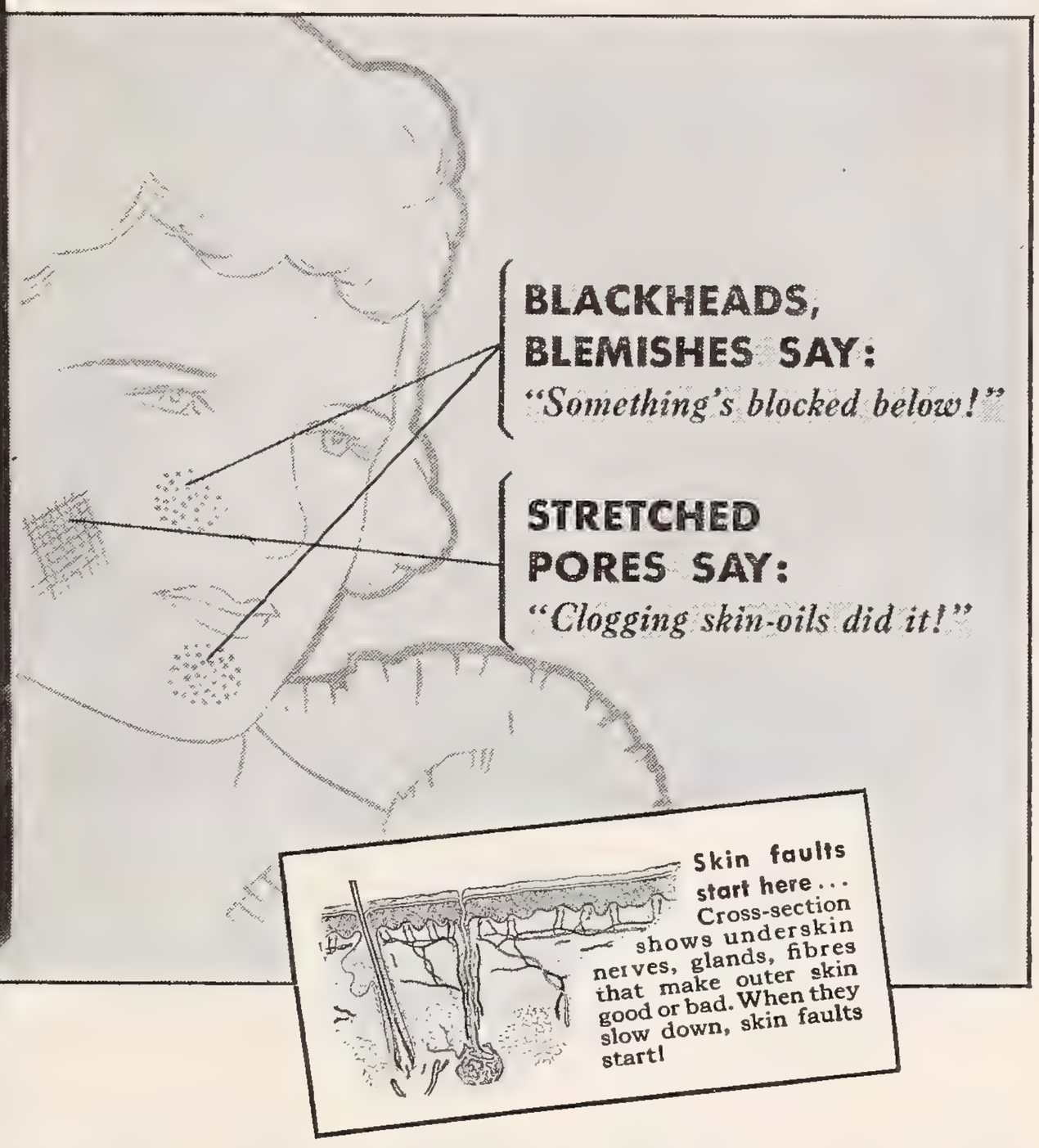
One important item must not be forgotten—and that is the winter coat. It is a bugaboo in every budget. However, one good coat every two or (*Continued on page 78*)

See knitting offer on page 52.

"BAD SKIN" means—A Lazy Under Skin



Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of an old Boston family, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin much finer. Pores don't show!"





Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Not a single flaw in the skin of this beautiful young Society woman! She says: "The last thing before bed—every morning, too—I use Pond's Cold Cream. It stimulates and tones up my skin . . . Blackheads and blemishes just never come!"

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres . . . need rousing with this deep-skin cream

TODAY, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn't it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your own face gets the same "third degree" every time you're at arm's length. People think, Why don't you *do something* about your skin?

Yet it's not the skin they see that's at fault. It's your lazy *underskin!* Tiny glands are overtaxed . . . The oil they give off is thick . . . clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Even heartbreaking lines and sagging contours are just the outward signs of an underskin "let-down"!

Stop Skin Faults . . .

But you can quicken that underskin—rouse it, set it to work. Yes, you can!—with this deep-skin cream of Pond's.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. Even as you smooth it on, you see it go in, come out—thickened with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean. Clear to its depths!

Now smooth on more Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply with firm finger tips. This way you rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively" . . . flush your skin with new fault-fighting vigor! Keep this up. See how quickly bad skin becomes "a good complexion."

Tip-ends of blackheads loosen. Deep-lodged matter comes out . . . fine texture takes the place of every blemish. Even critical eyes can't find anything wrong!

For a Beautiful Skin

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin *feels* it . . . gets awakened. Your outer skin *shows* it . . . blooms fresh, unblemished!

Every Morning, and always before make-up, renew this newly-won freshness with Pond's Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin—soften it. Now powder can't possibly catch or flake!

Try this cream without delay. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

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and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

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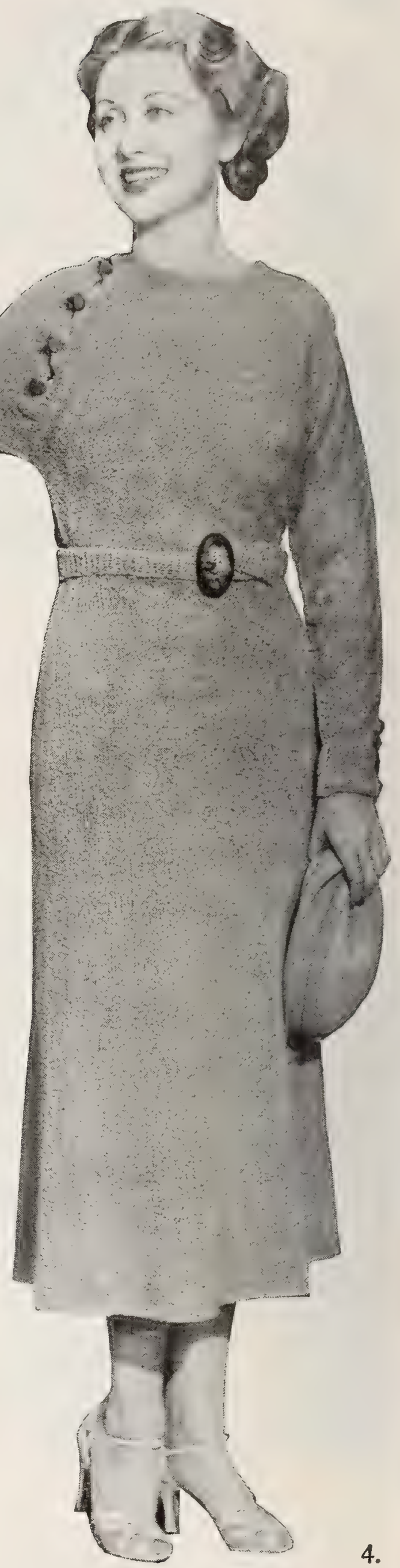
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3.

Patricia Ellis (3) and Genevieve Tobin (4) model these attractive articles which they have made. Pat shows you a crocheted hat, scarf and bag set. Genevieve models a stunning one-piece green dress.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO KNIT, WE TEACH YOU!



4.

it's thrifty to knit your clothes

THE KNITTING craze has taken Hollywood by storm. When you walk onto a set it isn't the click-click of the camera you hear—it's the click-click of knitting needles!

It's the smart thing to do, but more than that it's the thrifty thing, too. After all, any of you can buy a dress, but to look really stunning in something you've made yourself for next to nothing—that's a thrill. It's a sad star these days who cannot boast of at least one or two knit things that "I've done myself, my dear!"

Because we suspected that you would want to join the Hollywood knitting bee and would like to make duplicates of some of the star knitting fashions, we have asked Patricia Ellis and Genevieve Tobin, two of the most skillful knitters in the film colony, to let us use their directions.

Last month you had two fashions to send for, this month you have two more. If you want last month's instructions, send for them at the same time that you indicate your preferences for these. Model 1, last month, was Patricia's beret and bag set. No. 2 was Genevieve's two-piece costume with scarf.

Our instructions tell you how to cast on and cast off stitches; how to purl, to knit, to slip a stitch, to increase and decrease, as well as specific instructions on each individual garment.

The crocheted accessories are fully explained, also.

And just a word about finishing your knitted (*Continued on page* 82)

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LIVELY, ENLIGHTENING LETTERS FROM FANS TO INTEREST EVERYONE



Movie-set rules are not made to be broken, as this fan learned on her first visit to a studio.

BARRED FOR LIFE!

I've just returned from the Coast where it was my pleasure (?) to visit a major movie studio set. Here are some of the rules a visitor must observe:

Don't look at the actors, they hate being stared at. Don't attempt to get autographs, stars resent being asked. Don't snoop onto sets, somebody might get suspicious of you. Don't make any noises, a sneeze at the wrong moment may cost the studio thousands. Don't open your mouth, someone may think you're about to speak and get nervous prostration. Don't lean against a building, it may be made of cardboard and topple over. Don't stay in one place too long, you may be formulating a plan to cut off Harlow's platinum locks or shave off Menjou's continental moustachio.

Confusing? It was to me, too, but, being a sort of devil at heart, I decided to break one of the strictest rules. I spotted Clark Gable and had a brief conversation with him. I was somewhat averse to approaching him, his pirate make-up for "Mutiny on the Bounty" looked so fierce, but he was very kind and agreeable. But I had hardly said "How do you do?" when I saw the evil eye of a studio official nearly pop out of its socket and I ran as fast as I could for the studio gates. I'm barred for life!—Hollywood Visitor.

RAFT NOT A CREAMPUFF

Every time I see my idea of a man and not a "creampuff" my heart melts. I have not missed one of George Raft's pictures and never will. Many people call him "a barrel of vaseline," but by saying that they are merely acknowledging their ignorance. He is in my opinion the one and only good actor on the screen and I don't think anyone can top him as far as acting is concerned.—Beatrice Sarafian, Detroit, Mich.

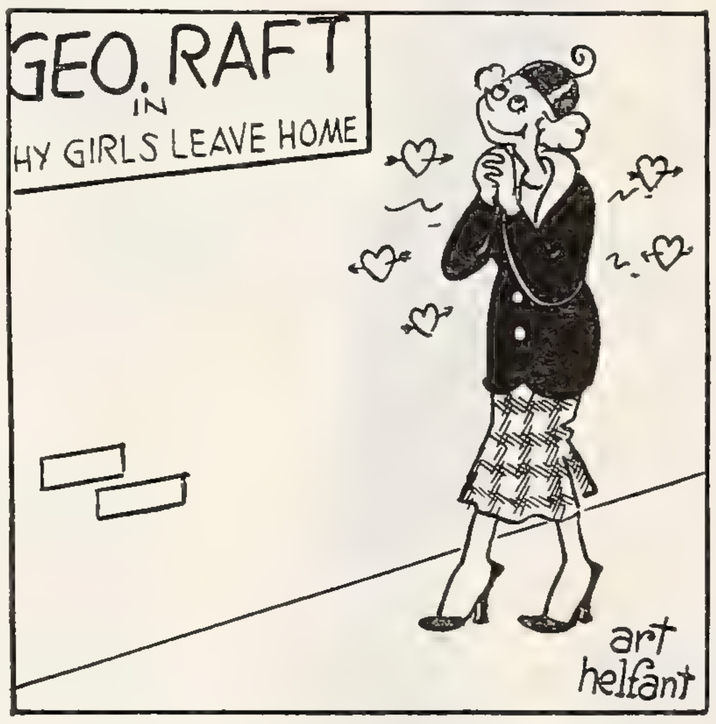
STARVED-APPEARING STARS

It is surprising how the personality of the movie stars diminishes with poundage. Dieting creates a poor decoy of the original. Trimmed and sheared within an inch of the bone, the picture players are moulded into mechanical robots of fashion. The camera adds pounds to the physique. Wonder how some of the movie idols appear in real life.

In "Top Hat," Ginger Rogers resembled a tinker toy, dancing away on long spindling legs. The curving figure of Pat Ellis has melted away into stereotyped loveliness. Charles Bickford used to be hardy, robust, strong, typically a man's man. Have you seen him lately? Thinner, of course, but also haggard and pale, with eyes circled. The spice is gone. Even that splendid actor, Charles Laughton, has not escaped the frenzied fad. He was a type and his weight helped to make him so. Recently he's lost over 50 pounds. The result is disastrous. He's positively meek!

Bony, flat chests, skinny necks, sharp elbows, and shapeless legs are not pleasing. Does the public really like it? Or have the moguls of the movies established this type of beauty, and are the women of America killing themselves, depriving themselves, to compete with the starved-appearing slickness of the stars?

Personally, give me brawn and bravery in the heroes, and plenty of dimples and curves in the heroines.—Harriet Bossard, Lynbrook, N. Y.



To millions of thrill-seeking gals, George Raft is head man on the star list.

Your opinions on movies and movie personalities are important! Here's your chance to voice them. What have you got to say? Speak frankly to your fellow fans through these columns. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

LIFELESS PERSONALITIES KILLING MOVIES!

There is a group of actresses in Hollywood today who are getting more than their just dues. Hangovers from the silent days, when the chief requisites of a movie queen were a set of good-looking facial expressions and the ability to pantomime gracefully, these players have made no attempt to adapt themselves to the swifter tempo of the talkies. With the biggest roles, bolstered up by desirable leading men, the best directors and given vast publicity, they continue to slither and slink across the sound stages, apparently indifferent to their waning popularity. Indifferent and independent, with their huge salaries.



Dieting has changed many a star's personality and Laughton's a sad victim, says a fan.

Are the producers blind to the truth that numbers of films in recent years, which should have been highly successful, were shunned simply because of loss of interest in these lifeless personalities of Ann Harding, Garbo, Constance Bennett, Del Rio, Dietrich and Loretta Young? In justice to the cash customers, does it not follow that these former stars should withdraw and make way for the vibrant, personality-packed young moderns for whom the public clamors?—Isabel Jarsk.

NEW STAR

I'm wondering why the millions of Gable, Montgomery, Harlow and Garbo fans don't leave those aloof stars in their personal heavens and boost and encourage a lesser star who is, without doubt, worth all of it. I'm referring to Peter Lorre. Never before have I seen such superb acting as Lorre's in "M," "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Mad Love." Now you big-star fans, let's pay more attention to this steadily rising man who needs our coöperation. — Mildred Johnson, Fort Worth, Texas. (*Continued on page 61*)

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STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Republic-Monogram Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: 20th Century-Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ARLISS, GEORGE: United Artists.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Paramount.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BANCROFT, GEORGE. Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Columbia.
BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
BENNETT, JOAN: Paramount.
BENNY, JACK: M-G-M.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: Paramount.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BIRELL, TALA: Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Paramount.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: 20th Century-Fox.
BROWN, JOE E.: Warner Bros.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
BROWN, TOM: RKO-Radio.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.

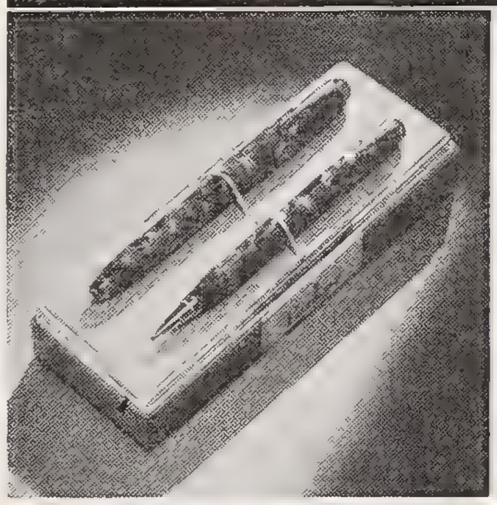
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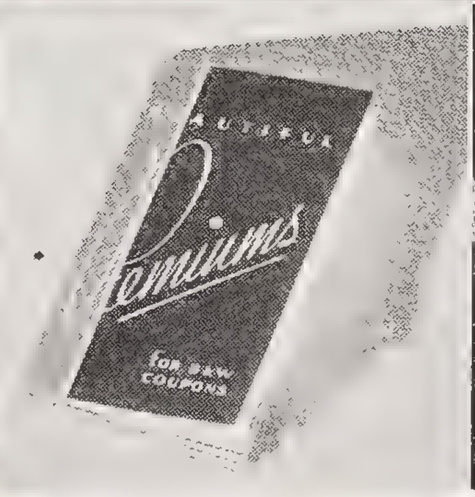
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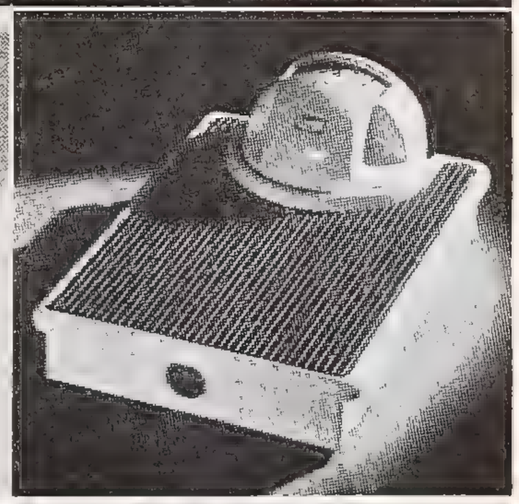
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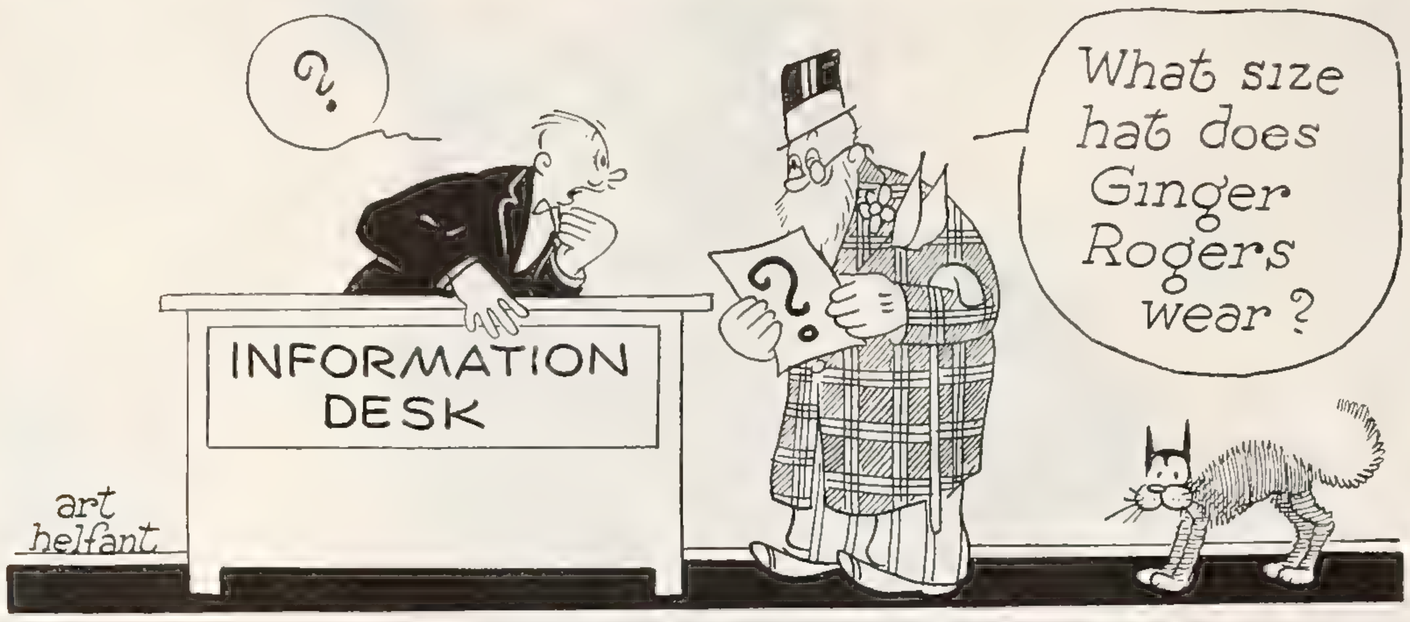
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information desk



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ASK A QUESTION— GET AN ANSWER



John Howard

MARIE WHEELER, Willimantic, Conn.; JANE SILL, Ozone Park, N. Y.; GWEN, Omaha, Neb.; FLORENCE BERRELL, Trenton, N. J.; LORRAINE ZVONAR, Newark, N. J.; MORRY, Binghamton, N. Y.; PHYLLIS COHEN, Leavenworth, Kans.; JOSEPHINE GREGORY, LETTY GIBNEY, Bronx, N. Y.; I. BULLWINKEL, Bloomfield, N. J.; KAREN STONER, Hagerstown, Md.—Hear ye! Hear ye! Let it be known that the very attractive young man who played the part of Duncan Haley, Tom Brown's older brother, in "Annapolis Farewell," is none other than JOHN HOWARD. Mr. Howard is a comparative new-comer to the screen, his first picture being "Car 99" in which he used John Cox as his screen name. Now it's back to Howard, but don't ask why. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913, John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Howard. Educated in the public schools of East Cleveland, he was an excellent student and won a scholarship to Western Reserve University. There he held more honors than is believable. Was president of the University Players and the Student Council; senior manager of the basketball team; member of the National Collegiate Players, of the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet, the University Choir and the Thalian Club; won a Phi Beta Kappa Key, a W.R.U. Honor Key, a scholarship for work in English and a couple of essay prizes. Moreover he was chosen as the most outstanding man in the Senior Class. His school activity was divided between dramatics and sports and he found time to broadcast over radio station WHK where he sang and played the piano. In the spring of 1934 a Paramount talent scout spotted young Howard in a campus show and offered him a chance to go to Hollywood. This amazing young man refused—because he had won, along with all the other things, a scholarship to the graduate school. And without that, he could not earn the professorship in English on which he'd set his heart. Soon he learned that it would be financially impossible for him to take this graduate course, so he reconsidered the offer. His screen test was satisfactory and in September, 1934, Mr. John Howard reported at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood, where he proceeded to spend his first three months in the study of motion picture acting and technique, before he was put in a picture. Howard's hobbies are drawing and painting. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. "Millions in the Air" is his third picture, following which he will appear in "Soak the Rich."



Dick Powell

NOTE: Because there are over 350 requests for biographies of the following players, it will be impossible to print the names and addresses this month. Please consider yourself included.

DICK POWELL—Born in Mountain View, Ark., on November 14, 1904, Richard E. Powell (his genuine name) was just another country boy until he attained the age of 12 years. At this time his father, mother and two brothers, Howard and Luther, transplanted themselves to Little Rock where young Dick attended school and college. During this time Dick began to annoy the neighbors by learning to play the saxophone, clarinet and cornet. In between times he sang in the church choir and for weddings and funerals. And besides that, organized an orchestra. In St. Louis he took a crack at vaudeville but hurried home where he knew he'd be appreciated. At this time Mildred Maund became his wife. Things were bad until a visiting orchestra, the Royal Peacocks, gave him a contract and took him on tour. He had various positions after that, finally ending up as master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theatre, where he remained for three years. Luck finally turned up in the form of a talent scout who offered him a screen test and a contract with Warners. In 1932 he made his first picture, "Blessed Event." Outside of film work his interests lie in music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games. His hobbies are collecting musical instruments and making homemade movies. Dick is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. He's no longer married to Mildred Maund—they were divorced shortly after Dick reached Hollywood—and now is seemingly interested in the Blondell girls, Joan and sister Rose. "Shipmates Forever" and "Thanks a Million" are his most recent films. His next will probably be "Glorious" with Marion Davies. You can reach him at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

ROBERT TAYLOR—And now's for the low-down on the latest contender for male popularity honors. Son of the late Dr. S. A. Brough, Bob was born in Filley, Neb., but later moved to Beatrice, where he attended public school. Then to college at Doane, Neb., for two years, and finishing at Pomona. In the latter institution Bobby Brough was outstanding in dramatics and a star tennis player. Seen in a campus production of "Journey's End" by a studio scout, Bob was given a screen test and audition and promptly sent back to college. After completing his college course and earning his Liberal Arts degree, he was given another test and signed to a contract. He immediately went into training at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which grooming has stood him in good stead. His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He once accompanied his own songs with a cello for a period as a radio broadcast artist at Doane College, and is also an accomplished pianist. He owns a collie dog and his hobby is collecting different types and colors in sweaters. When it comes to black cats and ladders, Bob is just a bit superstitious, and he is a firm believer in hunches. His pet aversion is people who whistle. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. There is no Mrs. Taylor at present, but Irene Hervey seems the most likely candidate for that title at the moment. "Three Live Ghosts" will be his next picture and you may write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.



Robert Taylor

GENE RAYMOND—This young man is certainly holding his own with the female fans. But why not? Raymond Guion is his real name and New York City his birthplace. Although born on August 13, 1908, Gene has been anything but unlucky. For one who is of French descent Gene looks more like the typical American male than many descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. At the age of 5, young Raymond made his stage debut, was educated in New York public and private schools while occasionally taking parts in plays. From 1922 to 1931 he appeared in a great many stage productions in important roles. His last play, "Young Sinners," was such a success that it ran from 1929 to 1931 and landed him a contract with Paramount. His first picture was opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." After the expiration of his contract Gene took to free lancing, and made pictures for every major studio. Gene is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue eyes and very blonde curly hair. He enjoys horseback riding, tennis and golf. His favorite delicacy is a thick juicy steak and he can prepare bacon and eggs expertly. He spends his leisure days on the desert, plays the piano well and enjoys travel. So far Gene has seemed to be a confirmed bachelor, but some day he'll probably change his mind. Now under contract to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., his next picture will be "Seven Keys to Baldpate," with three more tentatively scheduled for him.



George Raft

GEORGE RAFT—He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. His hair is black and seal smooth, his eyes light brown. Like Jimmy Cagney he was born in Hell's Kitchen in New York (on 41st Street between 9th and 10th Avenues). September 27, 1904, was his birthdate and George Raft his real name, which is surprising for one of French, German and Italian descent. He attended Public School 169 and later St. Catherine's. After school and during vacations George worked as an electrician's helper for $4.00 a week, but that wasn't enough for him. At 15 he decided to enter the pugilist game as a bantamweight, and in the next 2 years fought 25 times, was knocked out 7 and quit the game after his last beating. Then came the baseball era, with Raft signing with the Springfield Club. His fielding was good but his batting bad, so he was dropped after 2 seasons. Baseball still remains his favorite sport and he likes to watch prize fights and the horses. Returning to New York, he became a professional gigolo at Churchill's where Rudolph Valentino held a like position. Rudy departed for the movies, later sending for Raft to be his double, but died before Raft was able to take the job. But he was doing well in his own line, dancing at the best known places all over the country, sometimes hoofing with Walter Winchell, later in shows as Elsie Pilcer's partner. Then he introduced the Charleston to New York and later to London, becoming an international sensation and appearing in all the capitals of Europe. Then back to New York, night clubs and vaudeville, finally ending up in Hollywood for his first picture "Quick Millions." He is separated from his wife, and Virginia Pine still seems to be the "head woman." You really shouldn't have missed him in "She Couldn't Take it," his latest. His address is Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Either "Concertina" or "It Had to Happen" will be his next flicker.

GINGER ROGERS—The Charleston did things for this gal, too. It was through her winning the Texas Charleston championship at the age of 15 that she obtained a vaudeville contract, sundry stage engagements and a featured role in "Top Speed"—all of which served as rungs to the ladder-top. Born Katherine Virginia McMath in Independence, Mo., on July 16, 1911, she later moved to Fort Worth, Tex., where she attended school. "Young Men of Manhattan" was her first picture, made in the East during the run of "Top Speed." Then came several other musicals, the last of which was "Girl Crazy" in which she was a tremendous hit. Her first Hollywood picture, "The Tip Off," followed this in 1931. Ginger is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has gold-red hair and blue eyes. Her hobby is dancing, she plays a fair game of tennis and is fond of riding, swimming and golf. She likes music and cooking and her favorite dish is ham and eggs. Edward Jackson Culpepper became her first husband when she was very young, and Lew Ayres her second on November 14, 1934. "In Person" with George Brent is Ginger's most recent opus and "Follow the Fleet," another Rogers-Astaire musical, is next. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal., is her home studio where you may write her.



Ginger Rogers

JEAN PARKER—This one started out in life in Deer Lodge, Mont., on August 11, 1915, as Mae Green. Her education was received in Los Angeles and Pasadena, where she attended high school. Getting into the movies for her was literally a bed of roses. Riding on a float in a Pasadena Tournament of Roses she was seen by a movie executive, tested, and assigned a role in "Divorce in the Family" in 1931. Just like that! Jean is interested in a number of things: interpretive dancing, acting, painting, music and writing. She speaks French fluently and likes to dance and swim. Her favorite color is jade green, which goes beautifully with her dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Her friends call her Robin—and no wonder, for she is only 5 feet 3 and weighs a mere 105 pounds. The lucky girl recently had herself a trip to England where she played opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West," which you will be seeing anon. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., claim her as their contract player.

NELSON EDDY—You'll probably be glad to see this, if the number of requests for it are any criterion! And not to keep you in suspense any longer—Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald will be thrilling you again shortly in "Rose Marie." Are ya glad, huh? Providence, R. I., has the honor of claiming Nelson as its home town boy. Born there on June 29, 1901, the son of Isobel Kendrick and William Darius Eddy, both excellent singers. Educated in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal, the remainder of his education was obtained in night school and from correspondence courses. His early ambition was to be either a doctor or a trap drummer, but his first job was as a telephone operator. Following that he worked in the shipping department of an iron works, in the art department of a Philadelphia newspaper, and for five years was reporter, copy reader, etc.,

for two other city papers, to say nothing of writing advertising copy. Although Nelson had sung in Providence churches as boy soprano, and after his voice had turned to baritone, only for his own enjoyment, he began to amuse himself at this time by singing with phonograph records. Suddenly it dawned on him that perhaps his voice might serve as a means of livelihood. So off to David Bispham, the great American baritone of his time, Nelson hied himself to take singing lessons. After Bispham's death a year later, Nelson drifted from teacher to teacher until he came to William V. Vilonat, with whom he studied in New York, Paris and Dresden. Soon after he made his anonymous stage debut in "The Marriage Tax" in 1921. Three years later he was singing for the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. By 1931 he was ready for New York, where his debut was sensational. In 1933 he came to Los Angeles in a concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium and got 18 encores! Screen tests and an M-G-M contract resulted, with Nelson having a part in "Broadway to Hollywood." But none of his pictures really counted until "Naughty Marietta" came along. Eddy's parents were divorced when he was 14. His father has married again and Nelson has an eight-year-old half sister, Martha Virginia. Tall (6 feet), handsome and athletic, Eddy finds relaxation in swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He weighs 173 pounds and has blue eyes and blonde hair. This super-man sings 32 operatic roles: He sings in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. So far no wife has claimed him, but how long will he be able to resist this feminine onslaught? If you'd like to write him, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, is the address.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE—On April 23, 1929, little Shirley Jane Temple made her first appearance in this wicked world in a hospital in Santa Monica, Cal. For Mr. and Mrs. George F. Temple the birth of a baby girl was a most happy addition to the small family which already included two small boys, John and George. When she was three, Shirley had her first dancing lesson, and it was at one of these classes that a studio scout discovered what a talented little dancer she was. Result—she was signed to appear in seven Baby Burlesk Comedies for Educational. Following her work in these comedies she played a small part in "Frolics of Youth" then went over to Paramount for an inconspicuous role in Randy Scott's "To the Last Man." Fox decided, at that point, that the Temple child was just what they needed for the singing and dancing role in "Stand Up and Cheer." That picture was the making of this Hollywood honey. This was followed by "Now I'll Tell," "Change of Heart," "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take a Bow," "Now and Forever," "Bright Eyes," "Little Colonel," "Our Little Girl" and "Curly Top." All of which add up to a lot of work in two short years for one so young. Her next is "The Littlest Rebel" with John Boles and Karen Morley, and after that will come "Captain January." It is rather superfluous to tell you that La Temple's hair is blonde and very curly and that her eyes are blue. Of course she can't read very well yet, but she will be glad to receive letters from you at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

JANE WITHERS—And while we're on the subject of youngsters, we might as well give you Withers fans a break. Jane was also born in April—the 12th—but in 1926. Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Withers lived in Atlanta, Ga., at the time of Jane's birth, and at the age of four Miss Jane was Atlanta's child Garbo. Before the family moved to Los Angeles, she was featured in "The Toyland Review" and for two years was heard over the air waves on Station WGST. During this time she was learning French and Spanish and taking to horseback riding. In Hollywood the Withers searched in vain for seven months for a spot in the movies for their cheeild. Then came a bit in "Handle with Care," and a few other small parts at other studios. Nothing more came along, so Jane returned to radio work and was starred in KFWB's "Juvenile Review," in which she sang and gagged with the master of ceremonies. Her ability to do impersonations—she can do over forty—as well as her skill at singing, landed her the "brat" part in "Bright Eyes," and a contract. Off scene Jane is just a wholesome little girl, full of personality and mild devilment. She likes swimming and skating, and her love of pets has caused her to accumulate a small menagerie. She numbers a kitten, a rabbit, baby ducks, carrier pigeons and love birds in her collection. At present her ambition is to acquire a monkey. "Paddy O'Day" is Miss Withers' next picture and after that there will be "Gentle Julia." Unlike Shirley, she has dark brown hair and brown eyes. You can reach her, also, at the 20th Century-Fox Studios.

ROSS ALEXANDER—If you asked him, he would tell you that he had been an actor for 24 years—and he has, more or less. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 27, 1907, young Alexander made his stage debut at the age of four when he played in a kindergarten production. From that day to the present he has devoted his major time to acting, though he did attend a number of schools as a duty and secondary interest. While still a student Ross joined a group of young players studying and acting under Hugh William Towne in his Little Theatre in Rochester. There he stayed for two years until he came back to New York to continue his studies at the Packard Theatrical Agency. In the very same week that he graduated, he reached the ripe old age of 18 and accepted the juvenile lead in Blanche Yurka's "Enter Madame." Since that time he had been on Broadway in hit shows until with the last one, "After Tomorrow," he was given a screen test and sent to Hollywood for a role with Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex," in 1932. Since then he has risen rapidly, has acquired a long term contract with Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal., and is being built up to stardom. He is married to a non-professional. Six feet 1¼ inches tall, he weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His hobbies are the theatre, swimming and soccer football. He has an important role in "Captain Blood."

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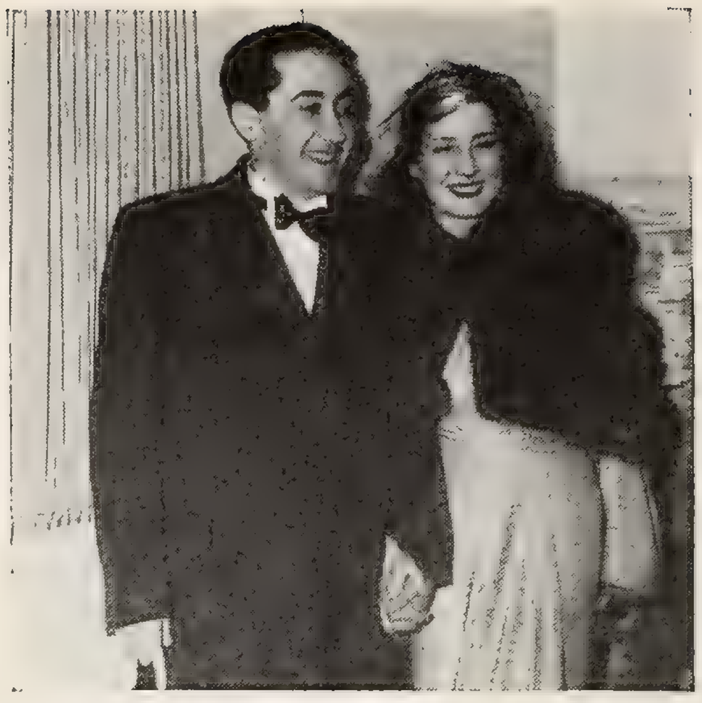
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Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth. Hollywood thinks they're married.



Bride and groom. Sylvia Sidney with her new husband, Bennett Cerf.



Norma Shearer holding hands with hubby, Irving Thalberg, at a recent party.

(*Continued from page 15*)

temperamental. He knows what he wants, and he generally gets it. Right now everyone is wondering whether or not he's married to Marta Eggerth, the continental star who is now making a picture for Universal. Both Kiepura and Miss Eggerth deny the rumors, but 'tis said that Jan recently admitted to a writer that they were bride and groom. "However," he is reported to have said, "if you print it I'll sue you."

■ ■ ■

A fan of Paul Kelly's from East India sent Paul a talking minah bird. Paul's feathered friend arrived with a distinct accent, and Paul spent considerable time working on the creature's broad A. He feels he's been successful, too, for the other day the bird greeted him with, "Hello, Paul Kelly, Paul Kelly, Paul Kelly." "Have you had your breakfast, Charlie?" asked Paul, just trying to make conversation. Without a moment's hesitation the completely Americanized Charlie replied, "Hell, NO!"

■ ■ ■

You've practically got to climb the highest mountain if you want to see Edward Arnold these days, for he and his family have just moved into a house on one of the loftiest hilltops in these parts. There's a grand view, and the air is swell—in fact, everything is dandy until you look out one of the bedroom windows. There is a perpendicular drop of 325 feet. Eddie seems to like it, though. He says you'd be surprised how it cuts down the number of overnight guests.

■ ■ ■

There is, at least, one girl in Hollywood who doesn't want to be in pictures, and that's Katherine Alexander's very efficient cook. One day Katherine was rehearsing a difficult bit of dialogue at her home, and after trying it several times with little success, she wandered into the kitchen, where Bessie was laundering the woodwork. Exasperated, Miss A. said, "Bessie, let's change places. I'll scrub and you learn my lines for me." Without missing a stroke on the woodwork, Bessie replied, "No, ma'am. Ah knows when I'se sittin' pretty." Maybe she's right, but no one ever heard of a floor-scrubber being furnished a stand-in.

■ ■ ■

Autograph fiends have their most trying moments when they attempt to sign up the Marx Brothers, mainly due to the fact that these three zanies off the screen can hardly recognize themselves. Groucho, for instance, without the painted moustache and the eyebrows, is just Mr. Julius Marx of Great Neck, L. I. At the preview of "A Night At The Opera," we saw Groucho standing by himself while autograph seekers cluttered around Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones. Trying to be a good Samaritan, we pointed out Groucho to one of the younger element, who took one skeptical glance and replied: "That guy? Nuts!"

■ ■ ■

Eddie Cantor's "Shoot the Chutes" barely had gone into production when one of the Goldwyn Girls announced she was on the way to the altar. Of late years, it seems the young ladies of the Goldwyn ensemble have taken the place of the Ziegfeld Follies' beauties in the racing-to-the-altar department. Anyway, the gal in question is Charlotte Russell, and the hubby is Richard Hamm, a Coast millionaire. It would probably spoil the story, though, to add that they've known each other for years and were going to get married even if Charlotte wasn't Glorified by Goldwyn.

■ ■ ■

The year's big event for Hollywood's younger set was Betty Grable's birthday party for Jackie Coogan. Betty hired a hotel ballroom for the affair, and practically all the juvenile leads in Hollywood turned out to honor Jackie's 21st birthday. Incidentally, on the same day Jackie came into a trust fund reported to total several million dollars. It just goes to show that education doesn't pay, for Jackie made most of his millions before he could read or write. Now that he's grown up and enjoying a college education he hasn't made a nickel. It's nice, though, to be able to knock off a couple million before you learn your ABC's. It sort of sees a guy through kindergarten.



■ ■ ■

While we're discussing birthdays, perhaps the most pleasant of the month was Jean Arthur's. The Arthur gal was working on "If You Could Only Cook" on the Columbia lot when the big day arrived. She had just finished a scene, when producer Harry Cohen, accompanied by a full set of lackeys, presented her with a handsome bouquet and the announcement that she was to be given co-star billing on the picture with Herbert Marshall. Jean was so happy she almost gave out her right age.

■ ■ ■

Patricia Ziegfeld has scorned the screen for a career and will go in for higher education instead. She's registered at the University of California in Westwood and Mama Billie Burke says Patricia's in deadly earnest about her homework. But it may be just one of the Ziegfeld follies!

■ ■ ■

Hmmm, were those rumors just that and that's all about Paulette Goddard being Mrs. Charles Chaplin? Paulette, Charlie and Charlie's two small sons have been inseparable for over two years, until a month or so back when Paulette suddenly began appearing in late-spots with other cronies. The reason, she assured snoopers, being that Charlie was busy on "Modern Times," his new picture. But the picture's in the tin box, now, waiting release, and still the



"Our Gang" all lined up for inspection. Left to right, Harold Sweitzer, Scotty Beckett, Darla Hood, Baby Patsy, Spanky, Buckwheat, Alfalfa and Pete. Aren't they cute? Watch them carry on in "Our Gang Follies of 1936."

Goddard girl goes about minus Mr. Chaplin. So what? Is it a broken home or just a broken date?

■ ■ ■

Constance Bennett seems slightly party-minded these days. Recently she gave a homecoming party that was one of the gala events of the season. It was to honor her husband, Marquis Henri de la Falaise, who had just returned from a little world-jaunting. A few nights later Connie gave another celebration on an even grander scale. This was a farewell party, also for the Marquis Henri de la Falaise. Hank and his hangover headed for South America the next day, where he's planning to make another film of the wilds.

■ ■ ■

Sure, George Raft's wife will divorce him so's he can marry Virginia Pine. All those yarns you've been hearing about how difficult Mrs. Raft has been can just be checked up to idle chatter. She is really more than glad to oblige. Only one thing does she ask. That's the entire earnings from Georgie's Paramount contract for the next five years! What, not even Paramount Studios, Mrs. R.?

■ ■ ■

Wally Beery believes in doing everything in a big way. All his new swimming pool needs is a mountain peak to put Lake Louise to shame. Carol Ann, the Beery five-year-old, didn't think all that water should be wasted for swimming. Being more practical-minded, she thought it would be nice for boating and asked Papa for a yacht. Wally compromised on a small motor-boat, so Miss Beery is kept busy churning up the swimming pool.

■ ■ ■

If the censors don't stop this, you can enjoy a choice morsel with us about Miss Shirley Temple. She's *(Continued on page 96)*



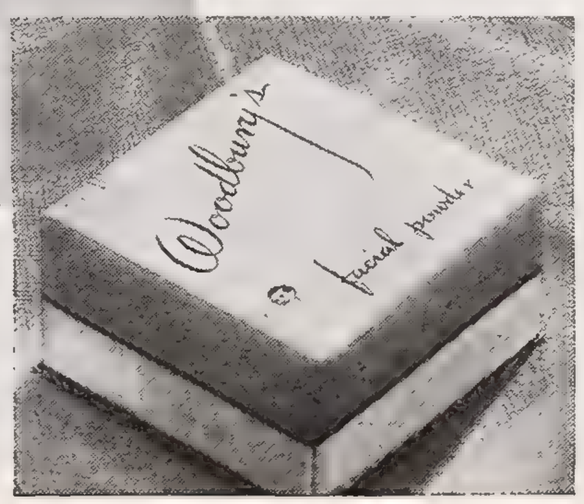
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Above left and right, Warner's new child star, Sybil Jason, with her sister and uncle. And the smiling Bill Gargans at a preview.

scott shots



George Raft in a new role! He and Virginia Pine guide Virginia's daughter through traffic. Their marriage still waits on Raft's divorce.

Below, left, Anne Shirley, Jimmy Greer and Pat Ellis indulge in "record" autographing. Right, the Eddie Robinsons and their heir.





Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 54*)

BRAVO, MYRNA!

I am getting sick and tired of hearing all versions of why Myrna Loy walked out on "Escapade." If more actors and actresses would be as particular about the parts they play and a little more independent, we would all benefit by better pictures. Many times I have turned against favorites of mine simply because I saw them in pictures extremely unsuited to their talents. So I say to others in Hollywood, choose your rôles and give better performances—Beatrice Berman, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WATCH THIS NEWCOMER!

I wonder if any fan other than myself noticed the excellent work of John Howard as "Duncan Haley" in "Annapolis Farewell." I've read several reviews of the picture, but none of them mentioned Mr. Howard's performance. Never have I seen anyone more capable of expressing emotion facially and never have I seen anyone more charming on the screen. Here is a young man who is destined for a big movie career if the producers will give him a chance. What do you think, fellow fans?—William Eury, Nashville, Tenn.

TEMPLE vs. WITHERS

I've wanted to write just such a letter as Helen Lawrence wrote in your November columns regarding Mrs. Temple's resentment against Jane Wither's being in a film with Shirley. We all marveled at Jane's performance in "Bright Eyes," but after viewing "Ginger" everyone I talk to agrees with me that she is the greatest child actress on the screen. Fox ought to wake up to the fact that they have a miniature Marie Dressler in this child; the way she handles her roles, comedy and drama, with equal ease, is simply amazing. The studio seems to devote too much time to get just the right story for Shirley and overpublicizes her so much that every time you buy a movie book you know it will be full of Shirley befor you open it. There are many talented children in Hollywood but I'll place my bet on Jane, for since "Ginger" came to Houston she's the talk of the town—Waneda Simpson, Houston, Texas.

NEW TEAM MATE FOR ASTAIRE?

As a dancing partner, Ginger Rogers is not good enough for Fred Astaire. Why not star someone opposite him who can really tap dance on her own ability without having to have Fred Astaire dance with her to put her over. Eleanor Powell and he would be a tremendous sensation and certainly a treat for those who enjoy real tap dancing. I am sure it would be far more pleasing to see both dancers able to get up and dance individually, as well as together, than it is to see just one do all the work and the other one help to take the applause. I believe in giving a swell dancer like Fred Astaire a partner who can at least keep on the level with his own dancing qualities.—Yvonne Aston, Toronto, Canada.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

It seems to me that comedy inventors

(*Continued on page 63*)

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Coconut

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Father and son. Phillips Holmes with his dad, Taylor Holmes. Pop used to be a big star in silent days. This was snapped at a Fathers' and Sons' get-together.

modern screen movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Para.)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (1st Nat'l.)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Univ.)	3★
Bright Lights (1st Nat'l.)	3★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★
BroadwayMelody of 1936(M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat'l.)	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th-Fox)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
The Clairvoyant (GB)	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Gay Deception (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★
G-Men (1st Nat'l.)	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	3★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (1st Nat'l.)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Go Into Your Dance (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★
Goose and the Gander (1st Nat'l.)	2★
Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox)	2★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	4★
Here's to Romance (20th Cent.-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★
In Caliente (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
The Irish in Us (1st Nat'l.)	3★
The Iron Duke (GB)	3★
It Happened in New York (Univ.)	3★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King Solomon of B'wy. (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Para.)	5★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Par.)	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (M-G-M)	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (1st Nat'l.)	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	4★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M)	3★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (U. Artists)	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (1st Nat'l.)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
Stranded (Warners)	2★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This Is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Thunder Mountain (20th Cent.-Fox)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★
Traveling Saleslady (1st Nat'l.)	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes(GB)	2★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★
The Whole Town's Talking (Col.)	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★

Here is a condensed version of the Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard! You'll find it simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing your film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture. Ratings, 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 61*)

have long since worn out the idea of imitating the colored race. I am inclined to doubt if there ever was a time when it was a clever idea. Of course, in slavery days and immediately afterward, there may have been a reason for having a few laughs at the expense of the negro. But in 1935 the situation is entirely different. With freedom came intelligence and progress and pride. We would do well to consider a while before playing upon the pride of a whole race of people for the sake of cheap comedy. To me it is downright insulting. Enough of a thing is enough.—A Fan, Kimball, W. Va.

EXPERT EYEBROW LIFTER!

Some fans admire Gable's dimples, others marvel at Crawford's gowns, and some go in ecstasies over Colbert's eyes; now it's my turn to rave about the adorable way Russell Hardie lifts his eyebrows before he speaks. It's very distinctive and becoming to him.

Speaking of his eyebrows, why not let them charm some co-ed sometime instead of just being her brother. This brother stuff is all right, but we hope he'll graduate from these dull roles in time.—Fan, Portland, Maine.

IDEA FOR KIDDIE FILM

Why not have a film entirely acted by child artists? This would probably settle the question of the Queen Starlet. Imagine a screen play with Jane Withers and Jackie Searle as "mother and father." Shirley Temple, the "debutante daughter," wtih Freddie Bartholomew her "heart interest." Cora Sue Collins, George Breakston, Virginia Weidler, Sybil Jason, and Dickie Moore "supporting" and Baby Jane Quigley the "other girl."—Connie Cowell, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

HOORAY FOR REGAN!

I sit through all of Phil Regan's pictures twice just to hear him sing! And he's so breathtakingly handsome, too! Bing Crosby and Nelson Eddy are not to be compared to sweet-voiced Phil. I'd rather have him sing to me than dance with Fred Astaire, go out with Clark Gable, dine with Greta Garbo, go up and see Mae West, or play house with Shirley Temple.—Nell Ljutic, Richmond, Calif.

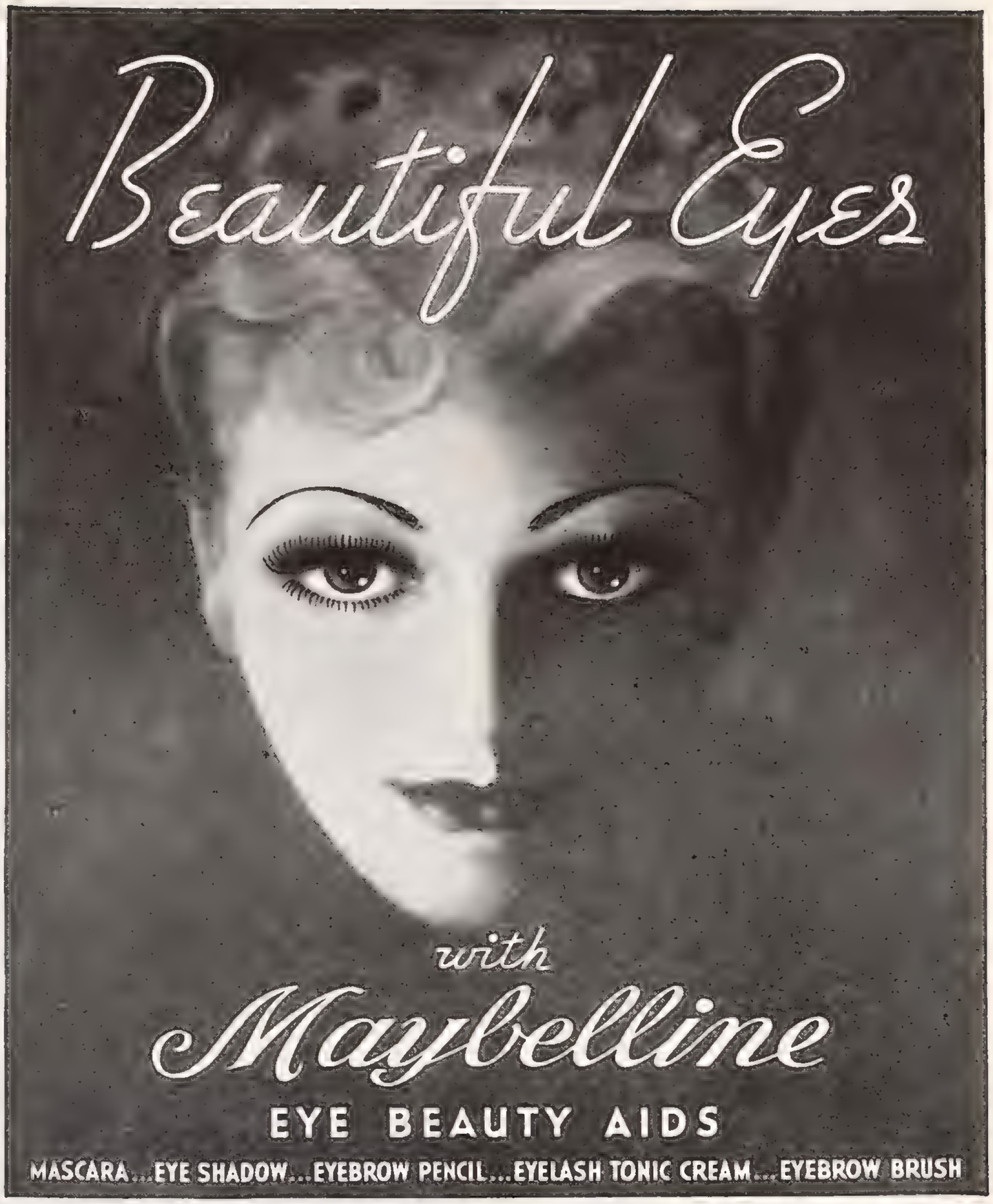
CRITICIZING CRAWFORD

We all appreciate the fact that Adrian means well by designing clothes such as those worn by Joan Crawford, but some of us do feel that those clothes are unattractive and that it is utterly impossible for clothes like that to be worn by people other than an actress.

I do not know how many people will agree with me when I denounce Crawford's way of wearing her hair and making her lips look very large. I think that her make-up is ugly and that it makes her look common. She not only looks common and ordinary, but she acts as if she had been brought up in the poorer districts of some city where cheapness and commonness are part of one's nature.

I strongly hope that Miss Crawford will either learn to act better, dress better, make up differently and get over being cheap and common, or leave the movies. —D.E.K., Pelham Manor, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 96*)





A gay quartette snapped at the Sophie Tucker opening recently. Left to right, John Arledge, Una Merkel, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery.

Little Man, What Next?

(*Continued from page 42*)

probably never dreamed of the series of events which would be brought about by this gift, for Concoll proved to be a sort of turning point in Freddie's manner of living. Up to this time Freddie and his aunt had been content to live in a simple apartment, and they rode to the studio each day on the bus. But, as you must admit, any dog—particularly "a relative of Flush"—needs a yard in which to run, so Freddie and his aunt looked about for a house with a garden that would lend itself to the happiness of Concoll.

"And we found a very nice house," Freddie will tell you, in a manner that indicates it isn't at all important to him but is probably of great interest to you. "It has three bedrooms and two baths and a lot of other rooms and a two-car garage." But he admits with a sigh that Concoll didn't appreciate the yard. In fact, he proved himself most ungrateful by running away. Freddie was disconsolate and the studio was in a turmoil until the dog was found and returned a few days later. "But he hardly ever goes outdoors. He seems to like to be in the house better," Freddie added in a perplexed tone of voice.

THE next important event following the advent of the dog occurred on a sad day when the conductor on the bus refused to allow Concoll to ride. "It's against the law," he told Freddie, and that presented a major problem because, of course, Concoll had to go to the studio. How else could he be shown to all of Freddie's friends?

"So," Freddie recounted, "we just had to have a car to cart the dog around in."

It seems that this was a problem to be taken up with no one less important than L. B. Mayer, the head of the studio, so Freddie paid a call on Mr. Mayer. What happened next is best told in Freddie's own words.

"I told him that we had to have a car for the dog because he wasn't allowed to ride on the bus. No dogs are allowed to ride on the bus, you see. We couldn't bring the dog to the studio without a car.

"Mr. Mayer said he would attend to it right away," Freddie continued. "We had to wait a short while because they didn't have a black car. We wanted a black car. I think they're much nicer, don't you?"

It was agreed that a black car was much to be desired, but why did Freddie believe he could get a car by merely asking Mr. Mayer for one?

"Oh, I was sure Mr. Mayer would give us one. He's a charming gentleman and we're very good friends," Freddie explained airily.

This confidence was no doubt fostered by his experience, a few months previous, when he wanted very much to own a bicycle. His aunt, fearing an accident, refused to allow him to buy one. Freddie figured out in his own mind that if a bicycle were *given* to him, his battle would be more than half won, so he hinted to David Selznik that he "would like it extremely well" if he had a bicycle.

Unaware of Miss Bartholomew's objections, Mr. Selznick gave Freddie a bicycle and everything turned out as Freddie had hoped. It was no doubt a spirit of gratitude which prompted him, the next time he visited Mr. Selznick's office, to add his bit to a handsomely carved chair. This he did by cutting his initials on the largest polished surface he could find, right in the middle of the back of the chair.

All of which proves him just a normal, fun-loving boy, but doesn't answer any questions as to whether or not he has a chance to become a normal man. What lies before this attractive, unusual child, who is so clever as to be called a genius?

The studio has four or five pictures in mind as starring vehicles for him, all to be made within the next year. Besides, he has been loaned to 20th Century-Fox to do "Professional Soldier," with Victor McLaglen and then he will portray "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for United Artists—all good breaks, but what of the future? Even a contract that will, within a few years, make him a rich young man, can't stop Freddie from growing. And there is a strange lack of screen roles for a boy of adolescent age. Even when he reaches manhood there is no assurance that he will be as attractive a man as he is a child. Has he plans? Will he be prepared for whatever comes? I wondered, and I found out.

Freddie has a definite plan for his future. Although his new contract, which he has just signed, covers a seven-year period, he anticipates a time within a few years when there will be no roles for him and he is determined to utilize that time to further his education. His earnings are put into a trust fund which will provide for his advanced schooling as well as for his future. He wants a good, solid education—"Oxford and other good English schools"—because, he will tell you earnestly, "I want to write," and if you ask him what he wants to write he will say, confidently, "Oh, classics, like Shakespeare."

Freddie understands everything that is going on about him. He realizes his importance in the film world. But tennis, swimming, horseback riding and all the sports enjoyed by any normal boy, occupy his thoughts for the most part.

HE knows that articles are written about him in newspapers and magazines, but he isn't interested in reading them.

"Why should I?" he asks blandly. "I know all about myself."

He never reads the reviews of his pictures and, not without some logic, explains: "If they say nice things about me, I don't need to know that. If they criticize my work, it's too late to do anything about it. I did my best when I made the picture."

He hates to watch himself on the screen, preferring for amusement to see a good murder mystery or a western picture.

It is most difficult to remember, when talking to this boy, that he is but eleven years old because he is mentally so much older. He has an eager, curious mind that has grasped and retained everything he has ever heard. He has stored up knowledge far beyond his years, and his cultural background is one that the ma-



Meet Freddie Bartholomew's family. His sisters, Eileen and Hilda, his father and mother. They lost Freddie's guardianship to his Aunt Cis, who has taken care of him since he was three years old.

jority of grown people might envy. He is an omniverous reader, poring over and re-reading books that ordinarily would be considered far beyond the understanding of a boy who is in the eighth grade of grammar school.

HE talks of his roles with mature understanding. In speaking of the forthcoming "Oliver Twist," in which he will portray the title role, he remarked, "Oliver was *such* a sad little fellow. I'll try to be as much like him as I can, but I do hope I won't be that sad."

But don't get the impression that he is always serious. As a matter of fact, he is full of fun and loves nothing better than to tease or play a prank on someone. When he worked with Miss Garbo in "Anna Karenina," the two struck up a close friendship. He learned that he could make her laugh and cause her to break up a scene by talking Pig Latin in imitation of the difficult-to-pronounce Russian names. It took the combined efforts of the director, Freddie's tutor and his aunt to induce him to stop.

"She's sweet," he said, in speaking of Garbo. "I like her. We have so much in common. And do you know," he said, his eyes wide, "I can lift her? Really, I can. I lifted her this far from the floor," measuring six inches or so with his hands.

For no obvious reason this memory seemed to please the little man very much and he laughed heartily to himself. The joke, it was told me later, was a series of pranks he played on the great star all through the picture.

In addition to becoming a writer, Freddie's greatest ambition at the moment is to own a large ranch and a lot of horses. Recently he spent several weeks on a dude ranch in Arizona. He spent all the time he wasn't riding with the cowboys, saddling horses for the other guests to ride.

SINCE his visit to the ranch, his favorite cowboy visited Freddie at the studio and brought him a lariat. To the great consternation of everyone at the studio, Freddie learned to rope things. Until he tires of his rope, no one within reach of the weapon is safe, for Freddie is no respecter of persons.

He is so fond of this particular cowboy that he would like to keep him in the family. He figured out the easiest way would be for the cowboy to marry his Aunt Cis.

"Of course," he told her patronizingly, "as long as I'm around you won't need anyone else, but if anything should happen to me, it would be a good idea for you to marry him so he could take care of you."

"Taking care" of his aunt is a responsibility that Freddie doesn't take lightly. When she suggested that she would learn to drive the new car, Freddie objected.

"It's not a woman's work," he protested so vigorously that the idea was given up.

He not only takes care of his Aunt but his two sisters, Eileen and Hilda, as well. When a recent court order made his Aunt Cis his sole guardian, Freddie promised to contribute to the support of his sisters, who are living in England.

In spite of his tender years, he is doing a man's work in that he supports his relatives, and he feels his responsibilities keenly. His tutor declares him to be an excellent student and far ahead of the school standard fixed for a boy his age. It is safe to say that regardless of what profession he chooses after he is grown, he will be no ordinary man. In fact, right now he is a most remarkable fellow!

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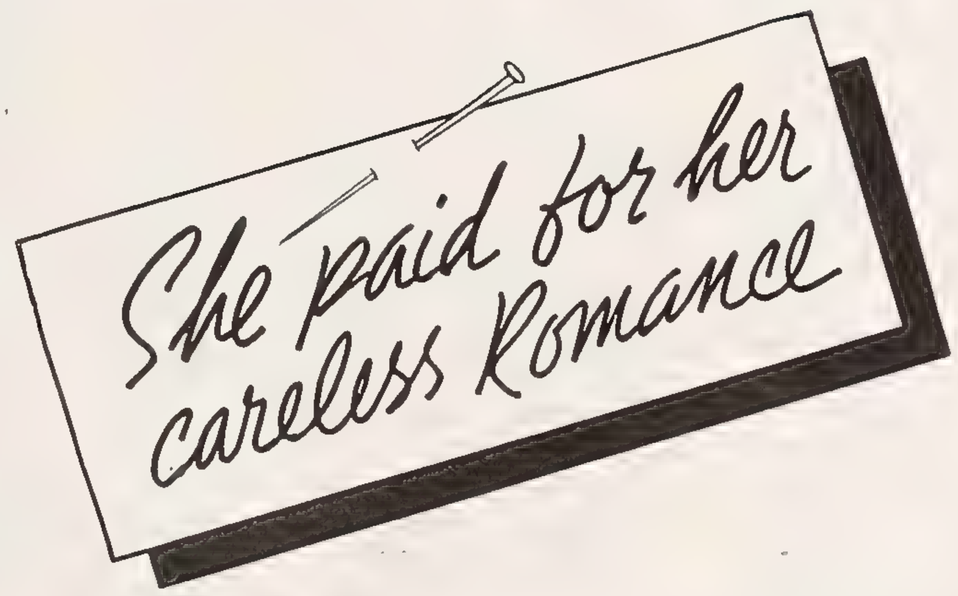
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Her wedding eve! How could she know that one last fling could end in disaster for herself and all who loved her?

Iris, alone at last with Don, was suddenly terrified. His hand slid along the railing and rested upon her own. She drew hers away with a little cry, then laughed tremulously to hide her perturbation.

"Moonlight does tricks with one's emotions," he said huskily, as though he had not noticed her gesture.

Standing there beside him, so tall, so capable of carrying all her burdens, she felt an almost ungovernable desire to tell him the truth and let him decide what she must do.

Suddenly she was crying softly, tearlessly, held close in his arms. It swept over her just how glorious it could be if she dared relax, dared let herself be attracted by this man who so obviously was attracted to her. She closed her eyes to stifle the thought of the beauty of what might have been and what never could be now! What desperate thing stood between Iris and Don?

What dark secret of her past was forever to darken their lives, their love?

BEULAH POYNTER will tell you in her new novel

"FIND THAT WOMAN!"

Read it in the January Issue

SWEETHEART STORIES

Why Men Fall For Miriam Hopkins

(*Continued from page 33*)

easily amused. And she lets the menfolk putter around the kitchen, appealing to their vanity, if not their stomachs, by complimenting their efforts. She's frank —doesn't put on any act about "simply loving housework," but can do it when she has to. And makes a great appeal to the paternal instinct by her enthusiasm for her adopted son.

It was at this point that the butler brought in a messenger boy with a note for Miss Hopkins. When she had read it, the youngster asked, in a scared, awe-struck voice, "Wouldya mind writin' your name on the envelope for me, Miss?"

Miriam smiled and shook her head, "Oh, that's not good enough for *you,*" she said. "What's your name?"

"Joe," he said.

She went to the desk and hunted through it. "Sorry, but I can't find a photograph. Maybe this'll do. . . ." She took one of her letterheads and scribbled Joe a note on it, gave it to him.

The boy—he was about seventeen—was too happy to thank her. He grinned from ear to ear and kept saying, "Gee—oh, gee!" to himself as he stumbled out. Stumbled is the word, because he couldn't take his eyes off the note, and very nearly fell down the stairs. He was the happiest kid in the western hemisphere.

YOU see, Miriam doesn't divide people into two classes—those who can be of use to her and those who can't—as some stars do. She won't bother with a bore whose only recommendation is that he's a "big shot." Conversely, she never looks upon anyone as an "inferior" just because he happens to have a prosaic job. She and her colored maid hold long conversations, and the maid, together with her large brood of children, is permitted to live in the house while Miriam is in Hollywood.

Her French chef is another of her good friends. She even lets him teach her his native tongue, much to his delight. And Michael's nurse, an astrology fan, gets a couple of extra nights off every week to go star-gazing, after which Miss Hopkins practises horoscopy with her. Miriam gets a big kick out of casual conversation with taxi drivers and elevator men, too. "They're more interesting than some of my friends," she says. "I think anyone whose work brings him into contact with large numbers of people accumulates a lot of interesting conversation.

"For that matter, the quiet little fellow who sits in a corner by himself at a party is likely to be the most interesting man in the room. You don't have to be somebody who does important things to be interesting. The world needs people who appreciate art and music and literature and all those things, as well as people who create them.

"I like to talk to people, and I like to listen. No, I don't play bridge or golf. I haven't time for the practise they require. I like to walk, to read, to play tennis, to dance and to listen to music. I like parties, but I detest people who're the life of the party. They're a terrible strain on everyone else. I don't think much of parlor games and intelligence tests, either, because the dullest people usually seem to win. Show-offs of any sort are very trying.

"If I like people, I like them for themselves, not for what they've done or what they own. Most of my friends aren't in pictures—they're in all walks of life. People who are well informed and alert are always good company, no matter what their occupation is. They have something to say instead of just a lot of words. I loathe people who are deliberately 'arty'."

NOW, looking over this little speech of Miriam's, we can find a few more clews to her charm. She likes to listen as well as talk. She appreciates people for what they really are, and if she doesn't like them, she won't be bothered. Sure, she's frank about it; maybe that's how she got a reputation for being rude because plenty of people have told me that she can be most unpleasant upon occasion.

But rumors of that sort can spring from truly trivial incidents. For example, while I was with her she received a phone call from someone who wanted her to pose for a publicity picture, stepping into an airplane with a sleeping suit for Baby Michael under her arm. "No," she said into the transmitter, "he doesn't wear that sort of suit and it wouldn't be fair to make people think he does. I'm sorry, but I can't do it."

Probably the press agent whose request she refused will tell how he was high-hatted by the "snooty" Miss Hopkins. But you and I know better; we know that she wouldn't go for the stunt (which, incidentally, would have gotten her picture into lots of newspapers and magazines) because she didn't want to fool people. Sure, she's endorsed things. A leading brand of cigarettes, for instance. But when she smokes, which is seldom, that's the brand she really uses.

And men do like honesty in their women.

Just to check up and see whether the conversation was as revealing as I thought, I went to see three men who know her—men who have been her friends for several years. Their names don't matter, and I'm leaving them out because rumors concerning Hollywood stars' affections grow so rapidly, even when utterly unfounded.

Man Number One, a writer, said, "We've been friends for a mighty long time and still I don't know Miriam. She's unpredictable. You never know what she's going to say or do. I've never tried to analyze it before, but if I must pick one quality which has particularly fascinated me, it's that she's never tiresome."

Said Man Number Two, a business man, "She's sympathetic and understanding. She's always willing to listen to your troubles as well as to your triumphs. She's not just a fair weather friend, in fact, I think she's even nicer to people when they're having setbacks than just after they've experienced some particular success. After all, it's when you're in trouble that a woman's sympathy counts most."

(Maybe that's the "inside" on the story about the writer who is said to have been snubbed when he phoned to tell about selling his play.)

And Man Number Three, a movie director, added, "I like Miriam because she doesn't put on an act. She's always herself. Sometimes she may not be in as amiable a mood as at other times, but she's no hypocrite. She doesn't go temperamental, either—no scenes. If she's tired and wants to be left alone, she says so. The rest of the time, she's mighty good company."

(How does that fit in with the yacht ride story?)

So, ladies, if you're the Miriam Hopkins type, which means an average American girl, not especially beautiful, but no eyesore, either, you might take a few leaves from her book. It seems to work.

You don't need to have the disposition of an angel all the time. Apparently men get even more enthralled when they don't know whether you're going to be nice to them or not. Perhaps it's because they like to recall when somebody else couldn't get along with you that they get a big kick out of a few kind words.

Most of the heroines of literature had their whims and their moods—their spells of not wanting to bother with anybody and their pleasure in talking to the Charcoal Burner's third assistant.

Maybe it's because Miriam brings these fairy princesses to life that she has captivated almost every man who has met her.

Maybe it's because they never know how she's going to treat them.

Maybe it's because she's thoughtful of them, sometimes—maybe because she has a wide variety of interests—maybe because she seems to be brimming over with vitality.

They're all good ideas.

Why not try 'em and see how they work—for you?



Miriam Hopkins with two amused escorts. The one on the left is Max Ree, costume designer, and the other is Sam Wasson.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 9*)

recipes for both kinds.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

2 cups cranberries
1 cup sugar
½ cup boiling water

Pick over and wash cranberries carefully. Place sugar and water in saucepan and boil for ten minutes. Add cranberries and cook them gently in the syrup for twenty minutes longer. Store away in sterilized jars until ready to use.

CRANBERRY JELLY

4 cups cranberries
2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar

Pick over and wash cranberries carefully. Place berries in saucepan, add water and boil twenty minutes. Press the berries through a sieve. Add sugar and cook gently 5 minutes longer. Pour into molds or jelly glasses. For a novel way of serving cranberry jelly cut molded jelly into thin slices, then cut slices into fancy shapes with cooky cutters.

While Reta Beery is busy in the kitchen with the turkey or cranberries, blonde Carol Ann (domestically attired in one of the little hand-embroidered peasant aprons that she and Wally bought in Germany on their recent European trip) busily takes care of her own small chores in a corner of the kitchen. Like all youngsters she loves to cut out cookies—hearts and diamonds, bunny rabbits, birds and Christmas trees! But on the day I visited there she was busy with blunt shears snipping marshmallows for the confection that the Beerys have named "Carol Ann Date Loaf" in her honor. It is a wholesome dainty which other children besides Carol Ann will love. Mothers will like it, too, for it involves not one bit of baking. Here is the recipe:

CAROL ANN DATE LOAF

15 graham crackers
20 marshmallows, cut into small pieces
1 package pasteurized, pitted dates, chopped fine
1 cup walnut meats, chopped fine
⅓ cup cream

Put crackers through food grinder or roll out to make fine crumbs. Reserve ¼ cup crumbs. Combine remaining crumbs with cut marshmallows, chopped dates and chopped walnuts. Moisten mixture with cream. Blend all together thoroughly. Form into a roll and cover with remaining ¼ cup crumbs. Wrap in wax paper and store in refrigerator several hours or over night. Serve in thin slices with whipped cream.

Of course the Beerys will have dozens and dozens of Christmas cookies besides those that Carol Ann has the patience to cut out herself. There will be the hard, spicy, brown, sugared *Pfeffernuesse*, made in strictest accordance with an old German recipe, and *Mandelkranze*—little cooky rings that all youngsters will adore. These are displayed on the Beerys' long buffet which is further loaded with fruits, nuts, candies and noggins of egg nog. You may have recipes for these cookies, you know, if you would like to have them.

Another Beery Holiday Special for the children of the party will be Honey Cake which originated in Hungary, but for which Reta Beery now has the recipe. You, too, can make this delicious nut and honey treat by sending for the leaflet.

On Christmas morning, big, bluff, Wally has his domestic stint to do, too, for someone has to make that traditional Christmas beverage, egg nog. So Wally, with the aid of the butler, summons up milk, cognac, rum, eggs and pulverized sugar and sets to work. Wouldn't we all love to be there to sample the results with him! However, if you have a man under your roof-tree perhaps you would like to have Wallace Beery's egg nog recipe so that your own lord and master can try his hand at making it. That recipe, also, is included in the leaflet.

Doubtless the most welcome of all the recipes, however, will be the one for Reta's Pumpkin Walnut Pie. Several of these pies will be safely stored away as the perfect Christmas dinner dessert, when the Beery's start their day of celebration by opening the packages under the tree. Even little Carol Ann is allowed to have a wee sliver of Pumpkin Walnut Pie on Christmas. And, of course, she'll have a generous piece of turkey for that is a delicacy which tickles her palate as well as Wally's. In fact on December 25th Carol Ann's usually simple eating schedule will be disregarded completely and she will be allowed to sample small portions of each and every item of the feast.

"I want a bag of toys, some easy little songs and a piano," she told Santa's emissary, Wallace Beery, the other day. She is a cute and wise little youngster, this little blonde darling who dominates the affections of the entire Beery household.

But on Christmas day all thoughts of careers will be forgotten in the delights of Reta Beery's bounteous dinner . . . the table fairly groaning under the weight of the succulent turkey with its steaming, nutty stuffing, the shimmering cranberry jelly, the mounds of vegetables, the plates of delicacies and finally the spicy golden pies, crowned with walnuts! While on the sideboard, squares of Honey Cake and plates heaped high with cookies will tempt flagging appetites. Mrs. Beery's recipes for the holiday fare I have described are so delicious that you, too, would enjoy sitting down at your own festive board to partake of one or all of her famous specialties.

You've already guessed, if you don't already know, that all you have to do to get copies of these recipes is to ask for them! The Beery recipe leaflet is absolutely *free* and the coupon will bring you your set promptly.

So here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas, with Reta Beery's recipes for Turkey Stuffing, Honey Cake, Egg Nog, Pumpkin Walnut Pie and two kinds of cookies to make it merrier!

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MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
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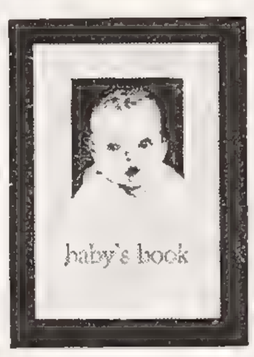
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Who Will Be Hollywood's Jenny Lind?

(*Continued from page 31*)

star instead in "Maytime," which Jeanette MacDonald spurned. Thus the lovely golden-haired star has won another round from her opponent!

But Miss MacDonald's troubles are not yet over, for she now has a rival right on her home lot, in the person of young Marion Talley, Metropolitan soprano. When two prima donnas are under contract to one company there is bound to be fireworks and tight competition. For, eventually, the most popular one will get the choice singing parts. Miss MacDonald has no way of telling just how Miss Talley will strike the public's fancy. She does know that the young newcomer from opera is to be given a big build-up under Leo, the Lion's trademark, with her first picture, "Tales of Hoffman," already announced as the vehicle for her debut. It seems Miss MacDonald will have war not only outside of her own gates, but perhaps revolution at home.

And Miss Talley—new to Hollywood, inexperienced in the tricks of movie technique, at the mercy of the camera—surely realizes, too, that she will be compelled to vie with Jeanette MacDonald's popularity if she wishes to capture for herself the rich rewards of a permanent place in the Hollywood sun. In order to do so she must submit to the Hollywood machine, and make herself over from the buxom, wholesome lady that she is into a creature of celluloid, equally as enticing and glamorous as Jeanette MacDonald. She must learn from the beginning that not only must she be superior in voice, but in acting as well. The motion picture is a visual art. A vocal conquest is only half a victory. It is a lesson which even Miss MacDonald had to learn when she gave up Broadway for Hollywood to play in "The Vagabond Lover."

AS the new season progresses the well established thrones of Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore totter while Hollywood waits to witness the initial motion picture appearances of Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout, the two latest contenders for the queen's crown. Miss Swarthout's first picture, "Rose of the Rancho," a musical adaptation of the famous Belasco play, has just been released and Miss Pons' cinema operetta, "I Dream Too Much," also reaches movie audiences at the same time. They have been released almost simultaneously to an eagerly waiting public, already educated by the far reaching voice of radio to expect only the best from these two divas.

Swarthout and Pons are certain to put a dent in Grace Moore's spectacular success. Miss Moore, up until this time, has had the operatic field in pictures exclusively to herself, having been the first of the Metropolitan stars to transfer her talents to the screen. Already she has thrilled audiences the world over with her silver-sheet renditions of the best arias from "Madame Butterfly" and "La Boheme."

Miss Swarthout, like Miss Moore, is an American-born artiste. She brings to the screen a type of American beauty such as one might find in any community in the United States. Besides she has in her favor a more youthful appearance than her competitors, a singing voice said by music critics to be of the finest quality, and a physical make-up which will not limit her to a characteristic role. Photographically she is declared by her cameramen to be an almost perfect screen subject. Generally, she might be safely catalogued as being much like Grace Moore in temperament, personal history and talent. Comparisons between them will be inevitable.

The petite Pons on the other hand is as far removed from Grace Moore as Janet Gaynor is when compared with Garbo. Pons, in truth, is a veritable singing Gaynor. Her dainty loveliness, doll-like figure and dark comeliness made her the most individual prima donna in the world of opera, just as they will do in motion pictures. Added to the asset of possessing a tone quality proclaimed the world over for its bell-like clearness, she has also the aura of glamor. Swarthout and Pons may be considered rivals only vocally, but their screen personalities will set them worlds apart. Perhaps that is why they continue to be such good friends. On Lily Pons' arrival in Hollywood Gladys Swarthout threw an elaborate party in her honor at which Grace Moore was conspicuously absent.

Together, Moore, Swarthout and Pons are the symbols of the new transition that has come over opera in the last half decade. Their beauty, svelte figures, chic style and adaptability to the demands of modern audiences outdate and outmode such earlier favorites of the gilded Opera Houses as Melba, Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar. Through the influence of Hollywood they have made avoirdupois an obsolete charm. Buxom Carmens are no longer tolerated. Audiences laugh at two-hundred-pound Manons and any Madame Butterfly who cannot fit into a kimono designed for a girlish figure is taboo, no matter how golden her voice.

Yet Jeritza (now the wife of the film chief, Winfield Sheehan), who is by no means a slight woman, looms upon the Hollywood horizon as the next great opera star to cast her lot with the cinema. Strangely enough, Madame Jeritza's chances for success in the new medium are more than favorable. It may be sacrilege and almost impudent to suggest, but the blonde Viennese songbird could easily be ballyhooed into a grand opera version of our own Mae West!

She has the same type of "Floradora" figure, the identical buxom lustiness, and a corresponding flair for buoyant portrayal. Even in coloring, they are enough alike to be unmistakably related to the same species of feminine beauty. Can you think of any other prima donna who could successfully suggest "Diamond Lil" if that infamous lady were suddenly made the chief heroine of a Grand Opera? Her success might be as phenomenal as Mae West's. There would be no question of competition, because in such characterizations, set to music, Jeritza would rule in a realm of her own, the undisputed queen of a new kind of operatic treatment.

ANOTHER lovely Viennese singer comes to us in the person of Marta Eggerth, who arrived on these shores recently to star in a series of Universal operettas. Miss Eggerth, originally from Budapest, has been prominent in Continental music circles since she was twelve. At twenty-five she comes to Hollywood a full-fledged star equipped to challenge the supremacy of all comers. Paris, London, Berlin, Budapest and Vienna have all acclaimed her. Now she is ready for the conquest of larger worlds via the far reaching magic of the screen. In this country she is chiefly noted for her work opposite Jan Kiepura (to whom she is rumored married), and for her splendid singing performance in the Schubert film, "Unfinished Symphony." While she may not achieve first place as the "Jenny Lind of Hollywood," it would be hard to find any singer better suited to play Lind on the screen. Eggerth is excitingly reminiscent of the Swedish Nightingale.

Meanwhile the Paramount lot has become sort of a camping ground for operatic divas. Gladys Swarthout, Mary Ellis and Kitty Carlisle are already parked there, with Helen Jepson moving in and Jeritza reported on her way. Any Paramount executive, six months from now, will be able to answer intelligently the question, "Are prima donnas temperamental?"

How do some of the lesser ladies of the high C's rate on the Hollywood stockboard of popularity? Mary Ellis, the original Broadway "Rose Marie," and a recruit from Covent Garden in London, has made two Paramount pictures, but so far has failed to cause Grace Moore or Jeanette MacDonald the least misgivings. Kitty Carlisle got off to a swell start, but failed to get the right roles. She deserves something better than a lead opposite Bing Crosby. Perhaps her role in the Marx Brothers' musical, "A Night at the Opera," in which she sings several operatic numbers straight, may give her the momentum she needs to make her a real competitor for first honors. Irene Dunne, who has used her singing voice too infrequently on the screen, will this year devote her talents almost exclusively to musical pictures. After "Magnificent Obsession" she will play Magnolia in "Show Boat," recreating the role which brought her into the limelight when the late Ziegfeld presented her in the same piece on Broadway. Some of the most beautiful and beloved American melodies are in this show. It should send Irene's stock soaring. Later this season Jessie Matthews will be over from London to make musicals for M-G-M. If she can repeat the success she achieved for herself abroad, she will be tops. Jane Froman of radio and Broadway musical comedy, is Warner Brothers' contribution to the contest.

At no time in the world's history has so much musical talent been gathered together in one place as there is in Hollywood this year—singers, composers, musical directors, music teachers of renown. Scheduled on producers' programs are films depicting the lives and careers of such great music masters as Victor Herbert, Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Chopin. Hollywood is to be turned into a gigantic music box.

Lovers of opera think of Gatti-Casazza, the grand old man of opera, who organized the Metropolitan and guided its destiny for thirty years, and shake their heads with pity. Poor Gatti-Casazza, no wonder he retired. They're canning opera now. You'll be able to see Grace Moore in "Girl of the Golden West" and Lawrence Tibbett in "Pagliacci" on a double bill for fifteen cents! But they are probably wrong. No doubt the old man's heart is filled with joy at the thought that at last these masterpieces have been made available for the great masses who could rarely afford a seat in the Opera House. He, too, is probably sitting back serenely in his study wondering which one of his children will become the Jenny Lind of the screen. Will it be Grace Moore, or Lily Pons, or Gladys Swarthout? Will it be the new Helen Jepson? Or will it be some unknown who has never even seen the inside of an Opera House?

Don't Marry a Marx Brother!

(*Continued from page 43*)

would be good at it, if he only tried, asked him to take her dancing. With an unusual display of willingness for one who habitually loathes such a pastime, Groucho consented.

But once seated on the edge of the dance floor, he refused to budge from the table. Fox-trot after fox-trot was played and he stubbornly stuck to his chair. However, when the orchestra struck up a tango, Groucho, who had never, in his life, danced one, jumped to his feet as he shouted, "Ah, *that's* what I've been waiting for!" and whirled an astonished mate about the room.

None of the other guests tangoed. To his joy, no one else rose. This rare opportunity for exhibitionism could not be overlooked, not by a Marx brother. Holding Ruth at arm's length, Groucho stared soulfully into her eyes as he performed a burlesque version of the dance. Mortified, she begged him to quit and quietly return to their table. His answer was a devilish grin. So, uncomfortably conscious of spectators convulsed by his antics, Ruth Marx was obliged to finish the number. She is convinced that it was the longest tango ever played.

GROUCHO fails to simplify the servant problem. Once, when their trunks arrived from the Coast, and a new maid, not knowing how much to tip, asked him what she should give the expressman, he airily suggested she give him the piano.

He answers the telephone himself, but disguises his voice, pretending to be a colored maid, and not a bright one. After discovering the caller's identity, Groucho, according to his mood, does one of three things: either he swears Mr. Marx fled the city, or he solemnly assures a shocked party that Mr. Marx just passed away; on occasion he becomes extremely polite, promises to fetch Mr. Marx, pauses, takes a deep breath, and then continues in his own voice. Servants do not like this. It gets them nervous.

The business of success makes it impossible for the Marxes to live in one locality. Actors out of work can loaf by the year on Forty-seventh Street, but box-office names must travel wherever their efforts send them. When the Marx Brothers had established themselves on Broadway, Groucho bought a house in Great Neck. No sooner did he settle his family there than Hollywood called. They leased the Great Neck residence and departed for California, where Groucho invested in another home. Then radio demands meant New York again, and now "A Night at the Opera" has swept them back to California.

In this picture the Marxes did something never attempted by Hollywood comedians. Before filming the production they took it on the road as a legitimate show. "Because," says Groucho, "no matter what we may think is funny, we can't really tell until we try it out. We let the audience decide upon our gags."

Supporting the Marxes in "A Night at the Opera" are those three Broadway singers, Alan Jones, Kitty Carlisle and Walter King. And, of course, Margaret Dumont, the perennial butt of their screen jokes. For the past nine years she has patiently stood for their on and off-stage humor. Groucho loves to pull chairs from under leading ladies. So Margaret Dumont can sympathize with the Marx friends and relatives.

Prior to the Great Neck days, the Marxes terrified their Broadway colleagues. It was a complicated job. One of them would date an unsuspecting friend. This being the prohibition era, another brother suggested visiting a speakeasy, and all drove down deserted streets to a warehouse near the East River. If the victim timidly inquired whether they knew where they were going, the Marxes quieted his fears. Arriving at the warehouse, they knocked at a door, flung open by a shirtless gentleman resembling Mr. Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape." Matters were made more enticing by his right arm which brandished a thick club. As soon as he gruffly ushered them into a small ante-chamber, the lights went out, giving the Marxes opportunity to run into an adjoining room, where, from a transom, they could watch what happened.

Their friend was left alone with a supposedly crazy man, who shouted the police were coming, and waving the club, ordered



You've heard Eddie Duchin's orchestra on the radio many times but now you're going to see it, too. Here's Eddie with Bennie Bartlett as they appear in "Coronado."

BRIGHT EYE DEAS

by Jane Heath



Is THERE some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamplit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHADETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)



LASHTINT, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASHTINT will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, $1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLENE on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. KURLENE is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and $1.



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Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

him to make believe he was a lot of people. Shaking, the friend obeyed, dancing and singing until the Marxes were sufficiently amused and allowed him to escape.

Afterwards they would tell him the truth. The warehouse belonged to a man they knew, and, for his efforts, they paid the dramatic caretaker a salary which went towards sending his son through college!

AT a party given by Sam Harris, Groucho left the room and surreptitiously covered his fingers with burnt cork. Returning, he suggested an "original" game called, "Pinchy-Winchy."

"We all sit in a circle on the floor. And saying 'Pinchy-Winchy,' I pinch the cheeks of the man next to me. He, in turn, pinches the cheeks of the person next to him, and so on. Then we go to someone else's house, pick up more people, and do it again!" explained Groucho.

Of course, the man seated near Groucho unknowingly came away with a black face. When the group migrated to another house his face became blacker. And he could not understand why the rest kept laughing at what seemed to him a dull game.

During their first Hollywood sojourn, the Groucho Marxes planned a harmless evening at the movies, and they left, in their home, a guest, Arthur Sheekman, who was writing material for Groucho's radio programs.

Hardly had they gone when the telephone rang and a man, saying he represented "The Southern California Water Supply Company," informed Mr. Sheekman that, by morning, all water would be shut off, and suggested he fill the tubs. When Ruth and Groucho returned, Mr. Sheekman had gallantly filled every available vessel.

It was not until late the following day that they, along with other residents of the section, discovered this alarm had been one of Zeppo Marx's ideas.

The average in-law problems are nothing compared to the daily entanglements facing Ruth Marx. The brothers take turns telephoning her, and in falsetto tones, successfully imitate a despised lady cousin.

And while "The Cocoanuts" was running on Broadway, brother-in-law Chico put over one of his jokes. Ruth had sent a friend of hers, a dignified lady, backstage. Chico kindly offered to see that the visitor received a good orchestra seat. Writing something on the back of her card, and telling her to present it to the manager, he bowed graciously. The lady, never glancing at Chico's penciled scrawl, handed the card to the manager, who, upon reading it, furiously ordered her out of the theatre. It was months before she would speak to Ruth. Up to date, Chico has refused to reveal the contents of his message.

HARPO, whose silence has proved so golden, is the brother with but one trick. He performs it in his usual thorough fashion. He finds it difficult to remember names. Being a bachelor he has a series of lady friends, but whether the current sweetheart is American or foreign born, actress, writer or heiress, to Harpo, she is Miss Benson. And wherever he takes her, she is known as Miss Benson. This involves matters. Ruth, inviting him and his current girl-friend to a party, is obliged to introduce the guests to a Miss Benson, although, in that very month, she may have had them meet half a dozen ladies bearing the same name.

No doubt the Marxes inherit their gift for nonsense. Al Shean of that famous team "Gallagher and Shean," is an uncle. Their father too, was noted for his repartee.

I remember talking to the elder Marx, and commenting on the smartness of his attire. He winked in appreciation as he said, "Why shouldn't I look stylish! I have on Harpo's hat, Groucho's coat, Chico's gloves, and I'm carrying Zeppo's cane!"

Zeppo, who has given up the screen to turn his talents to being an author-and-actor agent, was the first Marx to meet Ruth. He invited her to watch their act. At the stage door she was introduced to Groucho, who carried a guitar plus numerous packages. Upon meeting Ruth, his initial words were, "I think I'll get married so I can have someone to carry my packages."

Ten weeks later they were married.

Groucho bought an automobile and they took a motor-trip honeymoon, driving from the west to keep a vaudeville engagement in the east. He neglected to inform his bride of one drawback. Until that moment he had never driven a car.

For awhile the jaunt went smoothly, but, reaching the mountains, Ruth held her breath as the auto, with uncontrollable speed scooted downhill. Her groom, not knowing what to do, had slipped the gears into neutral!

The car had no license plates. Groucho declared they would buy them when they reached New York. Enroute they were arrested and fined.

Groucho remained firm. "We'll get them in New York. We've been pinched once. It can't happen again."

But it did. The place was Canton, Ohio. Ruth waited outside while Groucho was hauled into the station house. She waited and waited, only to discover that the authorities had thrown her groom in jail.

Groucho loves to amuse his children. Just before bedtime he tells Miriam, the youngest, such mirth-provoking stories that, afterwards, Ruth has difficulty persuading her to sleep.

And when the Marxes were engaged for a chain broadcast Groucho wanted to try out the material at home. It was to this scheme that Ruth put a stop. Her argument was sound. "We couldn't listen to the same program all week, and on Sunday nights, too!"

But she must have smiled when she said that, for summing it up, she admits that the jokes and laughter of a husband and in-laws, although occasionally exasperating, are preferable to the troubles of the average complaining relative.

Here Comes the Bride!

(*Continued from page 17*)

and I did not want to do it until some of the excitement about our rumored secret marriage had quieted down.

"My desire was to do it as quietly as possible and the actual ceremony was quiet, despite all the fuss that had gone before."

The joy reflected in Joan's face is all you need to tell you what complete happiness is hers at last. As for Franchot, he goes about beaming on the world like the traditional bridegroom.

Both Joan and Franchot swore that there would be no interviews after their wedding. So this is not an official interview, but rather Joan's first chat with me, one of her closest friends, in an endeavor to sift rumor from fact. Here are the answers to those questions you have asked.

Question one, as to why Joan decided to risk marriage a second time, is answered.

Question two, concerning their future plans are about like this: Joan's home in Brentwood is being remodeled, once more, and they will live there together. Both have the feeling that this marriage is beautifully permanent because they have been in love so long. They have proven their enormous compatibility. For three years they have been friends and in three years a woman can test a man's loyalty and, in turn, will reveal her own heart and soul.

And now for the wedding itself. For months before it, the wildest rumors had been printed. No one was to be convinced that they were not married already. And no one would believe that (supposing they weren't married) definite plans had not been made.

BOTH of these rumors were wrong. They had, for the past year, discussed marriage—as two people as much in love as Joan and Franchot inevitably would do. But no plans were made. Vague plans for a wedding in New York, when both came to the city to broadcast over the radio, had been discussed.

Then the newspapers jumped in, making premature announcements. Joan was furious about this, since she had wanted to tell her own news, so—much to Franchot's sorrow—Joan said there would be no marriage for . . . well, she didn't know how long.

And then the gossip quieted down. The reporters gave up their little game of chasing Crawford—Franchot saw his opportunity and so on Friday, October 11, they were married in Englewood, N. J.

Nick Schenck, the producer, and Leo Friedman arranged the details and went with them. Joan wore a black suit, a red blouse and a little red hat.

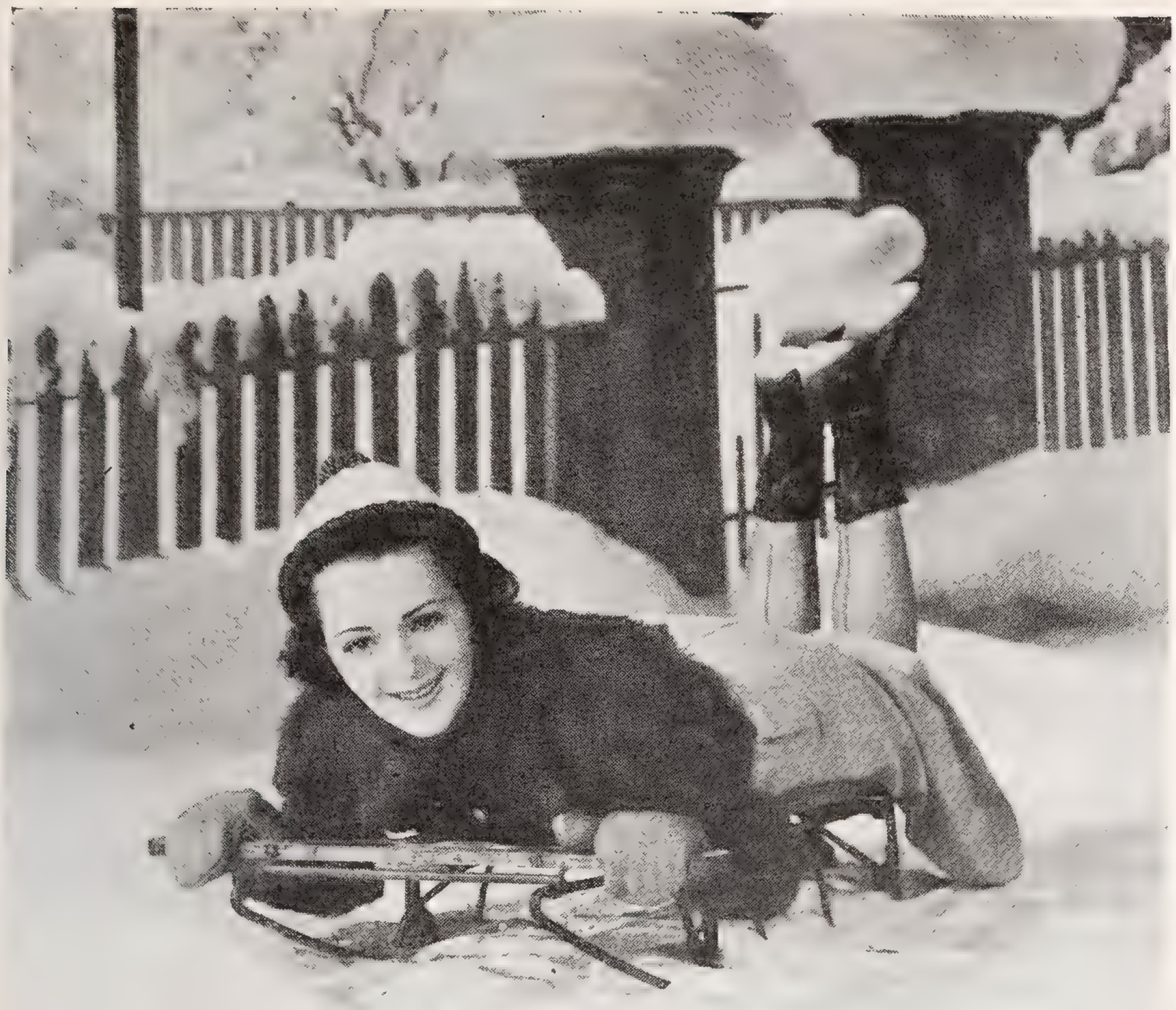
At noon it was over and the very small wedding party drove back to New York, where they dropped the bride off at the Columbia Broadcasting station and she rehearsed all afternoon for the radio broadcast she gave the following Monday.

"I don't know how I ever got through that rehearsal," Joan told me. "Certainly my mind wasn't on the script from which I read. And somehow the words I said, for the character I played (Mary Turner in 'Within the Law') were absolutely meaningless. I had been terribly calm at the wedding, but at the rehearsal a sort of reaction set in. My knees shook and my voice trembled. And it kept up all afternoon. And when it was over, I was so tired that I hardly could keep my eyes open through dinner."

Not even Franchot's family knew of the wedding!

Strange—isn't it?—when you think of all the elaborate weddings that Joan has acted in pictures, with the bride all done up in hundreds of yards of Adrian wedding veils, with studio orchestras playing the Wedding March and with extra-girl bridesmaids thick as whipped cream . . . strange that her own wedding should have been so quiet, so simple and that, instead of going honeymooning in a yacht (as she usually does in pictures) she spent the afternoon at work.

And now they are married and their many fans wish them happiness.



Ruby Keeler is still enough of a kid to get a kick out of coasting, especially when she gets within shouting distance of some snow.

Four Dancing Feet . . .

(*Continued from page 35*)

we took that bike to school with us. We couldn't get out quickly enough. I held the bicycle while Ruby got on, and that's the last I saw of her until I finally reached her house, way up on 70th Street.

"Does that make it sound as if Ruby were selfish? I can answer that one, if anybody needs the answer. This girl somehow always found time to be doing things for someone else, even though she had her little sisters and brother to take care of. I told you Ruby had a system, a system that let her do housework, take care of the children, go to dancing school and always have plenty of time to play.

"Ruby was always doing things for the little kids of the neighborhood, and, by golly, there were a hundred of them within a cat's-throw of where she lived. There were so many they used to play out in the street in turns.

"Once in a while Ruby would get a dime for doing something extra nice for someone, and then we'd have a soda. And I mean *we,* because so many kids would have straws in the glass it would look like a pin cushion.

RUBY couldn't help being generous, with the dad she had. He was an iceman, with a chipping complex. We kids used to pile on his wagon during the hot days and eat the chipped ice. When he cut the big blocks of ice, he always did a lot more chipping than was necessary, so we could have our percentage.

"Ruby was awfully funny in school, in her quiet way. I remember once when we had to write an essay on some experience we would like to have, and Ruby wrote about going backstage and meeting a famous stage manager. She said his name was Mitchell, and that he thought her taps were simply wonderful. And, believe me, she put so much Irish palaver in it that some of us thought it had really happened.

"In those days Ruby and I would often go to her home after school. And walking from dancing school on 51st and Broadway to Ruby's tenement on 70th Street was no refreshing stroll. Of course, we bummed rides and 'flipped' trucks some of the time, and occasionally we went on the subway. But that was *occasionally.* Nickels were few and far between in the Keeler and Kelly families, and I guess our folks figured that if we had so much confidence in our feet, we could use them for transportation.

"But when we did ride on the subway I'd get a thrill out of how people, especially men, would turn and look at Ruby. She was such an attractive girl and she had such beautiful legs.

"You can't imagine how gorgeous she was as a very young girl. Her eyes were even more expressive than they are now. You'd feel you could almost see her heart through them. She had eyelashes you could use for bangs.

"Although she was the star pupil at

Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

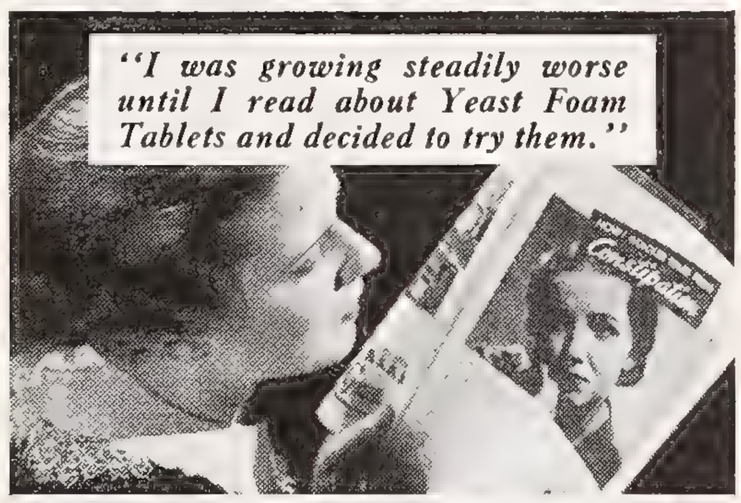
BERNICE G. RUTTINGH NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY, ILL.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
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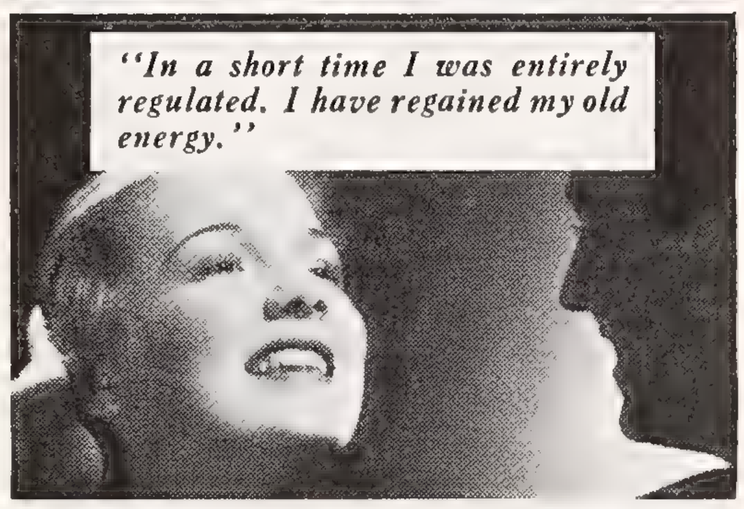
"I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything."



"I was growing steadily worse until I read about Yeast Foam Tablets and decided to try them."

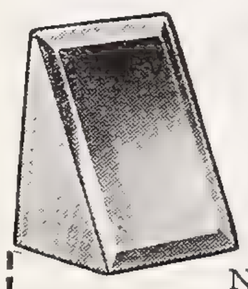


"In a short time I was entirely regulated. I have regained my old energy."



IMPORTANT to you is what Yeast Foam Tablets actually do, not what we say about them. So we bring you this true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of these pleasant yeast tablets.

Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate! Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



FREE! *Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.*

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
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I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.
MM 1-36

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

dancing school as a kid, and though she danced fifty per cent better than most of the men, she always hung back. In school we would all try to get her to dance, but she would beg off, saying one of the others could do it a lot better. You could always find her back in a corner, just a shy kid.

THEN I became instructor in tap dancing at Jack Blue's dancing school. I was only twelve, and naturally thought I was not so bad. I began getting ambitious until somebody coaxed Ruby out of the corner one day. I took one good look at her going to town, and then threw my dancing shoes out the window.

"Ruby and I appeared together in Jack Blue's Foolish Follies, and although we used to make only a few dollars a week, she always sent most of it to her family. She figured that while we were playing the towns around New York, going to such places as Asbury Park, and Atlantic City, we were having such a glorious picnic that the kids back home ought to get a break, too. Ruby's family always came before herself—and it still does.

"Then Ruby got a job in the chorus of George M. Cohan's 'The Rise of Rosy O'Reilly' and was making about fifty dollars a week, at the age of thirteen. At fourteen she was working on the Strand Roof. That's something for the kids of today to think about!

"Up to that time Ruby had been used to going without just about everything a girl would like, and I've seen her hungry more than once, though she was so quiet and game she'd never mention a word of it. But don't picture her as a timid, frightened little waif of the cruel streets. She was happy all the time. She loved her crowded home and the flocks of kids that lived all around her. She loved to dance, and at home they were always pulling her out of some corner or other, where she was practising steps when she should have been out in the fresh air.

"She was always a favorite at the night clubs, and smart Texas Guinan realized that this sweet kid, with her grave, innocent manner and her marvelous dancing ability, was going to be a gold mine for her. But if anybody had attempted to take liberties with Ruby, Tex would have swarmed all over him."

And that seems to be the history of Ruby Keeler's night club experience. She was always treated with the greatest consideration and she always had a perfectly wonderful time.

To have spoken out of turn to Ruby in the famous El Fey Club, the hottest night club and swankiest speakeasy in New York, was recognized by the wise ones as a short cut to disaster.

"Then," continued Patsy, "Ruby kept on climbing, but never changing. She got up into the five-hundred-dollar-a-week class and then married Al Jolson.

HOLLYWOOD came next, with '42nd Street' and then her great hit in 'The Gold Diggers.'

"All this time I was still in the east, working in this show and that. Of course, I hadn't written to her. It's like pulling teeth for me to write anyhow. Then it got so I was half afraid to write for, with such success, maybe, heaven forgive the thought, she had changed. And how I hated to think anything would spoil Ruby!

"Then came the opening of 'The Gold Diggers' and Ruby was the talk of New York. A few days later I happened to be walking down Broadway, near Forty-sixth Street. Suddenly I heard someone calling me from the other side of the street. I looked and saw Ruby waving to me and running across the street toward me.

"Boy, it was a relief to see her risking her neck in that traffic, and I felt a lump of shame come into my throat. For a minute I just couldn't say anything. Then I blurted:

"'Well, Ruby, things have certainly changed. I—I think you're swell.'

"She gave me a quick, understanding look and shrugged her shoulders. 'Don't be silly, I don't feel any different. Come on, let's get something to eat nearby.'

"So we went over to a tea room—no swanky restaurant for Ruby—and had a sandwich. We got talking about things in general, and Ruby was back in her old corner again, claiming that she simply had had some lucky breaks.

"What's happened since then I guess the movie fans know a lot better than I do, except perhaps they don't know that she is the same big-eyed Ethel Hilda Keeler that I first met when we were barely old enough to start school and she was experimenting with her first dance steps.

"At heart the Ruby Keeler I played with in 'Go Into Your Dance' is the same girl that I used to 'flip' trucks with back on Third Avenue when our feet got tired of trying to wear out the sidewalks."

And the much-in-demand new comedy queen of the movies, Patsy Kelly, half closed her eyes, looking back into the past. Seeing her at the moment you forget the swaggering, devil-may-care chorus gal who's had the biggest studios in filmdom bidding against one another for her services, and you see a woman lost in memories.

A half smile touched her lips, as she added, "Ruby hasn't changed and she never will."

Then two of those four feet from Broadway came to the floor with a thump, as an assistant director bellowed for Patsy to take her place in front of the camera beside Dick Powell.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The pictures of Patsy and Ruby as youngsters which appear in this story were loaned to us by Jack Blue. While talking to our Girl Friday, the dancing instructor had some enlightening bits of news about Patsy Kelly. He claims that while Ruby's dancing is excellent, if anyone could surpass it, it is none other than Patsy herself. And there is nothing he'd like better than to see Patsy do some real "stepping" before the cameras. He doesn't consider the little bit of tapping which she does in "Thanks A Million" sufficient to show what a fine dancer she is.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 16*)

beautiful women who had modeled for him were those who had been lifted to the heights of beauty by their own desire to be beautiful. If you have a strong enough desire to make your dream come true, you'll make it come true. You'll work to make it possible. Belief in yourself, and belief in the magic that can happen, will accomplish wonders for you in giving you self-confidence . . . in giving you a party face and a party manner.

If you want a man to tell you that you "dance divinely," you'll have to learn to do just that. Eleanor Powell was "discovered" because she knew how to dance. You, too, in a lesser way, may be "discovered" by the man you want most to notice you, if you learn to dance divinely. Here are some hints if you want to be popular on the dance floor. Don't drape yourself around your partner like an old overcoat, with your arms limp, and your knees sagging. Remember that you can't dance with your feet alone, and your partner can't dance for you. Don't hold yourself stiff as a poker, or you'll remind your partner of trying to push a steamboat around on dry land. And don't, please don't, assume exaggerated postures. For good dancing the perfect position will always be erect and tipped a little forward. Always hold a man back of the shoulder with the left hand, lightly but firmly.

NOW THE hand that you slip into your partner's should be soft and smooth as velvet. There's certainly nothing romantic about a rough, scratchy hand. Use a hand lotion almost the last thing before you slip into your party dress. Smooth it on as you see Olivia de Havilland doing, much as though you were smoothing on those new long kid gloves you have. Keep a bottle of hand lotion on your dressing table in a prominent position so that it will be a constant reminder to you to keep your hands lovely. Then, of course, you'll want an extra bottle of lotion in the bathroom and right by the kitchen sink. Incidentally, you can get gloves that are chemically treated inside with a honey and almond lotion. They make a different sort of a gift. You might mention it to one of your friends.

You can make up your hands for a party, you know. You can rouge along the sides of your fingers and down the outside of your hands to reduce the apparent size of too plump hands. A little rouge on the finger tips will seem to shorten long fingers. A nice way to make up your hands is to use a liquid powder after your hand lotion application. I know just the liquid powder you'll want. Be sure, however, to wipe off all loose powder before you leave your dressing-table. There is nothing more provoking than white finger marks on a man's dark suit.

A smart way to lengthen the long-lasting qualities of a coat of liquid nail polish is to put on two layers. You can use a thin coat of colorless or light polish for the first layer. Then after this has thoroughly dried, you can apply a heavier coat of your chosen polish shade over it. This will give the lacquer more body and help to prevent it from chipping, praises be. If you don't have a good-looking manicure set you'll certainly want the new one I've discovered. It comes in a lovely simulated cloisonnê box in lavender, blue, or rust.

From fingertips to coiffures isn't such a long reach. A lot of fingers are busy with coiffures this holiday partying season. If you want a party hairdress that is full of sparkling highlights, you'll consider your hairbrush your best ally. Brush your hair every night. It's the only good resolution I'm going to ask you to make . . . until I think of another one! Brush it until it tingles with life, until your

scalp feels ready to burst out into party exhuberance itself. Olivia de Havilland has a clever brush stunt to use on party nights. She sprays a little brilliantine on her brush, and then brushes her hair lightly. This gives the coiffure a well distributed sheen, instead of the smeary, plastered effect that sometimes results when you apply the brilliantine with your hands. Sometimes Olivia adds just a few drops of her favorite perfume to her brilliantine, too. If you haven't an atomizer, you can pour a bit of brilliantine into the palm of your hand, add a drop or two of perfume, and rub your brush through it.

Maybe you've discovered with horror that instead of gold highlights your hair is getting silver glints. Those first few gray hairs are depressing. Then again, maybe you have gray streaks in your hair which give the impression that you're older than you really are, and which discourage all your party spirit when you look into the mirror. There's a helpful touch-up pencil that will take care of those gray hairs in short order. It isn't a dye. And it's simple as pie (no rhyme intended) to use. It comes in stick form, and you simply dip the tip in water and stroke it over the portion you wish colored. Let it dry, and there you are . . . The coloring is harmless, and will wash off with the first shampoo. You can get the "pencil" in any one of eight hair-matching shades.

NOW you may want highlights in your hair, but you certainly don't want them on your nose. When you're going dancing, I think it's a good idea to use an astringent as your powder base, and then apply a pure, light, moisture-proof powder. You don't want your powder to mix with the natural moisture of your skin and form pasty-looking blotches, and I know the very powder to safeguard against this annoyance. Be sure to apply the powder lavishly, pressing it on with your puff, and then blending it in and removing the surplus with a soft powder brush.

Apply your lipstick before you powder. Don't purse up your mouth like a green persimmon when you're applying your lipstick. Smile! That is the advice of one of Hollywood's smartest make-up men. When you're attending a gay party, your lips are going to be busy talking, smiling (and smiling a lot, we hope), reflecting your various emotions. Look in the mirror now and watch your lips when you smile. If you have thin lips your smile may draw your upper lip into such a narrow line that you have scarcely any lips perceptible at the corners.

After you apply your lipstick, press your lips to a piece of cleansing tissue to blot off any surplus. Then powder over your lips, pressing the puff to them lightly but firmly. The final step should be a light retouching with a fresh application of lipstick. Lipstick, tissue, powder, lipstick . . . these four steps give your lipstick substance, base, finish, and long-lasting qualities.

Eye make-up is ever so important, whether you're gazing into your dancing partner's eyes or the camera's eyes. There's a new eye beauty kit on the Christmas market which "has everything," —mascara, eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, eyebrow brush, and eyelash tonic cream. It's a handy kit for the dressing table, and if you're going along to the photographer's to have your picture taken some fine day, better slip this eye make-up kit into your purse. Rochelle Hudson is the cameraman's delight because she always takes a good picture. Her eyes are two good reasons why.

DO you take a good picture? Some people just naturally do photograph much more flatteringly than others, it is true, but there are tricks to every trade . . . and especially the photographer's. If you've never taken a good picture, let's see if we can't "make up" for it now. A lot of you will be having your pictures taken for Christmas gifts . . . maybe a special Christmas gift for your best beau. Often when I pass by a photographer's studio, and look at the photographs on display in the window, I think to myself, "Now if that girl had just done so and so . . . used a bit of eyebrow pencil or worn a different neckline or had a different hair-do, she most certainly would have taken a better picture." In Hollywood, this posing for photographs is an art in itself. We need more of that attitude.

Do you know how to apply your make-up in order to take a good picture? Do you know what colors and what necklines are most flattering? Well, I've prepared a special bulletin for you that will tell you all those things and more. I've talked to some of the cleverest photographers in the business in order to work out a really helpful bulletin for you. Send in for it now, before you make your appointment at the photographer's. It costs nothing but a stamped, addressed envelope.

If you have any beauty heartaches that have made the Old Year discouraging, why not write me about them? There's always a New Year, and a New Chance to realize your dreams. I'm always anxious to help you . . . remember that! It is your letters to me that give me a composite picture of YOU, your problems, your discouragements, your difficulties. I would like to hear from more of you.



Mme. Schumann-Heink, beloved singer, arrives in New York to broadcast. She'll do a picture next with May Robson called "Gram."

Mary Biddle
MODERN SCREEN
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10c IN TEN CENT TUCKAWAY SIZES AS ILLUSTRATED AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES

Ride a Hobby to Happiness

(*Continued from page 36*)

was her escape, here was her chance to show others and herself that she could excel at something—the little fluffy, personality-plus girls did not have her acting ability.

And so the stage was her outlet. When she was given her first jobs on Broadway she inhaled deeply of the air of the theatre and said, "This is life."

The others in the theatre were earnest workers, that was all. And no demands except the demands of work were made upon her. There was no personality competition. The people she met in the theatre did not intrude upon her private life.

But when she was given a Hollywood contract, things were different. She was thrown into direct competition with the most beautiful and glamorous women in the world. Jean knew little and cared less about clothes and she found the girls with whom she worked the most clothes-conscious of all women.

Realizing that she was awkward and not the "clothes type," all the old rebellion, the intolerance and the desire to set herself apart from the crowd, all the old complexes of her childhood, returned. She would show Hollywood that she would be no part of the trumped-up glamor. As a child she had refused to pledge allegiance to the flag, so now she would pledge no allegiance to the personal fub-dubbery of movie town.

Jean stalked about in any old outfit. She said startling, sometimes even shocking, things to interviewers. She was intolerant of everything and she wanted to show Hollywood that she didn't care.

HER reputation for eccentricity became widespread and so she became a wallflower. Men are basically such conventional souls that they resent and mistrust any girl who steps out of the set pattern. So, in spite of her simple beauty, her intelligence, her sincerity, she was completely without romance in a town whose very essence is romance.

She would, she decided, do as she had done in school—throw herself completely and whole-heartedly into her work.

Then there came to her the most startling disillusion of all. Her screen work left her unsatisfied. Jean discovered that compared to the theatre, the screen was hack work. So many of the characters she was given to play were so unreal that she could do nothing with them. Thus she felt bereft of both work and social contact.

It was during this trying time that I saw her first. It was then I discovered her to be one of the unhappiest girls I've ever seen. All of the things she wanted were seemingly denied her, so she was trying to fill her life with activities like knitting, weaving rugs and such, activities which keep the hands busy but do not occupy the mind.

Jean was resentful of Hollywood and all it stood for. She became intensely disliked at her studio because of her inability to conform. And people did not take the trouble to understand her. Undoubtedly you, if you are sensitive, know there is no misery as great as being misunderstood.

Then an idea came to her and suddenly her life became full again. Since her screen work, except for a role such as the one she played in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," took but half her attention and talents, she decided she would return to her real love, the theatre. Before she realized it her idea became a reality and she was the head of a flourishing little artistic business known as The Theatre Workshop Incorporated.

So with four other earnest artists she formed a small company, rented a little place on Santa Monica Boulevard and set to work. They now have ten pupils who love the theatre and do not cast envious eyes at the screen. These students pay a nominal fee for instruction and participate in the activities of the workshop. They make their scenery, design their costumes and their purpose is to produce the best plays available in a sincere and artistic manner.

This is, of course, a worthy and laudable undertaking but its importance to this story lies in the part it has played in Jean Muir's happiness.

Because she *is* happy now. All her inintensity, all her energy, all her love of beauty pours into The Theatre Workshop. That little building, and what it symbolizes, is her work, her friend and her child all rolled into one.

I wish you could see her eyes sparkle as she talks about it. Gone is the rebelliousness and the intolerance. She has a place, now. She fits into some vital scheme. She has found her square in the pattern.

And she even likes Hollywood now. Knowing Jean as she was a year ago, you realize that this is the most amazing pronouncement of all. Whereas her social life used to be very limited, now you will find her at the polo matches, tennis games, premieres and night clubs. Her constant companion is George Wolcott, who is keenly interested in the blonde Jean.

A person less complex than Jean Muir could have found happiness in the smaller tasks alloted to her. But Jean must love herself in a purpose in which she believes. She has found that purpose now and the finding has worked a miracle.

As she told me about the Workshop, I was tremendously impressed with the idea itself. It is a worthy cause when a group of people ban together in the interest of beauty. But I got more out of the recital of her plans than that. It suddenly occurred to me what a verity was contained in Jean's story. And I wished that all the lonely, unhappy people in the world would do what she has done. I wished that, instead of escaping reality by pitying and dramatizing themselves, they would give the sensitivity and energy they possess to some hobby.

It really doesn't matter, you see, what the hobby is. The more worthy the cause, of course, the more worthy the effort. The doing is what makes it good.

Yes, Jean Muir is happy now and her happiness reflects itself in her work in her new film, "Stars Over Broadway."

What Will Happen to Them in 1936?

(*Continued from page 27*)

astrologer-seer of Hollywood. Dareos, who for many years has been the confidant and consultant of some of Hollywood's greatest stars, producers and directors, herewith presents to the readers of MODERN SCREEN his fourth annual Hollywood prophecy in these pages. Little more need be said of the accuracy of his previous forecasts than the mathematical statement that previous forecasts turned out better than 80 per cent correct! Into the compilation of his annual predictions, Dareos pours, not only the fruits of his astrological and psychic powers, but also the "inside" dope he gets from the movie people who come to him with their confidences, as they would to their lawyers or their doctors.

And so here, tabloided, stripped of the difficult language of the science of astrology, are Dareos' specific predictions for 1936:

GENERAL: Over the heads of Hollywood's movie-makers, both before and behind the cameras, lies a pall of threatened disaster. Death will come to some of the best-known names of movieland—violent death. Air crashes, like that which took the life of Will Rogers in 1935, are foreshadowed for several stars.

"I advise the stars," says Dareos, "to avoid air travel as much as possible during the year."

There will be several separations and subsequent divorces for some of the biggest stars. On the other hand, there will be, at least, three marriages of "top" stars.

The coming year will not see, as yet, the general use of color on the screen, but in 1937, the screen quite suddenly will go 100 per cent color. Moreover, late in 1936, Hollywood will develop a new process to transmit successfully motion pictures by wireless.

Internal strife from labor sources lies ahead for the movie business. There will be many strikes but all will be settled amicably.

And now for the individual forecasts:

JOAN CRAWFORD and FRANCHOT TONE: "If anything happens to the Crawford-Tone marriage," says Dareos, "it will be Franchot's fault." There will be no children. Joan and Tone should avoid England and France, ill health menaces them if they go there.

For Joan, there is the threat of litigation that will go against her, and also scandal. April is a particularly bad month. Early in the summer, she will receive an European offer which she will accept in the hope of re-building her career.

Secret enemies will strike at Joan, and it is from this source that scandal threatens. "Joan is a dear friend of mine and seems capable of taking care of herself," says Dareos, who still carries the wallet she gave him as a present when he predicted the successful career that has been hers, although when Dareos told her, she was the unknown Lucille LeSeuer.

Franchot will do some fine things in pictures, but his real future is on the stage. The first months of 1936, and its Fall, are danger periods for him, especially from accident by horses. He will come into an inheritance.

JEAN HARLOW: "The stars predict

trouble ahead for Jean," says Dareos. The year will be the most unsettled of her life! It will be a year of physical danger, especially April and early Fall. "She is born under a planet which whips her in and out with unrest. If she goes to court, she will lose the litigation. Midsummer brings danger of a new scandal and talk that will hurt her. I advise her, by all means, to avoid marriage in 1936," says the seer.

WILLIAM POWELL: 1936 should be a happy year for him. His career is on the up-grade. He will do several remarkably fine pictures. No breath of scandal threatens him.

The year will continue Bill's and Jean's friendship, but they must guard it. If they come through the year's dangers, particularly those which threaten Jean's heart, physical self and happiness, then 1937 will be a magnificently grand year for both of them.

GARBO: In mid-summer, Garbo will experience a great love affair! The man will be someone whom she does not even know now! But the planets do not show a marriage ahead for her. Instead, in the Fall of 1936, there's the black prophecy of tragedy and sorrow for her through the death of a dearly loved one.

The aforementioned romance will be a great flaming one, but it will not bring her happiness of heart or soul. The year is one of unrest. Her health, too, is threatened. But if she carries on, she will again rocket to heights in 1937, and will carry through to set her name, in time, beside Bernhardt's.

CLARK GABLE: The year professionally will be great, but in his private and domestic life, it will be rocky. "I will not be surprised," says Dareos, "from what I read in the planets, if there is great unhappiness in his domestic life. I advise no divorce, however. Clark needs his wife."

More than any other star, Gable is in danger of a possible serious accident, even death, in 1936. Airplanes, automobiles and horses are the chief sources of his danger. November and December, 1936, are the blackest months in his year's prospect, with early Summer only slightly less menacing. If he watches his step, hurdles the 1936 threats, he will go on to even greater screen triumphs than in the past.

NORMA SHEARER: With the exception of two cloudy periods, April and December, 1936 glows with happiness and promise for Norma. Particularly bright are September and October, during which period she enters an astrological sequence that should bring her the grandest era of her life. April threatens unsettled professional conditions and friction; December carries the danger of scandal, unrest and friction from an elderly, married person, ill-disposed toward Norma.

For her wedded life, there is continued happiness in store, but Thalberg must look to his health.

Norma must guard her family. There are dangers from kidnap attempts, and from fire! She must be careful in employing new servants, lest some person, so taken into the household, brings danger. There is the shadow of an elderly person's death—someone close to her.

During the year, she will make her greatest picture, finer by far than anything she has done before.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: For Shirley, 1936 and 1937 will be brilliant. Great as her popularity has been, it will be even greater in these two years—both in this country and abroad. But 1938 will see a lull in her career which comes as she emerges from infancy to girlhood. And in the future, if she re-enters the screen field, she will become a second Janet Gaynor, with all the winsome charm of Janet.

Particular precautions against kidnapping must be taken on Shirley's behalf. Threats have already been made and a kidnap attempt is almost certain. There is also danger of appendicitis, and a serious operation.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW: Like little Shirley, Freddie faces a bright future. He is going on to unlimited success, and in the years to come, he will be one of the greatest actors of both stage and screen.

The year 1936 holds two threats for him. Like Shirley, he is menaced by kidnap attempts. There is also the shadow of hospitalization over him.

JANET GAYNOR: Despite the lull in her career, as this is told, Janet again will rise to screen heights in 1936. And despite whispers that she is "through," she will continue to star for years to come.

The year is a propitious one for romance in her life, and although Janet is more in love with her work than with love, the year will bring her a splendid romance.

GENE RAYMOND: Somewhere in Texas, there is a beautiful girl, an heiress. She and Gene will find themselves deeply in love. They will think of marriage, but the planets are indefinite as to whether this marriage will actually take place. Their signs are unfavorable. By that, Dareos means that he advises against marriage for Gene, lest it crash in unhappiness. Gene should remain single for at least two years more—marriage would interfere with a career that looks promising. Astrology says that he has a wonderful future, and an exceptionally long ride on the crest of screen popularity.

FRED ASTAIRE: Matrimonially, Fred and his wife will live in continued happiness, despite rumors of separation. "I would not be surprised, according to the signs, to see Fred Astaire the father of twins," says Dareos. The year's menaces are two—danger of an air accident and a great sorrow of undeterminable nature, in the Fall.

GINGER ROGERS: The year 1936 will see the professional separation of the Rogers-Astaire screen team. Ginger will go on to continued individual success. The planets are strangely silent as to her personal life.

MIRIAM HOPKINS: Romance lies all around Miriam in 1936, but her attitude will be "I can't be bothered!" Romance will rest in her work, according to her own ideas, despite the signs of heart happiness with some man. The year will be a financial success, with producers fighting for her, both here and abroad.

PAUL MUNI: His screen success is only beginning, and 1936 will see him transcend his previous magnificent work. Privately, his life will continue happily with Bella, his wife. No hint of scandal menaces them. There is the forecast of death for a dear one in his or his wife's family. During 1936, the Munis may adopt a child.

CESAR ROMERO: Contrary to indications, Cesar Romero does not appear likely, according to the planets, to become the "second Valentino." The year will bring early success, but it will turn to ashes, and there will be contract difficulties and a decline in his career.

Here Dareos makes a startling prediction. He utters the name of a youth, now unknown, and says he will be the greatest sensation of the screen since Valentino! Like Valentino, he comes of Italian blood, and from that ancestry comes his first name—Guglielmo. He will change this, and be known as "William Clark," on the screen.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: Claudette is the "greatest bet" for the movie industry in 1936, says Dareos. Professionally, she will rise to undreamed-of heights.

Love and romance lie close to her

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

throughout the year, and there is a fifty-fifty chance of marriage, according to the stars. "There is great romance for her with a medical man," says Dareos, "but I do hope she does not marry in 1936," but waits instead, until 1937. The planets say that marriage in 1937 will be happy, but in 1936, conflict with her career would menace its happiness, unless both she and her husband exert all their love and intelligence to surmount the hurdles.

MYRNA LOY: Great romance lies in 1936 for her—possibly a marriage. The man will be prominent and the romance will thrill the countless fans who worship her.

Professionally, she will continue to ride the crest of the wave and all her future seems bright, even beyond the next year or two. Scandal will never menace her. Her greatest danger in 1936 lies in a possible travel accident.

WARNER BAXTER: Although he will be the target, during 1936, for the attentions of a designing woman, Baxter will remain happily married. He will ward off the deliberate efforts of this woman to drag him into scandal.

Baxter's health and physical safety are threatened. Sickness hovers over his home.

Professionally, it will be a grand year, but in a short while he will turn from acting to writing.

JOHN BOLES: The year is gray for him—February, June, September carry the threat of a serious motor crash which may permanently incapacitate him. In April, litigation which would be bad for him, threatens.

However, his domestic happiness will go on. Born under the sign of Scorpio, Boles will always attract women, but he will never let this attraction intrude upon or threaten his own marriage. Professionally, the year will continue good for him, with the possibility of making a picture abroad.

MERLE OBERON: Professionally, Merle is on the up-grade and her screen career will last for many years. The year 1936 will see Merle Oberon marry an important motion picture producer. Dangers lie ahead both in her health, and in governmental difficulties pertaining to her passports and visas.

DICK POWELL: 1936 will bring a vivid romance into Dick's life, with a girl who is now unknown to Hollywood. But there'll be no marriage for Dick. All his love affairs will fade out; he is a bachelor at heart, and should remain so. Marriage would mean his collapse as a screen star.

Like Clark Gable, Dick Powell definitely faces intense physical danger in the year, with death not an impossibility, especially in the air or from the sea!

BING CROSBY: For Bing, 1936 is astrologically a "bad year." January and October bring dangers of domestic trouble through a false friend. He must be careful of admitting undesirables into his home; he must beware of "new friends."

An attempt may be made to kidnap his children: illness lies in their path, too. The year carries bad signs if he gambles or speculates, for loss is almost inevitable.

The autumn months bring signs of great changes for him. There will be advantageous contract offers, and he may go abroad for an indefinite period.

LUISE RAINER: She will never be a "second Garbo," although she will climb during the year. She faces great danger of a nervous breakdown.

GRACE MOORE: The coming year will bring her greater successes and continued happiness. Her future is so unruffled, so calm, so bright, that little can be said save that all is serene ahead for her, both domestically and professionally.

GARY COOPER: Gary must be careful in 1936. Over him hangs some dark menace, but the signs are so indefinite that it cannot be foretold from what source the danger may come. Secret enemies will attempt to cause trouble in his domestic life. There will be a death in his near family; it will mean inheritance for him. Beyond that, says Dareos, he can only warn Gary to watch his step, for some indefinable menace is there for him.

LORETTA YOUNG: It will be a strange, paradoxical year for Loretta. Despite the fact that her health will be in great danger, the year bristles with signs of great professional and heart happiness. It is the "marriage year" for her, but scandal lurks, too. A very well-known star will pay ardent attentions to her, and marriage is extremely likely. The following year—1937—will bring extraordinary screen success to Loretta.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Pay no attention to the Dietrich-John Gilbert love rumors. It's a sister-and-brother friendship, if the planets do not lie, and nothing like marriage could ever come of it. Marlene will go back to Germany, but will soon hasten to return to the United States and Hollywood, for she will find Europe turbulent. If she takes her movie earnings abroad with her, she faces danger of losing all, as Germany and France seem destined by the planets for a great financial debacle in 1936.

Professionally, Dietrich will go on without spectacular developments. There is no threat of kidnap or illness for her daughter.

JOHN BARRYMORE: "John could not help his love affair with Elaine Barrie," says Dareos, "for he was a victim of his planet Uranus, which simply sent him haywire!" There is a possibility that his break with Dolores may be healed, and reconciliation is NOT impossible in 1936, even though the divorce has been granted. John is still on the road to great screen work. But for his health and physical well being, the year brings danger, even to life, through accidents.



Al Goetz and Ethel Merman, whom rumor has it are Mr. and Mrs. How about it, Ethel? They look happy enough for bride and groom.

The year for Dolores will be a generally sad one. However, she will resume screen work successfully.

MAE WEST: No romance for Mae; all business. Her career will continue successfully. During the year, gangsters will make an attempt of some nature against her, but Mae will defeat them again as she did in 1935.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and PAULETTE GODDARD: They will never part; Charlie has found the ideal love of his life. Paulette, as the result of her work in Charlie's new picture, will find screen success, but she must guard her health during the year.

For Charlie, governmental complications loom, because of citizenship and other factors, but he will remain a British subject. Next Fall will almost certainly see him go abroad where he will have new and further professional success. His new picture will be a financial success. Either in late 1936 or early 1937, someone near and dear will die.

His two boys will not follow in their father's footsteps to screen success; one of them will become a lawyer. They will go abroad with Charlie and Paulette in the Fall.

DOLORES DEL RIO: Strangely, the planets conflict. Heart unhappiness is indicated for Dolores, and yet the portents are that she will remain comfortable in her marriage. April and December are black months; August and September bright for her.

JAMES CAGNEY: Will continue unspectacularly successful both on the screen and as a husband. Danger in the air threatens.

KAY FRANCIS: Her work will remain at its usual level. There is the sign of a romance, but it will not bring her happiness. Toward the end of the year, she will consider retiring from the screen!

CONSTANCE BENNETT: For Connie, 1936 brings threats of evil proportions! The omens for her health are bad; illness stalks her, hospitalization looms. Domestically and in her private life, there are indications of violent upheavals—scandal, possible divorce, and a break of some nature not clear. It is a gloomy year ahead for her.

MARY PICKFORD: Mary will again appear on the screen! But it will not be a successful comeback. The year's signs augur well for success in business, both here and abroad, but particularly the latter.

Romance, despite her denials, hovers over her and Buddy Rogers. The signs spell marriage for them, but this is not utterly certain.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY: Horrible crash threatens him, but whether on land or in the air is not clear. His marriage will continue and his screen career go on unhindered.

ANN HARDING: The year will be an unsettled one for her. Spring will be a bad time both in her career and her private life. However, the rest of the year seems bright with romance, and even possibility of marriage looms. On the screen, toward the latter part of the year, she will do a great role.

LUPE VELEZ and JOHNNY WEISSMULLER: The year 1936 is their big "danger year!" Scandal is close. Health omens for Johnny are very bad. Some great crash is imminent but its nature remains hidden.

BETTE DAVIS: The coming year will be great for her on the screen. Somewhere in the future, despite the avowed happiness of her present marriage, the stars indicate another matrimonial venture for her!

He'd Rather Act Than Eat

(*Continued from page 37*)

the sleep-walking scene). Yet he gave the audience such a load of fun that he might have been billed as a comedian from then on if he hadn't decided that he wanted to give audiences something to do besides laugh.

FOR Peter Lorre of the round moon face, the strange prominent eyes, the short jolly stature which can rise to heights of tragic dignity—Peter Lorre, with the red cheeks and little boy's neck—Peter Lorre, who drinks raspberry vinegar mixed with coca cola, and has a mania for hand-woven shirts—actually endangered his life to become an actor.

He ran away from home the day he graduated from secondary school. For several years he dreamed his dreams on a park bench or on a bed of pine needles in the woods. For blankets he used the newspapers he couldn't sell. When he did sell them, he'd buy a goulash. And it's still his favorite dish, probably because he never got enough of it in his youth. The goulashes were so few and far between that he soon achieved another distinction not often enjoyed by actors. He developed scurvy from malnutrition!

But the scurvy, though it left him in delicate health for years after, didn't stop him any more than the cold or the hunger had.

"In Europe," Peter said, stopping for a moment in his perpetual pacing, "we have a saying: 'All roads lead to Rome.' No matter how twisted or roundabout they may look to be. I am a firm believer that the chance comes to every man—the main chance he's been waiting for. Only those do not succeed who have the fear in the back of their heads that it will not come, and therefore, divert their talents or energies to something else. It comes—I know. That is why I was willing to wait then, that is why I would be willing to wait again!" (He waited a year to play "Crime and Punishment," because he knew it was the role he should play next.)

But while he was waiting, in those earlier days, he succeeded in impressing the manager of a bank with his talents as a financier. He was engaged as a bank clerk. The job lasted until the cruel manager discovered that the cherubic Lorre with the docile eyes was coöperating with the timekeeper in a neat little racket. Every morning the supposedly industrious young bank clerk arrived on time, or even early, so anxious was he to further his banking career, according to the timekeeper's check! Whereas the young villain actually was rolling in between 11:30 and noon because he spent most of the night directing and acting in amateur plays!

PERHAPS it was this disappointing experience in a counting house which has given Lorre his rather un-American attitude toward money. Decidedly not a press agent's gag is the constant reiteration by Peter himself, and everyone at Columbia studios, that he doesn't give a tinker's dam for money. "He doesn't have to," say you and I, heaving an envious sigh, "with the salary he's drawing now."

We're mistaken. When he finally stopped starving and got his big chance in Berlin, where he had landed with ten marks in his pockets, he achieved such a raging success overnight with his first role—the part of a yearning adolescent youth—that he could have written his own ticket as far as money goes. He didn't. Then, as now, for him the play (and the role) was the thing. If he couldn't play the parts he wanted, very well, he'd starve again. He'd learned how to do that so well that it took no practise any longer. Which doesn't mean that he refuses to be typed. He's too clever for that.

"I played a murderer in 'M,' I play a murderer in 'Crime and Punishment.' But no two murders were ever alike!"

This particular psychopathic child murderer he portrayed in "M," made such an impression on the public that for months afterward it was impossible for Peter to enter a cafe or walk down the street without a noticeable speeding up of pedestrian traffic in the opposite direction. Mothers hastily hid their children under their skirts and susceptible young girls nearly fainted. It was exactly as if a boa-constrictor or one of Haile Selassie's lions had suddenly been seen sauntering down *Unter den Linden.*

For Peter doesn't only live to act—he *lives* his *act!* His performance was so realistic that people couldn't separate him from the role he had created. Which, if you know Peter in Hollywood, is quite fantastic.

Whereas in Berlin, where sophistication and gloom were the order of the day, Peter was the most sophisticated man in all Germany. In Hollywood, where it is better to be gay, Peter's the gayest of them all!—the life of every party. Never was there such a wonderful clown.

His mind is a cupboard full of devastatingly funny impersonations. The jittery man, for example. Or the man with the funny walk. Or the one-armed violinist. Or a night at a cabaret in Berlin. *Ad infinitum,* ad side-split 'em. All of which makes him in constant demand socially.

One week he went to fourteen parties in a row. At each one he gave an entirely different repertoire that the guests haven't stopped talking about yet.

EVEN such a serious and profoundly moving drama as "Crime and Punishment" gave Peter his opportunity for playing pranks. His head was shaved for the role. Now Hollywood is full of actors, and actors are full of superstitions. One of them being that it's good luck to rub the smooth crown of a bald-headed man. So when the first seeker of luck slithered by and hastily touched the shining Lorre pate, Peter caught him by the arm.

"Not so fast, my good man," said he. "That costs a nickel." Perhaps the head-rubber was more surprised than pleased. But he forked up the nickel. By the time Herr Lorre had acquired some bristles again, he had also collected nearly six dollars from unsuspecting victims!

His private clowning has put such pranksters as W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie out of the bright spot . . . almost! The only difference is that he isn't paid for this type of entertaining, preferring to accept the shining lucre for more meaty efforts. Such as, for instance, his new role in "Crime and Punishment" in which he not only gives a towering performance, but in which he appears in virtually every scene of the picture.

Probably no screen actor ever had, or ever will have, such a gratifying role again. And Peter makes the most of it. That man can do more to arouse pity, fear, loathing or sympathy, without an ounce of make-up on, than other actors do with two yards of beard, inch-deep beetling brows,



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Get set for the hockey season and William Bruner's *Double Cross-Check.*

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Tom Curry takes us West with *Gun Rule,* the stirring story of Vince Hill, who risks his neck ferreting out outlaws' plans.

MYSTERY

While the police are trying to track him down as Public Enemy No. 1, Raymond Landon tries to solve the mystery of *Who Killed Gilbert Foster?*

ROMANCE

In *Vikings Go Alone,* Steve Ricker, an outcast, puts up a lone, valiant battle for a place in the sun of Lake Placid's winter sport activities.

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false noses, and wrinkles as wide as gullies. The use he makes of his own natural equipment—the twist of the wide mouth, the droop of a fleshy eyelid, the slump of his mobile body—can express anything from depraved criminality to the innocence of a youth's first calf love.

But temperament, he has none. He takes direction like a lamb. Does the scene over and over again without complaint. And working with Von Sternberg is no perpetual joy ride, as anyone but Peter—and perhaps Dietrich—will testify.

AS to Peter's loves and hates: He loves a certain lady who is as tall and slim as he is short and stocky, as quiet and dignified as he is voluble and gay.

"She was known," he says with great pride in his voice, "as the last *lady* of the Viennese stage."

Celia Lvovsky, who gave up her own career as a prima donna to marry Peter last year (he took a half hour off between scenes to do so), is a lady in the ultimate European sense of the word. She has the polished elegance which comes from being steeped in the centuries-old tradition of the finest that breeding and culture offer. She has wit and understanding. She thinks Peter a god—which always makes for a happy marriage.

As to aversions, Peter is too mild, too wisely tolerant, to hate with much gusto. But there is one dislike which he will express with vehemence, his dislike of Bohemians. Not the ones who come from Prague, but the kind who live in Greenwich Village garrets.

"A Bohemian," says Peter, "is an unsuccessful bourgeois. He protests against conventions so much because he is really envious of those who succeed in life. He is like the atheist who rants against God because the thought of God continually exists in his mind. I'm always suspicious of people who protest too much.

"The great artist is neither a bourgeois nor a Bohemian. He is an individual and a human being."

Very clever, these Hungarians! And it is this subtle insight into human nature that makes Peter Lorre a truly great actor.

Star Stuff on a Shoestring

(*Continued from page 50*)

three years should cut the expenses down. A coat that either is furless or has a detachable fur trimming is the best bet. The furless coat can do duty in the spring and fall as well as in cold weather and it always allows the adding of scarfs in fur or fabric. The coat with detachable fur is equally as versatile and never makes you feel that everyone is thinking, "Oh, that same coat again!"

NOW we come to the silk dress that has to play a heavy part in any wardrobe scheme. It has to be a perfect Jekyll and Hyde. It goes to business by day and it has to look like an entirely different dress for evening dates. A well-known New York department store has come forth with the best solution to this problem. It offers in a recent series of ads a *basic* dress of either silk or wool. This dress is the last word in new lines and detailing—a fuller skirt with the flattering, stitched down pleats at the front, a well fitted bodice and straight but graceful sleeves, and a neckline with a clever collar that can be worn up or open. No ornamentation of any kind on this dress—just good line and fabric. But, here's the trick, along with the illustration of this dress is a series of smaller sketches showing little tricks that will change it from tailored severity to utter, dress-up femininity. Such things as tailored suede or kid belts to be interchanged, with a velvet or metal belt for greater formality. Jewelled clips or simple metal ones. A tricky braid collar as opposed to a bright but tailored Ascot scarf. And several types of flower trimmings with the tailored contrasting with the more elaborate. Why you don't have to have an ounce of imagination to see what a perfectly swell idea it is and how quickly you can take it unto yourselves. A dozen costumes out of one simple, not very costly dress.

My pictures this month give some extra ideas for you along our same pinch-penny theme. Rosalind Russell's very plain black crepe evening dress is one of those pets that can be changed by little decorations and thus appear at a whole winter's social gaieties without being pointed out as the dress you wore last time. A necklace, clips or a little capelet would exchange with the original gold kid flowers as details. The lines of this dress are good any time regardless of fashion flurries for Grecian robes or the more fussy gowns of various historical periods.

Miriam Hopkins' moire with the impertinent bow at the neck is one of those evening dresses that will look just as seasonable next summer as it does this winter. And incidentally, that giddy bow isn't a bad stunt to try on some evening dress that begins to look a little party weary. Done in velvet or taffeta it would be a triumph.

Maureen O'Sullivan has one of those grand jacket dresses that leads a dual, even a triple life. Black crepe is the fabric with contrasting white crepe for the flattering collar and bodice trimming. The decolletage is high in both back and front. A brief jacket, shown below the picture of the dress on page 49, has full elbow sleeves and a boyish little collar to match the trim on the dress. The jacket is slit all the way down the back. A single water lily of the crepe adds a nice detail to this costume.

ON page 48 are four frivolous but excellent suggestions that cost little but will mark you imaginative as well as practical. First Billie Burke shows what you can do with rhinestone jewelry. A hair clip is placed in a new spot at the part of the hair. Earrings and a clip can be worn together or alone. In another picture you see her wearing a metal jacket over a plain crepe dress. A large bunch of metallic and silk flowers fill in the neckline and provide sole trimming for the dress. A large chiffon handkerchief and a pearl bracelet provide added accessory notes. Billie wears this costume in "Splendor" and it shows you how you can transform any last year's evening gown by merely adding a new bunch of flowers and a jacket as she has. The flowers or the jacket alone would do the trick but the combination is irresistible.

A clip can be switched about from costume to hair—worn on a dress by day and doubling as an evening hair ornament after six! Anne Darling matches the clip in her hair with a small choker necklace of red beads and rhinestones which are tied with a velvet ribbon instead of held by the usual fastener. Since high necked dresses trimmed with pearls or other beads are so good this season, you can vary this idea with great effectiveness.

Incidentally, while on the subject of jewelry, do you know what the best jewelry investment is for the girl who can't indulge in passing whimsies of the costume jewelry counter? It's an inexpensive string of pearls which can be worn with everything from sports clothes to evening dresses and never be in poor taste no matter what you are wearing.

I added Virginia Bruce's hat to this assortment of ideas because it illustrates a good point. As you notice, Virginia is wearing a tailored suit with a very frilly feminine blouse, so she takes a plain felt of the Breton sailor type and dresses it up with a chenille dotted veil. Doesn't that give you an idea of how to change a tailored hat into a gay dress-up affair that will be able to look an elaborate velvet right in the face without feeling a shabby cousin?

ON page 50 are three wearable daytime dresses that, by changing accessories, also change their personalities. Evalyn Knapp's green crepe with a small embroidered dot has all the new elements to look for in this winter's dress. The skirt is short with the fullness gathered to the front, the short jacket affects a military swagger through the silk braid frog fastenings. When the jacket is removed, Evalyn has a trim one-piece dress with the soft white silk scarf tie. This tie can be varied with others, in color and different fabric. A metal one would make the dress formal enough for a cocktail party or an evening bridge gathering. It's the perfect silk dress I mentioned earlier that can go to business as well as out to parties. Evalyn's choice of a tricorne is a good tip, too. It looks tailored by day, but with the addition of a veil, it takes on all the airs of a formal hat.

Marsha Hunt's black woolen would be equally smart in silk crepe or satin. The full cut to the skirt with the front gathering is graceful. The white collar and vestee are perfect for daytime use but can be replaced by lace or contrasting velvet for dress-up wear. The cape, which she holds in her hand, is a grand topper to the dress for fall and spring days when a coat isn't needed, but the dress looks just as smart without it when worn under a heavy coat. Note Marsha's nice choice of simple accessories.

Now, don't turn away from Rosalind Russell's gray woolen because it looks too plain. It is one of the most useful dresses you can have, a variation of the classic button-down-the-front shirtwaist dress. Rosalind uses only a bright belt and bag to give it color but a handkerchief scarf tucked into the collar, or a white pique collar and cuff set, or a smart sports pin would all provide good variations in trimming. This type of dress is as good in silk as woolen—and infinitely useful.

Before signing off, I want to call your attention to what you can do for your budget by knitting accessories and costumes. Knitted fashions are very important and hand-knitted ones even more so. Now, just turn to page 52 for this month's two attractive knitted fashions.

Confessions of an Extra Girl

(*Continued from page 46*)

—and above all, please believe me when I say that I know whereof I speak.

You hear, I know, about girls being picked from the extra ranks and given important roles. This does happen occasionally. However, what is never stressed enough is the fact that it is one of the most unusual things that can occur in Hollywood. You don't hear about the hundreds and hundreds of extras—of which I am one—who are not picked. You go ahead, day after day, year after year, being nothing but extras.

AND it is that one chance in ten thousand that lures girls to Hollywood. I know. I said to myself before I came to Hollywood, "Yes, there is a lot of competition. There are thousands of beautiful and attractive girls in Hollywood, but I believe that I am as beautiful and as talented as they. I will be one of those one-in-ten-thousand girls." And, you see, I wasn't. Yet I stay here for two reasons: first, I have no other place to go and second—and this is the most important—I am a victim of hope.

Oh, it is really much better to sit at home with the dream that perhaps, had you tried, you could have become a great actress. It is better to have this illusion than to face the bitter reality of Hollywood.

When I first began my career, plenty of people told me how lucky I was. It was quite amazing the manner in which I received my first chance. It was—actually—lucky. And yet it was unlucky in a way, too. For if I had never had even one day's extra work, I would have remained in Hollywood only until my money ran out and then gone home. How much better off I would have been!

No, it is that first day's work that is so insidious.

There are two types of extras in Hollywood. One type is comparatively happy. They are the people who have no hope, no ambition (perhaps they once had, I don't know), who simply have found an easy way to make a haphazard living. Then there are those, like myself, who still foolishly dream of the day when we will be great stars. We are the unhappy ones.

I won't say I haven't had some fun during my five years as an extra. And if I am to be honest, I must say that there is still a tremendous amount of glamor in this business for me. I never step on a set without getting a thrill, without thinking, "Maybe this is the time."

I have made several very good friends as well as many enemies. My friends are those girls and boys, who, like myself, have ambition. The ones without ambition are very apt to kid those who have it.

SO many people talk about "getting the breaks." A "break," as they call it here in Hollywood, often means nothing at all. I had several good breaks and for awhile my hopes were sky high. But there was no follow up—and so, I am still an extra.

And now I must tell you about my life as it is today.

I go sometimes for as much as two weeks without a day's work. Then I will have a lucky week and work five days steadily. I average about twenty-five dollars a week which just keeps my head above water and gives me no chance to save any money.

There are various little tricks one can use to get more work. For instance, suppose one is on a ballroom set with many extras. It is a good idea to try to get a place as close to the star as possible. The star always will have close-ups and these usually are made after the majority of extras are dismissed. Since a large number of extras are expensive, they will shoot the long shots first with the extras all in the scene. That may take a day or two. Then they will go into the star's close-ups which will call for a return only of those extras who are near the star.

The easiest sets are those which show an audience watching a theatrical performance. That means that all you do is to sit all day and applaud at the right moments.

The most difficult scenes for "dress" extras are ballroom scenes. You are then kept dancing all day and it is no fun, I assure you.

I had a strange psychological shock the first time I went on a ballroom set. I was given a gorgeous evening dress to wear. I put on my make-up carefully and arranged my hair in a lovely effect. And yet, when I walked on the set, not a single person told me I looked nice.

When a girl puts on an evening dress to go out dancing with her best beau he invariably says, when she comes in the room, "You look lovely tonight. What a beautiful dress!" And most women expect this when they have gone to the trouble to look their best. You have no idea how flat you feel when no one notices either you or your gown.

I WONDER how many people notice the extras at all when they see a picture? Few do, I imagine. The extras are simply a background for the star, and yet, each extra dresses as carefully and makes up as well as if he or she were the star and all eyes were centered upon him.

Many extras read, sew or play bridge on the set. I always say that I do not play bridge when they ask me and I never take a book, or any sewing, because I want to watch the stars at work. I always am storing up little bits of knowledge.

Over and over again, I've seen stars fail to understand what the director wants. I know I could do the scene better, yet I must control myself to keep from crying out, "Let me do it. I know I can. Oh, please let me do it." This always discourages me.

Then I'll be watching and will see a star do a scene so brilliantly, so emotionally that I am discouraged because I know I could never rise to such heights. I've often gasped at seeing the simple, beautiful way in which Helen Hayes does her work. It is a pity that she says she is retiring from the screen.

Sometimes I just *know* I am not to be given the chance, that I am doomed forever to be an extra and that probably some day your children will be seeing me as one of those white-haired dowagers who are always in every "dress" set! Believe me, though, if I ever am a star, I will reveal my true identity and admit that I wrote these confessions. Will that day ever come!

No, girls, take a tip from me. Don't come to Hollywood. For the extra's life is heartbreaking and bitter. Instead of buying that ticket, stay at home with your dreams!



IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

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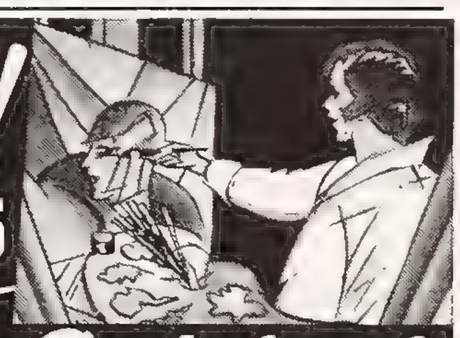


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The Private Diary of Bill Powell

(*Continued from page 39*)

days. Now I know nothing about it. I don't know what it is, I don't know how it comes, or goes.

She asked me whether I intend to marry again. I said that I didn't know. I may. Or I may not. She looked very unhappy about it.

Then I was asked whether I chew gum. If I'd said that I do, the Upper Crust would say, "Oh, the nasty mans!" If I'd said that I do not, the Lower Crust would say, "The big stuck-up—who does he think he is?"

I said that I didn't know. The young lady was disappointed in me. Her eyes told me so.

I thought, after she had gone, that she might have asked me about acting. But no one seems to care what I think about acting. It seems too bad—I have given so much time to it and I can discuss it quite intelligently.

Once I was asked how I became suave. When I want to try to be funny I pronounce suave like "salve," with a flat A! I talked about that. I said that when I first went to dramatic school in New York they told me I wouldn't do. They said I had ability, but was too yokel. They said I talked yokel. I thought I could fix that, so I played the sedulous ape to all suave actors. I went to the theatres where the English actors played and hung over the balcony rail and soaked it all in. The way they pronounced words, their manners. They seemed very pleasant to me. I thought I would like to be like them. Now I am *very* suave. Everyone says so. And to my face!

TUESDAY

I was taking a sun-bath in my solarium this afternoon. Suddenly I heard voices below. I draped a bath towel about me, and went down. Three women were passing from my living-room to my dining-room and thence to my game-room. They were animated and seemed very pleased with the house. I had never seen them before. I located my butler. He made inquiries. He came back and reported that they were tourists—fans. They had wanted to see a movie actor's home so they had been gracious enough to choose mine. They said that they knew I wouldn't mind. My butler, with an Eric Blore smile, conveyed to them that this is a private home. They seemed surprised, but said they had enjoyed every minute of it.

My Mother and Dad are now installed in the cottage built for them on the grounds. They are happier there than they would be in the house with me—more independent. My hours are so indefinite that I'd have servant problems and they'd have indigestion.

My mother still calls me "Willie." And thinks of me as her "baby." That's all right. I often hark back to those days of yore. I'd like to be a child again.

I think I tore down Hobart Bosworth's original house and built this new one, new from the ground up, so that I could play blocks again. Other adult experiences—love, marriage, fame—may be here today and gone tomorrow. Bricks, stones and mortar remain. As we grow older, things, just *things*, become more important to us.

I built this house for an investment—two ways. So that it would be easy to live in and easy to sell.

I never leave the place when I am not working. I can do everything I ever want to do right here—swim, play tennis, run pictures, hunt for my keys.

I usually cook my own dinners. Broil steaks over charcoal in the fire-place, or I roast whole chickens. I have all the gadgets. Then I run pictures. It's my hobby as well as my home, this house. Every tree has been planted for a special reason. Everything runs smoothly except for my keys.

WEDNESDAY

Some talk of my playing in a picture with Carole Lombard this year. I was asked, "Would you like it?" I said, "Sure, it would be swell." Why not? Carole and I go places occasionally again, now that Jean Harlow and I decided to—"just be friends."

Someone asked me the other day why I became an actor.

I said, "Don't be nasty."

They weren't being nasty, they said. So I told them. I said that I became an actor because I was acutely self-conscious as a kid. I used to spend hours, when I was going to a party, figuring how I would act, what I would say, what sort of an impression I would make. I always hoped that I would create the impression of being debonaire. I never did. And I never left a party that I didn't wonder and worry over what impression I really had made, whether I had appeared to advantage or not. I developed the habit of rehearsing before going out. I'd rehearse myself—in the role I thought I would appear in to the best advantage.

In other words, I was always putting on a performance. I forever was figuring out my exists and entrances, my lines. It was but a step from being an amateur to becoming a professional, which gives me the opporunity of appearing in a variety of agreeable roles, and *knowing* what impression I create.

That is why I am an actor. It may be the "why" of all of us. Perhaps actors are, fundamentally, more self-conscious than other men.



Rosalind Keith and Marsha Hunt at Hollywood's ice skating rink. Uh, huh, there is one!

THURSDAY

A friend said to me today, "Are you a business man or are you all temperament?"

I went to look for my keys.

I came back and said, "I am a business man at heart. I am a merchant with a commodity to sell. The commodity is myself."

My friend said that I was "killing."

I developed my train of thought. I said, "Instead of selling soup I sell my own personality. The studio bottles it for me, I act accordingly. I watch my fan mail. Why? Well, doesn't every good business man check up on his sales? Doesn't he have to know how his customers are receiving his cans of soup? The fans are my customers. They go to the box office and buy me or they do not. I want to know what they have to say about the man who is, in my case, both manufacturer *and* the product. I go on the premise that the customer is always right."

My friend said, absently, "Aren't you *killing?*"

I went on, talking to myself. I said that I've never been a juvenile leaping in the moonlight, not even when I *was* a juvenile leaping in the moonlight. I've never capitalized on youth—not on the screen. And suavity should be ageless. I figure that I can totter onto the screen when I am eighty and still get a palsied hand.

FRIDAY

Today my friend was here again, or possibly yet. We got to talking about actors again. He said, "But actors have more emotion than other men . . ."

"No," I said, 'we just show our emotions more. We know how."

My friend said, "But aren't there more temptations in Hollywood than elsewhere?"

"Oh," I said, *"that.* Sure," I went on suavely, "if you walk among a swarm of bees you are more apt to get stung than if you just meet up with *one* bee now and then."

My friend said, "but come now, don't you fall in love with all your leading women?"

I went to look for my keys. This time I found them—and used them!

I came back. I shut his mouth with my right hand.

I said, "I have a deep affection for Luise Rainer and for all of the other lovely ladies who have been in pictures with me. But it is *affection*—and nothing to do with the emotion called 'sex.'"

Disbelief was horrid in the eyes of my friend. I tripped him with my right foot. he toppled over into the pool. I left him there and addressed my remarks to the fish in the fish pool. Some ass had put bluestone in the water that morning, so the fish were dying anyway. A few more gasps of astonishment could neither harm nor help.

I said aloud, "I don't know anything about these things. I think that succumbing to temptation is an individual matter, as is nobly resisting it. Some of us are St. Anthonys here in Hollywood as we would be on the desert. Some of us are not. Each man behaves according to his last, like shoes. Some walk crooked, others stay on a straight and narrow line. Now and then the hand of the Potter shakes and the pot wobbles. Someone

once said 'Character is fate.' I repeat it."

SATURDAY

My son Bill was here today—he is ten. He's developing into a fine swimmer. I think he's going to be a producer. He asks me all kinds of questions about the cost of pictures and what exhibitors pay for this one and that and about box office receipts and things.

Luncheon on blue linen and with white flowers for decoration. I didn't notice this, a guest did. I have a good cook—one of Life's major blessings. The kind of cook that does Asparagus Vinaigrette so you would say, "But is this vinaigrette or is it, even, *asparagus* . . .?"

We were talking. Dick and Jessica were here and Ronnie (Ronald Colman). I like to talk. I said that Hollywood has no traditions. It has no memories, except D. W. Griffith and Valentino. It's like a Gold Rush town, I said. Strangers from the four corners of the globe come here. No one knows anyone else's real name, nor where they come from. Nobody cares.

How *could* Hollywood have memories or tradition? Great-grandmother Garbo, for instance, never exchanged recipes with Great-grandmother Marlene Dietrich.

We can't say, "Do you remember?" and go back for more than a handful of years.

I've been asked whether actors are like other people. I always answer *yes, only more so.* Everything depends on the man behind the actor. There are actors, who marry, build homes, have children and lay up stocks and bonds, against their old age. There are other actors who become so fevered that they explode like Fourth of July pin-wheels and nothing can be seen of them but whirling sparks.

Scratch the average man and you'll find the actor. Scratch the actor and you'll find the average man. There are exceptions. But we'll leave them to Herr Freud and the psychopathic wards. Mostly, all people are of the same clay.

My friend of yesterday has not come up.

I have answered the phone seventy-nine times by actual count. I have a phone with a long extension in every room in the house. But I mean *every*—

My keys disappeared.

I went to look for them—the keys.

There may be something symbolic in my constant search for my missing keys. For keys open doors, answer riddles, throw light upon the darkness . . .

Hepburn—Artist or Imitator?

(*Continued from page 29*)

performances . . . watched, listened and imitated Miss Williams. The Cinderella story did not come true. Miss Williams never, during that long run, failed to appear for a performance and thus allow her understudy to "save the show." But the understudy was thoroughly versed, at the end of the run, in all of Miss Williams' best physical stage tricks. They were, physically, so alike.

AFTER that Katie understudied Alla Nazimova in the Theatre Guild's "A Month in the Country." Now, Nazimova is an actress who *becomes,* for the time being, the character she is portraying. (I have heard this from people who have played with her . . . and they tell me that it is all very confusing when the lady is engaged in repertoire!) Hepburn, the minx, also became the character whom Alla was portraying. She became that character so thoroughly that it became a part of herself.

There are shots of her in "Alice Adams" which you would swear were shots of Nazimova. The hands-to-the-throat gesture, the flutter, the turning of the profile to the audience while the throat vibrates . . . all these are characteristic Nazimova tricks.

It all reminds me of a conversation with King Vidor, one of our most sensitive and important directors. "An artist should be like a sponge," he pronounced. "He should learn from everyone. Now, I want to be an artist and therefore I don't want to talk to you. . . . I want *you* to talk to *me.* There is always the possibility that you may know something which has bearing on my job, something which I may have overlooked!"

I don't know who taught Katharine to control her temper. That temper lost her a number of excellent opportunities in her early days in the theatre. It lost her, by an untimely flaring, a coveted role in "Death Takes a Holiday." She waited three months for a plummy role in "Animal Kingdom," opposite Leslie Howard, and then sacrificed it after five days of rehearsal because she had quarrelled with her director. There were a number of similar episodes, but there have not been, you will observe, any of the same sort since she entered pictures!

She may have been naughty to the Press but she has worked with her producers and directors with no noticeable difficulty.

THEN there were a couple of pretty obvious and profitable bits of borrowing from Garbo! Our Katie, like Greta, is a showman. Arrived in Hollywood, Katharine apparently looked about her inquiringly, to discover what actress had achieved the most valuable publicity and by what methods. A child of six could have answered that one. Garbo, of course. And the method? It consisted, merely, of appearing to wish to avoid publicity, while doing everything possible to attract attention.

So, Katie ran like everything from reporters and photographers . . . down the very same alleys that Garbo had been sprinting before her. (Hepburn was a bit hampered by the fact that she could run faster than Garbo!) Described by studio press agents as "exotic," la Hepburn rode to that studio in an expensive, imported car, complete with liveried chauffeur, herself wearing faded dungarees, tattered tennis shoes and a battered hat. Could it be that she had heard some mention somewhere of Garbo's elderly sweaters and tired canvas shoes?

There can be no doubt that she studied and profited from Garbo's voice, screen diction and general aura of glamor.

That is not all that she studied. After "Alice Adams" had been shot, she spent three days in the cutting room, watching assistant director Jane Loring edit the film. She has made the life of cameraman Robert de Grasse pretty complicated by demanding to peek through the finder at impending shots. She has got in the way of prop men and electricians, wanting to watch shots in her pictures which did not concern her in the least.

She says that she has learned more from director George Cukor than from anyone else in Hollywood . . . to which Mr. Cukor responds, gallantly, that he has learned a great deal from Miss Hepburn, too. But,



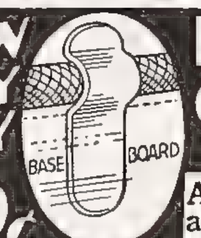
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do we detect something wry in Mr. Cukor's polite retort, something to do with the problem of the psychology of talented, red-haired actresses? Or are we bum detectors?

KATHARINE HEPBURN does not like meeting new people. This is not so much because she is shy as it is that she is restless and impatient. Impatient with the effort it requires to undertake the careful groundwork of getting to know a person . . . and impatient with the waste of time and energy you spend in silly talk. She will do without her lunch rather than go into the studio commissary alone. If she goes with someone, they can pretend to be engaged in serious and important conversation. Alone, she is required to answer two dozen friendly and well-meaning persons who pause at her table to inquire, "How's tricks?" or "What do you know?" Katie simply doesn't know the answers to those questions. She is possessed of no such give-and-take of small talk and it scares her to death.

That is probably why she never goes to Hollywood parties and why she appears so rarely at Hollywood restaurants. It is probably why, on those hurried plane trips to Connecticut to see her family, she withdraws so definitely from the friends with whom she went to school. Her friends will tell you that she is shy. I don't believe it. No really shy girl could have made her way with such stubborn determination through so many set-backs and fiery personal clashes in the difficult theatre world! Katharine Hepburn is not shy, but neither would I call her sociable nor cozy!

Time was when I thought that perhaps she was another flash in the pan, that her success might have been one of those accidents of personality, of strange, unconventional beauty, plus fortunate vehicles and directors. I thought she might be merely novel. But since "Alice Adams" . . . no, since the saccharine and old-fashioned "Little Minister," I have been sure that Hepburn was the stuff of which permanent success is made.

Undoubtedly, she will go right on "borrowing" tricks and traits from more mature and experienced troupers. I once heard the president of an important University pronounce, "Our really important students are not the ones who become letter perfect in their lessons and recite them like parrots. They are the boys who assimilate what they learn, make it their own and transmute it into something individual."

If Katharine has "borrowed" recognizable characteristics from other people, she has nevertheless transmuted them into something individual and artistically important. But gracious! If she goes on like this, she'll be practically an entire motion picture cast, all in one package!

Don't Take Advice!

(*Continued from page 47*)

Cagney was the rebel of Hollywood? He told his studio that he'd leave the picture business before he'd make the compromises demanded of him. He threw words of rebellion in their faces.

He was given advice. Golly, was that lad given advice! "You're being a fool, Jimmy," people said. "Now take my advice and patch this thing up. Why, the studio can ruin your career. You'd better see the producers. You had better compromise."

They painted a black picture—unless, of course, he took their shining advice. But Jimmy went his own way, he listened only to the dictates of his own rebellious heart. And today he is doing okay for himself. That wolf you heard wasn't howling at his door.

And now look at a victim of bad advice whose own vitality at last came through. I'm speaking of Myrna Loy.

You really can't blame her for heeding the advice-givers. It was pretty hard for her to sit back, with only an average contract, and realize that she was coining money for her studio while others, with not nearly so much box-office appeal, were better off than she.

True, when she signed that contract she had been a mediocre actress for years. True, it was the change in her style of work and a chance to show the talents that had so long been hidden by slithering, slit-eyed roles that turned her into a company money-maker. But no one knew that this was going to happen.

And so she was "advised." The hundreds of Hollywood advice-givers (honestly, they should form a union) told her she was foolish to sit by and make no more demands. So Myrna against her own better judgment upped and left the lot and an announcement was made that she was going with another studio.

Myrna's advice-givers should now be getting a royalty from Luise Rainer. Luise profited when she stepped into the Loy four-Bs. It may have been her own first hunch or the flashing success made by Rainer that determined Myrna to give up the outside studio idea. At any rate, she is back in the fold. And the lads who peddled the advice must feel pretty silly.

THERE are those who say Helen Vinson is the biggest potential bet on the screen. And every newcomer is meat for the advisors. How shocked they were when anyone so untried and insecure determined to break her contract and free lance! They were horrified when she dared to quarrel with Sam Goldwyn over how a scene in "The Wedding Night" was to be played.

SO they weren't surprised, they said, when she signed a contract to make a couple of pictures with Gaumont-British; it was all just a part of her general rebelliousness. And they told her, "You're making a big mistake to work in England. After all, in Hollywood it is 'Out of sight out of mind!' Besides people will get the idea that you're through here and won't want you any more."

So Helen made her two pictures in England, "King of the Damned" and "Transatlantic Tunnel"—both of which added credit to her fame as an actress—and has returned to Hollywood for another picture. And besides having more prestige, she also has a new husband, Fred Perry, the tennis player.

How right Helen was to listen to her own convictions! How wrong she would have been had she taken the free advice!

And man, oh man, the advice they gave Garbo. "You must be nice to the press," they told her. "You must be sweet and gracious and always see everyone. You must go to the important parties," they said. "It's good to mix with people and get to know the big shots. It will get you publicity."

So Garbo said, "I tank I go home" and got more publicity than press teas and smiles for every writer in Hollywood would have netted her.

THE first trip Paul Muni made to Hollywood was a succession of advice conferences. Not knowing the ways of Hollywood he said he felt like a man going through an African jungle. How stupid the man would be to attempt it without a guide. So he took along a lot of guides, who showed him just where to put his foot every step he made.

What happened? In just a few months Paul was out. He went back to the stage, a little sore at Hollywood.

And then, months later, he had another chance. This time he listened to no one but himself. He broke all the rules which Hollywood lays down for its newcomers. And the next thing you knew Paul Muni was a success in pictures.

It really all boils down to one truth—the people who dare to do, who have real rebellion in their souls, who refuse to walk along the accepted paths, are the ones with the courage and energy to put themselves across.

Haven't you seen it in families? Four children will be "mother's pride"—so sweet, so docile, so gentle. And the fifth will always be in trouble, never do what he is told. Nine times out of ten it is that very trying fifth child who makes his presence felt in the world.

And yet so bound are we by rules and regulations, so envious perhaps of those who have the courage to break them, that we predict dire disaster for them.

Carole Lombard and I were talking about that one day. "I never listen to anybody but myself," she said. "People say I'm just plain nuts. But at least they say it, they don't dismiss me with an evasive word or two."

I believe that if you will look over the Hollywood scene you will learn a lesson. And that lesson is, "Know what you want to do, have a picture of your goal in your mind and set out to get it *your* way, without taking advice from anybody!"

It's Thrifty to Knit

(*Continued from page 52*)

fashions. The finishing is very important. You can have your dress blocked by a professional if you like, but if you want to do it yourself, this is the way to go about it: Be very careful in sewing the seams together to have the rows matching. When your dress or sweater is completed, lay a thick pad on a table, then spread your dress out full length and width. Stretch it to your individual measurements. Get your correct length of sleeve, bust and hip measurement. Then pin it carefully to the pad about every inch, following above instructions. Lay a wet cloth over it and press until almost dry. Remove the pins. Lay the seams flat and press out the creases made by the pins.

There is no charge for our instructions—they're absolutely *free*. All you do is to signify the accessory set or costume you want by number and send it together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to Hold Your Husband

(*Continued from page 45*)

unusual people, and Irene and her husband are that.

Now take a tip from Dixie Lee Crosby. Give your husband twins once in awhile! (Ha, Ha!) But seriously, Bing was the proudest man in Hollywood when those babies were born. Aside from his paternal pride, think what husbandly pride he must take in looking at Dixie, the mother of three lusty boys, and finding her the same slender, vivacious girl he married. Don't ever let your maternal interest in your new offspring dull your romantic one in your husband. Get after your figure the moment you are feeling tip-top again. Make your routine just as methodical as that of your baby's. You won't regret it, you'll thank me.

And now let *me* give you some tips. For goodness sake, don't harp on dieting and reducing. Husbands have a holy horror of those two words, mostly because they have seen too many women ruin their health and dispositions by stupid starvation diets and fantastic get-slim-quick ideas. A jittery, cranky woman can drive a man to more things than drink! Remember this, my system gives you *health* and *strength*—two essentials to beauty in any form. You must be healthy to be strong.

Now I'm going to give you a marvelous exercise for reducing the abdomen—it has never failed. It's an exercise wherein your husband can help you, if you can persuade him to.

LIE flat upon the floor, on your face, with your arms outstretched above your head. First, get your husband to grab you around your ankles (he's in a standing position). Now, have him slowly pull your ankles up off the floor. Your legs are in a semi-circle and it is as if he were going to make your toes touch your head and thus bring you into a complete circle. While he is doing this, you must stretch your stomach and arm muscles. Baby, you can feel the flesh rolling off. Keep at it. Have him raise and lower your ankles for about five minutes, daily. In a month you won't know your own figure. You won't know your husband, either, he'll be complimenting you so much.

And listen, baby, don't let your husband give you that old alibi, "I don't want you to reduce. I love you the way you are."

Sure, he probably does like you the way you are because you've become a habit—a comfortable sort of habit like his old smoking jacket or his bedroom slippers.

No matter how interested he still seems to be in the plump you, remember that he can become more interested in some slender atractive girl who happens along. By the time he's met a dozen slim, attractive girls —well, look out!

Have you ever noticed that when a group of married friends go dancing of an evening, how often the husband of a fat gal dances with his neighbor's slim wife? Need I say more?

He may say he likes you as you are but he would worship you, if you were youthful, slim and lovely looking. Life for both of you would be a thousand times more fascinating. We are progressing so fast today that pretty soon there will be no such thing as age, so be alert and eager enough to grasp all the benefits that science has to offer you.

Now I am going to give you a "How to Hold Your Husband" diet. It works both ways. It's a meal that will reduce you and will, at the same time, be so darn good that he'll yell for more. Don't laugh. It's a corned beef and cabbage dinner!

Cut off all the fat from corned beef. Put it in a kettle with a cup of cold water. To this add two onions, three bay leaves, twelve whole black pepper pods and a solid head of white cabbage, cut into quarters. Steam all this together for one hour and a half. Then peel and quarter (quarter them the long way) some Irish potatoes. Add them and steam the whole dish for another hour. You can eat the corned beef and cabbage but don't eat the



Which is which? Can you spot Mme. Sylvia's Joan Personette, whom she selected in our December issue as the girl most closely resembling Joan Crawford? The likeness is startling and when la Crawford visited New York recently, the girls got together. Here they are—at left, Joan Personette, at right, Joan Crawford.



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potatoes. The rest of the family will enjoy them.

With this meal serve a green salad and for dessert, have apples baked this way: Cut out both stems of the apples but do not core them. Stick a piece of lemon peel into the place where the stem was. Then squeeze the juice of the lemon over the raw apples. Bake them slowly, basting as you bake. Do not add any sugar. Serve them with a demi-tasse. A swell dessert.

And there you have a meal that is reducing, inexpensive and absolutely delicious. It's as good for your husband as it is for you. Just sit back and listen to him yell for more. And, when you tell him that it's a reducing meal, I'll bet he won't believe you!

So, in closing, remember, darling, a good man is hard to find—but once found, he's worth holding with every bit of imagination and allure you can conjure up.

Sylvia is glad to answer your letters. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Mme. Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

She will discuss all of your personal problems with you. But remember to ask her just one question at a time. She can answer them more quickly that way.

What's Ahead for Janet Gaynor?

(*Continued from page 41*)

often produce very unsettled results.

But I believe that even these facts are comparatively insignificant and unimportant. I believe that the change, if there be a change, is due simply and wholly to the fact that the girl has become the woman and there is a normal break indicated between what she has done and what she may do in the future.

That, plus an accident which removed her from the starring role of "Way Down East." Of which, more later.

And it is also my belief that Janet will not go into the eclipse suffered by Mary Pickford. She will not undergo a similar fate just because she is entering a new phase—and knows it. That is the healthy omen, that she does know it. That is the omen which promises longevity for Janet, the star.

People say, "But if she grows up, will the fans accept her in anything but young and saccharine roles?"

IT seems to me that the past year or two answers that. And indicates, sharply, that Janet sees herself in an undistorted mirror. And demonstrates that the fans will keep step with her. For in "Carolina," she very definitely began to grow up. As the young mother of two small children she stepped into the adult class. In "Change of Heart," she played a quite mature, newspaper girl, a college graduate, no longer adolescent and wondering what it is all about. In "One More Spring," she was sophisticated, certainly not the sheltered, idealistic darling nor the pampered Faëry Queen. And while I understand that that picture, as a picture, was not an outstanding success, the report on the fan reaction to Janet herself was highly enthusiastic. In "The Farmer Takes a Wife," she gives an adult characterization and, more important, plays a character part which is an eye to the future or I am blind. And had she completed "Way Down East," she would have played a girl, unwed, who had experienced motherhood. And Janet had no objections to that role.

These are incontestable and easily checkupable facts, and seem to indicate, if not to prove, that Janet is not going to cling, blushing, to her sunbonnet blue and her Faëry Princess wands.

One fact should be clearly borne in mind when any discussion of Janet is before the house. And this fact is that she is, first and foremost, an excellent business woman. And excellent business women know when a product is dated. She is sound business woman enough to take to heart what happened to Mary Pickford, who never grew up, and to realize that there does come an end to the story of Peter Pan.

Janet is probably wealthier than nine out of ten of her fellow stars. She has no extravagances, neither financial nor emotional. Her head rules her heart and her check book and her contracts. She lives in a simple home. She keeps one servant. The average movie star's menage is staffed with anywhere from five to twenty-five. She never buys expensive cars. She has had the same one for years. She doesn't care for jewels. She never entertains more than six persons at any one time. She saves and invests her money. She buys inexpensive gowns. She doesn't make ridiculous mistakes. She consults her mother about everything. And so she will not, it is safe to assume, make the most ridiculous mistake of all—that of clinging to the ruffled skirts of girlhood once girlhood is gone, or ought to be gone.

People say "But *why* did she leave the cast of 'Way Down East'? I *hear*—Rochelle Hudson—I am told—don't try to tell *me*—" and so forth.

I don't know why I should try to tell anyone anything since we all believe what we want to believe, what there's the most kick in believing, and the devil take the truth.

And, for the matter of that, I can only tell you what I myself have been told by people who were eye and ear witnesses of the accident, people who were on location with the "Way Down East" company in Santa Cruz. And I have a naïve way of believing eye and ear witnesses as against the "they-sayers."

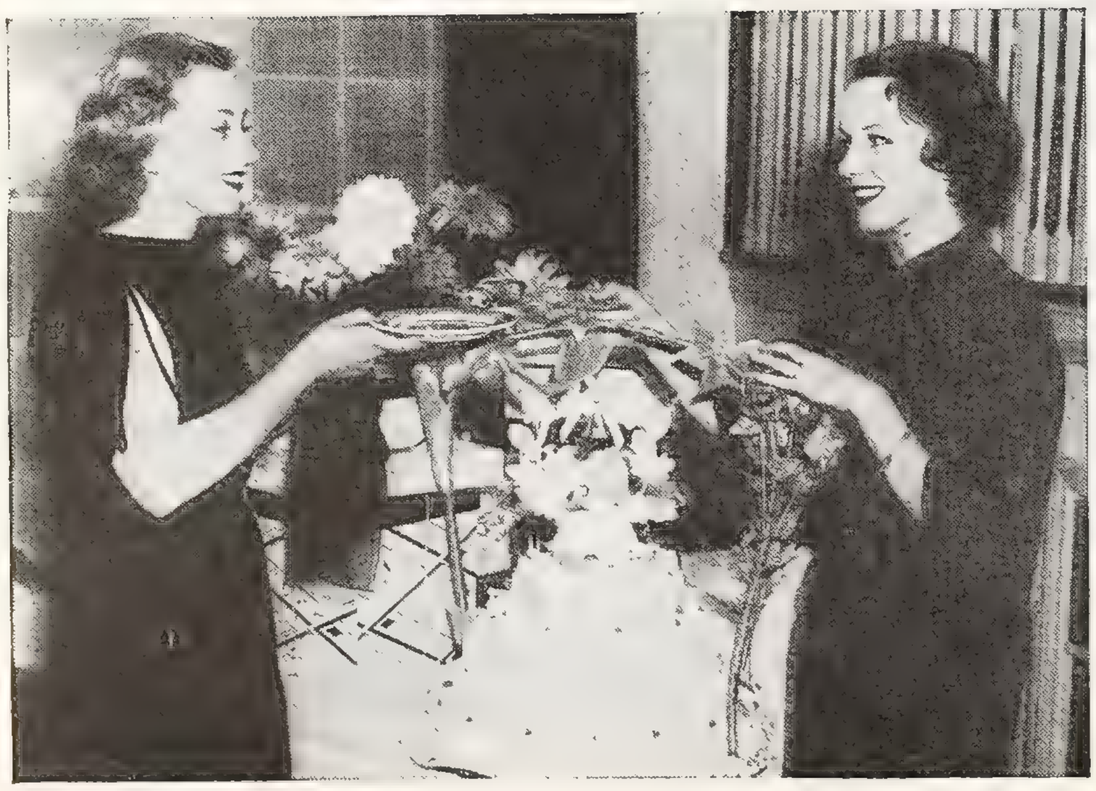
PEOPLE say, "It's all very curious." Well, if concussion of the brain and a dangerously low blood count is very curious, have it your own way. I can merely reiterate that I am told that Janet was badly hurt, and for that reason, and no other, she abdicated the part to Rochelle Hudson. She did collide with Henry Fonda when they were on location. She did see stars and she did fall over backwards, striking her head against a jagged piece of rock protruding from the field.

Mr. Henry King is a very vigorous director. When he directs the collision of two stars, one of them falls. Janet fell. And after the smash-up, a nasty one, she went on working, while her head hummed and ached. She returned to Hollywood that night. The next morning she went to the hairdresser's for a head massage, believing the treatment might relieve the pain in her head. She returned to the studio to work. She fainted in her dressing-room. Even then, she persisted. She worked for almost a week, taking osteopathic treatments meanwhile. At the end of the week she fainted again. This time she was compelled to go home. A doctor's examination disclosed concussion and a blood-count low enough to have put a prize fighter under a transfusion. She was told that she must remain in bed for at least two months. She was told that, of course, the scalp massage and the osteopathic treatments were the very worst things she could have done, under the circumstances. She was told that she really should not work for another six months.

People say, "But why isn't she working *now?* Isn't there something queer about that? Has Twentieth Century-Fox a story ready for her? If not, why not?"

No, nothing queer about it. Twentieth Century-Fox have not a story ready for her at this writing because, according to the terms of her contract, which call for three productions a year, she does not start work until January, 1936. "Way Down East," in spite of her having to leave the cast, is counted as one of her three for the year. Not being due to make another until January—having worked very hard and pushed her schedule ahead last year in the hope that she could make her long-dreamed-of world tour—she is up to scratch and that is the why of that. They are looking for material for her right now.

Her contract with Fox expires in June of this year. She will make her scheduled two pictures before that time. Barring an Act of God, and assuming that a studio is not staffed with practised fabricators, this



Ann Sothern helps to eat up Inez Courtney's wedding cake! Inez recently wed Luigi Filiasi, a Los Angeles wine merchant.



Season's greetings from Hollywood's problem child! Edith Fellows, who was such a bad girl in "She Married Her Boss," presents this doll-like picture, amid a galaxy of toys.

can be stated as fact.

When her contract expires, will she reign still, as Queen of the Fox lot? Well, "They" say that she will not re-sign. They say that they have heard that she will go with Mr. Sheehan. But where? Do "They" know that? Because, and I have this as coming from Janet herself, she does not know where she will go, if at all.

Such being the case, what can Janet say? It is certainly safe to assume that she will go wherever it is most advantageous for her to go, as any good business woman would. Naturally if Mr. Sheehan affiliates in such a way as to offer her better stories, larger opportunities, more money than she has now—then, quite reasonably, she would go with Mr. Sheehan, I should think. As she would go to M-G-M, RKO, Columbia, Warner Brothers—or remain where she is—according to the proposition involved.

I believe that this gives answers, however speculative, to most of the rumors, equally speculative. The box office drop of a mere one to two points. The assurance that she will make her two more scheduled pictures on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. The assumption that if she does not re-sign with Fox it will only be because something more attractive presents itself. The information, which is as valid as eyes and ears can make it, that Janet left the cast of "Way Down East" because she was ill . . . difficult for skeptics to swallow, this idea that what they are told at headquarters is the truth. But as near to the truth as we have been able to come.

One more rumor. "They" have also been busy with romance rumors. One day report had it that a young dentist is the favored Romeo. I can tell you, pretty definitely, that the seriousness of that romance has been over and done with these many months. Love is an unknown quantity, of course, and any day my "pretty definite" statement may rise up to smite me in the teeth. But I think not. Another report nominated Gene Raymond as the Gaynor Gallant. Then Al Scott and so on, through the roll-call of eligible young men. Of whom there are not many.

In fact, I am told that Janet said, when questioned about Gene, "Whom else would a girl go out with in Hollywood?" And Janet's mother likes Gene, likes Janet to go out with him. Because Janet is not yet as strong as she might be and when Gene says that he will bring her home at eleven, he brings her home at eleven. I am further told that Janet has no matrimonial intentions whatsoever, or *whom*-soever. She is, she says, "having a good time, playing the field." Every girl's birthright, or isn't it?

So, what's ahead for Janet Gaynor?

Somerset Maugham says, somewhere in his "Don Fernando" that ". . . if you chance to create a type he will go marching down the ages to the end of time. You gave him life and he holds you forever in the remembrance of men . . ."

Well, Janet and Mary created a type. They created the perfect type of youth when youth is innocent and dewy and lovely. The young Mary, the young Janet will remain forever, I feel sure, in the rosemary and remembrance of men.

But it is my conviction that Janet will not go down, embalmed in a memory—*one* memory. I believe that she will give us, not one of the Stages of Man, but possibly, all Seven Stages. She will go marching down the ages bequeathing us her idyllic youth and, as well, a mellow maturity, a silvery age, a poignant portrait gallery of which the girl will be only the pretty predecessor.

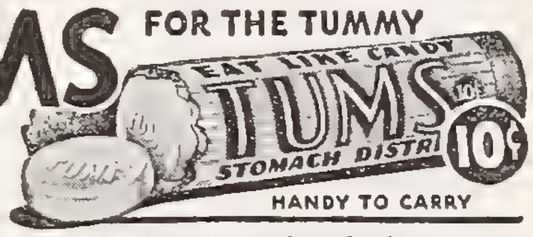


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(*Continued from page 55*)

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DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
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DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
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DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
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FOX, SIDNEY: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
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FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
FROOS, SYLVIA: 20th Century-Fox.
FULLER, FRANCES: Paramount.
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GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: 20th Century-Fox.
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HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
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HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
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HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
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HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: RKO-Radio.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
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JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
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JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
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Watch this chap! He's John Howard and he made everyone sit up and ask his name after "Annapolis Farewell." Now he's on his way in "Millions in the Air." A genial gent and a swell actor.

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LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: M-G-M.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Paramount.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Universal.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: M-G-M.
LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: United Artists.
MARGO: Paramount.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: Paramount.
MARTINI, NINO: 20th Century-Fox.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Universal.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her Republic.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO: CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, ERIN O'BRIEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MORGAN, HELEN: Warner Bros.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: M-G-M.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
OBERON, MERLE: United Artists.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.



It's not a beautiful Eskimo with Gregory Ratoff but Binnie Barnes all done up in one of those new, hooded fur capes.

OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNN: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: 20th Century-Fox.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Republic.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
REGAN, PHIL: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Paramount.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
ROULIEN, RAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
SAVO, JIMMY: M-G-M.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARLE, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIELDS, FRANK: M-G-M.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Warner Bros.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, FRED: Paramount.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TODD, THELMA: M-G-M.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
VINSON, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTHALL, H. B.: 20th Century-Fox.
WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: Samuel Goldwyn.
WARE, IRENE: Universal.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her Universal.
WAYNE, JOHN: Republic.
WEBB, CLIFTON: M-G-M.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTCOTT, GORDON: Warner Bros.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WING, PAT: Warner Bros.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Universal.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.



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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 7*)



"Thanks a Million" is a knock-out musical, with Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell and Patsy Kelly.

resting or cutting capers, the Marxes were busily engaged in trimming everyone in the cast who was foolish enough to join in one of their bridge games. Ely himself wouldn't have had a ghost of a show. . . . Kitty Carlisle was born down in New Orleans, but spent most of her life in Europe. She was educated in Switzerland and Paris with a social career in mind. But social butterflying palled on the Carlisle girl, so she began looking around for some place to market her voice. She didn't have any hopes of marketing her looks. But it was the Carlisle legs that landed her in Florenz Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita." Summer theatre work followed and the next season she had an offer to display her vocal and histrionic ability in "Champagne, Sec." Next stop, Hollywood. . . . Allan Jones longed to sing, too. But working in coal mines doesn't give a fellow much opportunity. He worked four years in the Pennsylvania undergrounds, until he'd saved up enough money to begin a musical education. His work with shovel and pickax was a rest cure compared to the work he did the next couple of years on his voice.

★★★ Thanks a Million
(20th Century-Fox)

Combining a political satire with a first-rate musical may sound like a difficult assignment, but 20th Century-Fox has done it with more than pleasing results. It might well be added, of course, that Dick Powell, Fred Allen, Ann Dvorak, Patsy Kelly, The Yacht Club Boys and Paul Whiteman's Band should be credited with expert assistance. Fred Allen, it seems, is stranded with a band of entertainers, so he sells them to the campaign managers of the Commonwealth Party, whose candidate for governor, Raymond Walburn, is having difficulty getting voters to listen to his speeches. Fred's entertainment packs the house, and the right-thinking citizens go so wild over Dick Powell's singing that he finds himself replacing the regular candidate, who is a non-crooner. The opposition hires Paul Whiteman's Band and the battle is on. It's swell entertainment all the way through, with Fred Allen and the Yacht Club Boys stealing the honors. Allen's dead pan comedy registers as well on the screen as it does on the air, which means you'll be seeing more of him.

Preview Postscripts

That $100,000 Stradivarius of Rubinoff's provided plenty of entertainment for the cast on this picture. But not for Mr. Rubinoff. He was on the verge of nervous prostration until the picture was completed and he and the famous fiddle were en route to New York. Every day someone would get hold of the violin and hide it safely away, 'til in despair Mr. R. called the Metropolitan Insurance Co. (advt.) and had a man sent to stand guard over the instrument. All the members of the cast became interested in insurance before that rain sequence was completed. Shooting lasted for a week and a half, so that a special heating system had to be installed to safeguard the health of the players. Pipes strung across the set cause those perfect rainfalls. A faucet controls the type of moisture. "Mist," "light shower" or "deluge" can be turned on at a moment's notice. A wind-machine is brought in for tornado effects. . . . Patsy Kelly was given a year to live three years ago. That was following the tragic accident in which Jean Malin was killed and she was temporarily paralyzed. The two dancers had appeared on a program at the "Ship Cafe" on a Santa Monica pier. Their car backed through a rail as they were leaving and was pitched twenty feet into the ocean. Patsy was finally extricated from the car in time, but her dancing days were supposed to be over. Now she practises eight hours a day and thinks nothing of it. Except the other day, when she and Ann Dvorak met at eight o'clock at the studio to practise their routine. They had worked continuously until one o'clock and mentioned it to Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who happened to be passing by. "That's fine," said Mr. Zanuck. "At that rate you should be pretty good by four or five and we can begin shooting."

★★★ Peter Ibbetson
(Paramount)

Produced with exceptional good taste and charm, "Peter Ibbetson" is a serene and beautiful example of the technical excellence which a motion picture can attain. Those very qualities may detract from its appeal to a number of audiences, for while it has a number of virtues, it



Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in the thrilling drama, "Peter Ibbetson."



May Robson, Frankie Darro, Charlotte Henry, William Benedict, Billy Burrud and Henry Armetta represent the cast of "Three Kids and a Queen."

lacks excitement. You may know the story. Briefly, it tells of the love of a boy and a girl, separated in childhood and reunited years later just long enough to discover that their devotion to each other is all that each has lived for. After their meeting they never see each other again, for the boy is serving a life term in prison, but their love brings them together nightly in their dreams until death carries them away together. The idyllic romance is ably portrayed by Ann Harding and Gary Cooper, although both seem somewhat stolid and matter-of-fact about the whole affair. One can hardly blame them, at that, for Fate really hasn't given them much to be gay about. John Halliday is splendid in a supporting role, and the lovers as children are superbly played by Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler.

Preview Postscripts

This classic story has been reproduced many times on the stage and for opera, but leave it to the movies to get the right effects right down to the last whisker. Expense means nothing compared to authenticity. The mild, unobstrusive lady sitting on the sets for this picture every day drew a pretty penny for being so authentic. Mme. Hilda Grenier is the name and her job means much more than just sitting in camp chairs. She has to pass on the design of every tapestry hung on the ancestral walls, every stitch of clothing worn by the players, every bit of dialogue, etc., to determine whether it would be appropriate to that time in history. Would a gentleman of 1830 smoke a clay pipe or paper cigar; would the duke carve a saddle of mutton or boiled peacocks; what cuss-words, if any, would the gentlemen of that era be fond of? "Gadzooks" she insists went out before Washington and "blooming" didn't come in before Kipling. Twenty men toiled one solid month building an exact replica of the Pentonville gaol near London for Mr. Cooper to languish in. In 1840 it was called the "model prison," being equipped with all the latest in whipping-posts, stocks, ball-and-chains and other stimuli to good behavior. Queen Victoria's comment after visiting it was that it was "quite humanitarian"—underlining the quite. . . . Ann Hard-



"Frisco Kid," a fast-moving Barbary Coast tale, with Jimmy Cagney and Margaret Lindsay.

ing had a surprise birthday party while on this set. Gary Cooper and Director Hathaway ordered an elaborate cake with a reasonable amount of candles, gathered all the crew into Miss Harding's dressing room, and everyone had a good time. Everyone but Mr. Hathaway. One of the still photographers had left a few bulbs in a chair. Mr. H., his hands full of cake, sat down in this particular chair. Followed a tremendous pop, crackle and several words which Mme. Grenier would not have found strictly authentic. Mr. Hathaway, ever since the days of directing cowboys and redskins, has been noted for his virile taste in pictures. The sight of the husky director, frayed cigar in mouth, shapeless hat on the back of his head and in shirt-sleeves, directing this ethereal play was worth a ticket before the picture was anywhere near completed. Nothing, believes Hathaway, is more stale than yesterday's thrill, so he believes the public is ready to appreciate the spiritual values in this type of play. . . . Mme. Namara has long been associated with the Metropolitan Opera and the Paris Opera Comique. In spite of that fancy name, Mme. is an American, born in Cleveland, Ohio. She was born to the MacNamara's and christened Margaret. The youngest prima donna to make her début in Italy, is her proudest title.

★★★ Frisco Kid
(Warners)

If you like plenty of adventure in your plots, rough and ready characters and a goodly dash of heart-interest, you'll go for this celluloider in a big way. All those brawny men with hearts of gold inclined us to feel the picture bordered on the melodramatic, and the romance savored too much of sentimentality. But with San Francisco in the days of the Barbary Coast as a setting, we are willing to overlook all. If there's any locale more conducive to thrills than the old wharves, boats and dives along a waterfront, we've yet to see it. Anything can loom out of those murky darknesses, and in this story all kinds of baddies are abroad. The story starts off with a bang from the instant James Cagney set foot inside a Coast saloon. He scorns wine, women and singing, so one meanie thinks such virtue should be rewarded. He slugs our hero and relieves him of all the gold he's dug in them thar hills. There follows a merry round of shanghai-ing, battling and a general free-for-all, climaxed by the appearance of the Vigilantes. James Cagney is good in his role, Donald Woods is excellent as the young and radical crusader and Margaret Lindsay looks appealingly pretty in the gay gowns of that era.

Preview Postscripts

Not only was this picture exciting as to plot, but everyone on the set claimed it was the most adventurous one they'd ever been on. Something was always happening to keep up the excitement. All those waterfront scenes were taken right on a set at the Warner Brothers Burbank studio. There's a huge tank out there which was used for this purpose. That tank has been used for every purpose under the sun by the studio—even to using it for a swimming pool, and at one time there was a family of swans floating regally around on it. That grand fire scene in the picture actually happened on the set. About fifteen buildings were set on fire for the effect. The studio fire department was called out to stand guard, as well as the local fire departments in Burbank and San Fernando. . . . James Cagney and the other men in the picture, all claimed that this film did more for them than a physical culture class would have done. They could feel the muscles sprouting more every day. For all those fights that take place actually *did* happen. Between every scene there would be wild grappling and throwing around of various members of the set. Black eyes, bruises and limps were a sign you'd been in Frisco Kid."

★★★ Show Them No Mercy
(20th Century-Fox)

"Snatched" was the former title of this picture and is the theme. It is the grim tale of a flawlessly executed kidnapping by four gangsters; Cesar Romero, Bruce Cabot, Edward Brophy and Warren Hymer. The story is of intense interest, made doubly so by the realization that the ruthless methods employed are true to life. Justice, of course, wins, but there are many moments of stark terror before the gang gets wiped out. How the federal men lay their plans and gradually close in the net on the suspects is an engrossing part of the picture. The cast, in every case, is excellently chosen. Cesar Romero, as the "brains" of the gang, shows that he has something more than teeth in his head, while Bruce Cabot displays talents heretofore unsuspected as the most fiendish of the crooks. Edward Norris, a newcomer, and Rochelle Hudson provide the romantic interest with plenty of excitement when they are trapped in the kidnapper's lair with their child and dog. The wire-haired terrier, incidentally, practically steals the picture from the competent cast. He provides the only enlivening moments in a



"Show Them No Mercy," featuring Cesar Romero, Edward Norris and Rochelle Hudson.

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story fraught with the horror of what men will do when obsessed with greed.

Preview Postscripts

The studio arsenal department saw heavy duty during the filming of this play. A member from the department has to be on hand whenever a gun is carried and has to give plenty of instruction to the player before he can shoot it. Lew Witte, head of the arsenal department, personally took charge of Rochelle Hudson. It took him a couple weeks to teach her how to fire that machine gun which she handles so nonchalantly in the picture. Rochelle always closed her eyes tight before firing which had the habit of making the machine gun look rather silly. Miss Hudson is a local Oklahoman but was educated in Hollywood. Though she was born in Will Rogers' home state and brought up in his city and spent a year on the Fox lot, where Will was under contract, Rochelle didn't meet her favorite actor until she played with him in a picture. Her hobby is making hooked rugs. She already has thirty-five to her credit and a string of blue ribbons won at exhibits. . . . The marital status of Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames at present is rather unpredictable. They have announced a divorce, but they are seen together at night-clubs and premières. . . . Warren Hymer had great difficulty getting to work of a morning. Before he could make the set, it was necessary to wade through an army of process servers. Warren, anyone in Hollywood will tell you, is just too generous for his own good. . . . Cesar Romero is one of Hollywood's busiest gentlemen, come the evening. He has the telephone numbers of Marlene Dietrich, Claire Trevor, Betty Furness, Virginia Bruce and practically every blonde actress in town, which is practically every actress. . . . The subject of kidnapping as a screen plot has been carefully and longingly considered by every studio in town. But it was too delicate a subject to present without excellent script work and production to bolster it. Kubec Glasmon is the lad who wrote the original story and screen play for this one.

★★★ Metropolitan
(20th Century-Fox)

As a Tibbett song-fest "Metropolitan" is one of the most satisfying pictures of the year. As a story it's the old backstage musical comedy plot done with opera. In spite of the fact that it contains several highly amusing sequences, one has the feeling that it's all been done before. However, the magic voice of Tibbett, given excellent recording for the first time on the screen, more than makes up for any deficiency in the story department.



Lawrence Tibbett and Alice Brady in "Metropolitan," the delight of music lovers.



George Raft is at his best in "She Couldn't Take It," with Joan Bennett and Billie Burke.

Among the songs you'll hear are "De Glory Road," "On the Road to Mandalay" and the Toreador Song from "Carmen." Mr. Tibbett also sings the prologue from "Pagliacci," which marks a definite milestone in cinema history. To our knowledge this is absolutely the first time a singer has passed up the opportunity to sing the "Laugh, Clown" aria, and it will probably come as a distinct shock to a few movie-goers to learn that there is music other than "Ridi, Pagliacci," in that opera. Beautiful Virginia Bruce is the love interest, and others in the cast are Alice Brady, Cesar Romero, Luis Alberni and George Marion, Sr.

Preview Postscripts

Lawrence Tibbett is a Los Angeles boy who made good in record time. Not so long ago he graduated from a high school in this city and set out to make his mark in the world. He's made it so fast that even Mr. Tibbett is slightly surprised. The preview crowd jammed into the theatre for this one, since word had got about that it was a Tibbett picture and half the population in town felt a personal interest in the picture's hero. Sound recording has been perfected to such a remarkable extent since his first picture was made that Mr. Tibbett seems to have a rosy future ahead of him in the movies if he's interested. . . . Virginia Bruce, who's known as one of the loveliest women in the movie colony, came here from Fargo, North Dakota, via New York City and Ziegfeld's Follies. Instead of practising their singing as they should have been doing on the set, Miss Bruce and Lawrence Tibbett sneaked off every available moment to practise their golf strokes on a practise putting course they'd rigged up behind a set. Virginia's mother, Mrs. Margaret Briggs, used to be state champion golfer back in Dakota. In fact, she was champion for three years at a stretch. Virginia was one of the Mrs. Jack Gilberts until a year ago when she obtained a divorce from Mr. G. She has one daughter. . . . George Marion, Sr., is one of the old guard. He's been on the stage for years and in pictures during the silent days and from the beginning of the talkie era. His son, George Marion, Jr., is theatre-minded, too. But he'd rather write than act for it. The script for this play was written by him.

★★★ She Couldn't Take It
(Columbia)

Joan Bennett is the girl who couldn't stand the gaff. George Raft is the one who finally makes her take it and like it. Besides having something new in romantic combinations, this picture has a brand new plot. Through various peculiar circumstances, Mr. Raft finds himself at the head of a large family. And wotta family! Billie Burke is the mother of the outfit. She's one of those females who thinks anything common should be ignored —including sense. Her daughter, Joan Bennett, thinks the same thing. Her son, James Blakely, doesn't think at all. Mr. Raft, formerly of the rum-running profession, is up against the toughest proposition of his career. You'll enjoy every minute of his agony and find the antics of everyone in the cast highly entertaining. It's a good story, a good cast and a swell performance on the part of Mr. Raft.

Preview Postscripts

"Meet the years with a twinkle in your eye, without worry on your heart—and keep busy!" So advises Miss Billie Burke, who has remained one of the shining lights of the stage and screen for lo, these many years. She was born to circus parents in Washington, D. C. Her father was Billy Burke, star of Barnum and Bailey's, and the most famous clown of his day. Miss Burke was christened "Ethelburt," but circus people don't have much time to waste so she was soon being called Billie. Her first stage success was in London. Twenty years ago she was a movie star in "Jerry" for Thomas Ince. But she didn't remain long in Hollywood, for at that time Flo Ziegfeld was opening the new Ziegfeld Roof, and Billie decided that it would be wise to return and keep an eye on him with all the beauteous chorus gals around. They were married and after Patricia arrived, Miss Burke was content to be just Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld for nineteen years. . . . Joan is the baby of the Bennetts. She spent her childhood and most of the time up to twenty years of age admiring her brilliant parents and dazzling sisters. An inferiority complex that only an elephant could accommodate was the result. Her first successful notice after a Broadway bit changed her life. Now Joan's stepping out way ahead of the whole family. She's Mrs. Gene Markey in private life and the mother of two daughters. . . . James Blakely had a difficult problem to solve when he came to Hollywood. His background was against him. Jimmy's listed in the Blue Book, he's heir to a neat fortune and one of the palsy-walsys of Barbara Hutton, to whom he was engaged at one time. But the young man has lived it all down, and is on his way up as a promising actor.

★★★ Annie Oakley
(RKO-Radio)

For good old-time mellerdrama, filled



Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck in the colorful historical drama "Annie Oakley."

with color and excitement, you can't go wrong on "Annie Oakley." Directed by George Stevens, the young man who filled "Alice Adams" with so many nice touches, it proves that this gentleman is headed for big things in pictureland. Besides, it has Sitting Bull, the Chief who sat in on Custer's Last Stand; Buffalo Bill Cody, whose flowing locks were the envy of gals the whole country over, and Annie Oakley, the shootin'est female either side of the Rockies. 'Taint in us to exaggerate, but that gal ("the acme of feminine beauty and charm," according to Buffalo Bill hisself) could shoot a cigarette out'n a man's mouth at fifty paces. That shore is some shootin', eh, pardner? Barbara Stanwyck is the lady who's so fancy with the firearms. It's the best Stanwyck performance in some time, and she has swell support from Preston Foster, who plays a hard-shootin', lovemakin' fool, Moroni Olsen as Buffalo Bill, Andy Clyde as a Scotch hotel keeper and Chief Thunder Bird, whose Sitting Bull is one of the picture's most amusing characters.

★★★ The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo
(20th Century-Fox)

It is unfortunate that a Ronald Colman picture should fall below par, but the plot thread of this one is so thin that it sags in the middle under the weight of a particularly robust production. Not even the undeniable charm of the star can jolt the picture out of a persistent lethargy. However, several comedy scenes lend a helping hand and the episodes at Monte Carlo are diverting. Colman, of course, is the man who breaks the bank, divides the money among his exiled Russian friends, and falls desperately in love with Joan Bennett who, unknown to him, is engaged by the board of directors at Monte Carlo to lure him and his francs back to the gambling tables. Colin Clive is her brother. Nigel Bruce is slyly amusing as Colman's Man Friday.

Don't take it too hard that this is not one of Colman's best. He is as engaging as ever and Miss Bennett is lovely to gaze upon. The picture has sprightly comings and goings in between the dull periods and manages to maintain a balance more dignified than dramatic.

Preview Postscripts

One of the most elaborate and costly sets ever constructed for an indoor scene was built for this flicker. It was an exact replica of the famous gambling rooms at Monte Carlo. The tables were constructed from the measurements of the original ones, and curtains, furniture, crystal chandeliers, etc., all were patterned as nearly as possible after those in the famous rooms which have seen so much hilarity in Europe. And hilarity reigned on this set, too. Between every scene there was a mad rush for the gambling tables, chips were divided up and the game was underway until the director had practically to bribe them away. More money was spent than ever earned by the players on that set. The "dress extras" had a good many days' work for this set, too. Extras are rated according to their wardrobes. Once a year every extra in Hollywood joins in the dress-parade, held at a major studio. Before a critical board of judges, these girls and women walk, and are classified according to the clothes which they can sport. The "dress extras" are the highest class—and generally have a wardrobe that many a star would envy. Many of them are women, wealthy at one time, who have lost everything but their once gorgeous clothes, and now use them as a means of livelihood. $15 a day is the standard salary . . . Gene Markey left for England while this picture was being filmed, so Joan Bennett couldn't go along with him. But he called her faithfully every other day. When he called after midnight in England he could save somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty dollars. But that meant Joan had to receive the call at four o'clock here. She was always at the studio at this time and would have to hold up the entire cast for awhile until she finished talking to her husband. Mr. Markey saved money by phoning at that time, but Fox lost some thousands.



Hugh Herbert and Helen Broderick make a grand comedy team in "To Beat the Band."

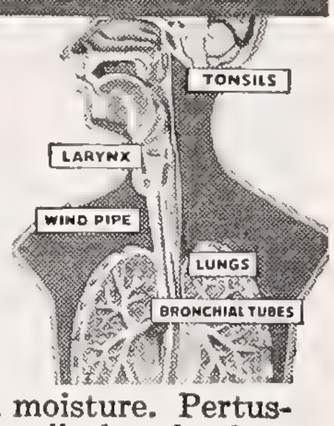
★★★ Rendezvous
(M-G-M)

As you may have noted by now, the war pictures are advancing on us. It may or may not be significant that in the past six or eight months there have been at least four or five films devoted to the romantic side of war while ignoring its horrors. It seems rather unfortunate, then, that a picture so lively and full of good humor as "Rendezvous" has to fall into that class. On the other hand, anyone immune from its mild propaganda will enjoy the smart portrayals of William Powell and Rosalind Russell, who turn out to be one of the screen's most attractive romantic teams. The rendezvous referred to in the title is no lovers' meeting place—it's a spot in the Atlantic where American troop ships are met by British destroyers for protection against German U-Boats. Bill Powell is a code expert at Washington and most of the picture con-



Arline Judge and Carl Brisson do excellent work in the musical, "Ship Cafe."

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Rita Cansino and the popular child star, Jane Withers, in "Paddy O'Day."

cerns his efforts to locate spies who are intercepting messages. The attractive Russell is a scatter-brained daughter of the Assistant Secretary of War who follows our William about until he marries her. An excellent supporting cast is headed by Cesar Romero, Binnie Barnes and Lionel Atwill.

★★ Transatlantic Tunnel
(GB)

If you like to conjecture about what will go on in the world ten years or so hence, this opus is just your dish. For us, though, we prefer just to let nature take its course! We suspect a tidy bit of propaganda in this one. Yuh see, Richard Dix as McAllen, a famous engineer who has built a tunnel under the English channel, wants to do the same thing across the Atlantic. He's an idealist and dreams that this will cement the two English speaking countries against all further wars, the yellow peril and hay fever. However, a scheming bunch of capitalists finance the thing and generally gum up McAllen's plans. The picture drags on for reels with Richard, Leslie Banks, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson and C. Aubrey Smith suffering more than you do. Madge, as Richard's wife whom he neglects for his tunnel, goes blind when secretly working as a nurse in the tunnel. Then they lose their only son in the ole debbil tunnel, too, so—by the time you leave the theater you feel as if you had crawled through the tunnel from London to New York on your hands and knees! One kind word, the mechanical contrivances of the advanced age are most intriguing.

★★★ Ship Cafe
(Paramount)

After several fairly unsuccessful ventures in Hollywood, Carl Brisson emerges in a picture which can be classed as good entertainment for anyone in the mood for the lighter type of screenfare. Mr. Brisson, who is Denmark's gift to Southern California, lends his pleasant baritone to several pleasant ballads, and also proves himself capable in the acting department. The picture's sparkle, however, is due mainly to the efforts of Arline Judge, the feminine lead, and to Bill Frawley and Inez Courtney, playing one of those comedy love teams of which the screen is so fond. The script writers have seen fit to hand Arline a goodly portion of wisecracks which she takes care of in expert fashion. A song and dance number called "I Won't Take No For An Answer," perpetrated by Frawley and Courtney, is the picture's tops for comedy, although a comic ditty entitled "My Home Town," sung by Eddie Davis of the New York night clubs, is a close second. Most of the action, as you may gather from the title, takes place aboard an ex-ship which has been converted into a night club.

Preview Postscripts

Carl Brisson is the Danish song-and-dance man who drove the ladies in several European countries simply cuh-razy. He hasn't proved such a heart-throbber to the American gals yet, but unimportant pictures have something to do with that. All Carl's time hasn't been spent being a ladies' man, though. He held the middle-weight championship of Europe for three years. While on this picture, he added another accomplishment to his list with a forty-foot dive from a steamer down at San Pedro. Doubles were scorned by him, a fact which held this production up for several expensive days. For in that shovel fight with Harry Woods, Mr. Brisson got the bad end of it and was laid up with a badly cut arm. His one means of protection is a great shaggy shepherd dog which has been trained by its master to leap on anything which looks like a hold-up man. "Shep" evidently thought every actor, director and cameraman looked like that on this set, for on the first working day he made a flying tackle at anyone who took a step towards Carl. The second day they wouldn't let him on the lot. . . . Arline Judge was presented with a gold loving cup by the newspapermen of Los Angeles while making this picture. It was awarded to the "most regular gal in pictures." From the gentlemen of the press that's tops in flattery. Between her career, taking care of husband Wesley Ruggles, and their three-year-old son, Arline manages to find time to think up Hollywood's most impractical practical jokes. Inez Courtney celebrated the picture's completion with wedding bells. The Courtney husband is Luigi Filiasi, a Los Angeles wine merchant.

★★ To Beat the Band
(RKO-Radio)

One-sentence review: Excellent cast wasted on second-rate material. With people like Hugh Herbert, Fred Keating, Helen Broderick and Eric Blore around, it seems a pity more time and thought were not spent on a vehicle for them to climb aboard. The piece has its moments of hilarity, naturally, for a good comic can always make most anything seem at least fairly funny, but people are forced to strain too much for their laughs. The



Edward Everett Horton's latest starring vehicle, "His Night Out," with Irene Hervey.



"Remember Last Night," an exciting murder mystery, with Sally Eilers, Constance Cummings and Robert Young.

plot concerns the plight of Hugh Herbert, who receives word that an aunt has left him $59,000,000 provided he marries a widow within three days. If he fails to pick the wife of some departed soul within that time the entire fortune goes to an orchestra leader, a condition which will cause any audience to pray for a widow in a hurry. Things are complicated by the fact that Hugh is in love with a cutie (Phyllis Brooks) whose only visible fault is that she's no widow. His efforts to confer that title on her within the allotted time account for most of the comedy the picture has to offer. Helen Broderick who gives unfunny lines a bounce they never possessed, will some day get some material she can go to town on.

Preview Postscripts

Fred Keating's reputation of being a magician gained him entrance into the film studios. But he had a clause inserted in his contract which prohibits him ever doing magic on the screen. The reason being that Mr. Keating considered himself a better actor than magician. But Fred couldn't resist being up to his old tricks long, and on this picture he spotted an opportunity to show off a good card trick, and prevailed on the studio to ignore that clause. Fred was without a stand-in for a couple days on this set. Charles Darwin, who has that job, flew to Yuma with the stand-in of Kay Francis, Miss Mary Ardell. They were married, then flew back to resume their double lives . . . Hugh Herbert had a unique dual role in this flicker. He played a female impersonator, as well as playing Mr. H. Hugh enjoyed it immensely, but the wardrobe department didn't. They claimed he was more temperamental about fittings than any female star they'd had to work with. The versatile Mr. Herbert was co-author of the first "talkie" ever produced in Hollywood. With Murray Roth he collaborated on "Lights of New York." It wasn't much of a talkie, but it *was* the first one. . . . Helen Broderick has literally leaped into the cinema limelight. She's been well known on Broadway for years, but the movies couldn't see her. Nor she them. But now they've both changed their minds and everybody's happy. Her husband has been in every stage play in which she's appeared for twenty-five years. Their son, aged twenty-two, is following in his parents' footsteps, too . . . Eric Blore has cost the studio more than he's worth long since. It is impossible for Mr. Blore to appear on a set without muzzling everyone else on it or shooting the scenes over and over again. He's that funny. But when those giggles of the cast, director and cameraman are recorded on the expensive sound recordings, the studio doesn't think it's such a good joke.

★★ Paddy O'Day
(20th Century-Fox)

We're short on adjectives when it comes to Miss Jane Withers. Suffice it to say that she gives her usual top-notch performance. As Paddy O'Day, the small Irish immigrant, she'll get right under your vest. This story itself is weak. There's a lack of continuity in the plot, while the song and dance revues become monotonous. But if you like to give your emotions a daily dozen, you'll enjoy this one. You can have not a few good laughs and let the tears fall where they may. That fair-haired lad of the fillums, Pinky Tomlin, lends his talents to this picture. His acting is mediocre, but when it comes to singing and strumming the old guitar, Pinky rates. One of the song-hits has been composed by him, too. George Givot brings down the house with his Greek impersonation. In order to make good in the "U.S.H." he persuades Pinky, a stuffed-bird enthusiast, to stake him for a night-club. Rita Cansino is attractive as the star of the club and the light of Pinky's life. By the time you've caught the street-car this story will be forgotten, but "Keep That Twinkle In Your Eye," which Miss Withers sings in Irish brogue, will ring through your head for days.

★★ I Found Stella Parrish
(First National)

Built on a basically sound structure, and boasting a cast headed by Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas and Sybil Jason, "I Found Stella Parrish" somehow fails to realize all its possibilities. This is due, perhaps, to the slow pace of the first half of its unreeling, for after that point one finds all that can be desired in the way of drama and action. Briefly, it's a story of an innocent accomplice in a murder, who, after her parole, changes her name and eventually becomes a stage success in London. When her past confronts her once more she disappears in order to protect her child's name. A crack London reporter follows her and finally gets the story which headlines the girl into notoriety. Embittered by it all, she capitalizes on her unsavory notices by personal appearances which finally land her in burlesque. Do you think she pulls herself back once more into the glow of respectable limelight? Guess. It's a fair drama which could have been better, although there can be no complaints about the excellent acting of lovely Miss Francis



"Personal Maid's Secret," featuring Ruth Donnelly, Warren Hull and Margaret Lindsay.



There are lots of laughs in "It's in the Air." Ted Healy and Jack Benny head the cast.

and Mr. Hunter or the capable support of little Miss Jason and Mr. Lukas.

Preview Postscripts

The Warner Brothers' brand new sound apparatus was initiated for this picture. It's an elaborate contraption with all the very latest fixings. The gala initiation took place out on Set 17, the largest set on the lot. Director Mervyn LeRoy broke a perfectly good bottle of champagne over the sound recorder and Sybil Jason gave a speech in honor of the occasion. Miss Jason is Warner's five-year-old English import. She's seen a lot of the world in her lifetime. Born in Capetown, Africa, Sybil was brought to London at the age of three. She was "spotted" by a film talent sleuth and rushed Hollywoodward. Her uncle brought Sybil to America, because Mr. and Mrs. Jason have a business in Capetown and thought their daughter would be coming right back, anyhow. But now they're selling out and joining their famous daughter in California. The thrill of her five years came when Director LeRoy presented her with a small chair, just like his own set-chair, and with her name printed in big letters across the back . . . This is Kay Francis' first picture since that last European jaunt. It was a reunion for Kay and Paul Lukas, as they hadn't played together since "Vice Squad" four years ago . . . Mr. Lukas is one of Hollywood's most air-minded citizens. He has his own plane and flits around the country in his spare moments. During the war he was a flyer in the Hungarian air corps. Says he is one man who didn't risk his life for his country, though. He did his duty but never took a chance, having doped it out that he was more valuable to his country alive than dead . . . Ian Hunter and Sybil Jason had to come to Hollywood to get acquainted, though they're both from darkest Africa. Since those days, Mr. Hunter has been to England, too, where he was a success on the London stage. The Hunters and their two sons live down at Malibu Beach, moviedom's fashionable beach hang-out.

★★ Three Kids and a Queen
(Universal)

Based partly on the story of Ella Wendel, the wealthy New York recluse, who refused to sell a Fifth Avenue vacant lot worth over a million dollars because it afforded her dog a playground, "Three Kids and a Queen" is a first-rate vehicle for May Robson, who plays vicious old ladies and kind old ladies with equal conviction. As Mary Jane Baxter, she finds that her dog and her millions are her only friends until, jolted out of her carriage by a pair of runaway horses, she's picked up by three kids from the wrong

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part of town. Since Miss Robson is unconscious, the kids bring her to the home of Henry Armetta, their adopted father. After spending a week or two recuperating, she comes to like her new friends so well she decides to stay. In the meantime a scheming nephew has obtained an order committing her to an asylum. Then, to add to the complications, the good old G-men go hunting for her on the supposition that she's been kidnapped. The whole thing is a feast for the Robson fans, and it's good entertainment for anyone looking for a pleasant evening.

Preview Postscripts

May Robson is the screen's Grand Old Lady and only great-grandmother. In spite of these imposing titles she's just known as "Muzzy" to those in the moving picture industry. Miss Robson's a native Australian, daughter of Captain Henry Robison of the Royal Navy, which accounts for her wide traveling as a young girl. Most of her education took place in Paris, Brussels and London. Miss Robson married E. H. Gore, who died a few years later. Her son, E. H. Gore, Jr., now handles all her business affairs. It is his son and daughter-in-law who made her famous as the only great-grandmother on the American stage or screen, by presenting her with May Robson Gore. Next to this episode "Muzzy" is proudest of the fact that she's covered more than 500,000 miles in America and that she hasn't missed playing in any town in this country or Canada which has a theatre. Her simple philosophy is "You're as young as you feel." . . . School was held regularly on this set for Frankie Darro, William Benedict and Billy Burrud. Which proves that movies aren't the snap they're cracked up to be for the younger generation. Frankie Darro's been in the industry since he was five, but has been a trouper since the age of two, when he appeared with his parents on the stage in an acrobatic number. . . . This is Billie Burrud's first chance to grin into a camera. He says his "pan" must be good for something, after all, since it landed him this first acting job and a contract to boot. . . . William Benedict is on the way towards making several thousand from a five-cent investment. He came to Hollywood with his two sisters who had jobs promised them here. William decided he'd get a job, too, and the movies looked as good as anything. So from a corner drugstore he phoned Casting Director James Ryan. Mr. Ryan's secretaries were out to lunch; he answered the call and was overcome by Bill's sales talk to the extent of granting an interview. It took the young Oklahoman just five minutes to appear at the studio and just ten minutes to get a role as office boy in "$10 Raise." For eight years he'd been playing that role in real life, which might account for the smash hit he made of it in reel life. . . . Henry Armetta arrived in these United States as a stowaway from Italy. He was promptly extended the courtesies of the Boston jail for his first night and was scheduled to set sail the next morning. But an Italian barber in town heard of his embarrassing predicament, bailed him out and gave the thirteen-year-old Henry a job swishing lather for him. Henry's next step up in the New World was joining the Lambs Club—as assistant barber. Raymond Hitchcock met him here, gave him a role in "Yankee Counsel" and soon Mr. Armetta gravitated to Hollywood.



Be sure to tune in on Lionel Barrymore's Christmas Carol Broadcast, 5 p.m. E.S.T., Xmas Day, over the CBS networks.

★ Personal Maid's Secret
(Warners)

Too much story bogs down what might have been an entertaining light comedy, and the result is not a particularly happy one. It's a story of a servant (Ruth Donnelly) who has given her all to Park Avenue. In her earlier days, it seems, there was a son of a wealthy employer who didn't do right by her. The young villain goes off to the war and his death, leaving her with a daughter which is promptly taken over by the chap's parents. After years on Park Avenue, Ruth takes a job with a young insurance man and his wife, and her knowledge of the social world steers the young couple into wealth and prominence. One night her own daughter is a dinner guest. The daughter is under the spell of an insincere young man who means her no good. Ruth, having been around, senses the daughter's danger and there follows the usual scene where the hard-working mother reveals her identity. The picture, however, doesn't measure up to Ruth Donnelly's first-rate performance. Others in the cast are Anita Louise, Warren Hull, Margaret Lindsay and Arthur Treacher.

Preview Postscripts

Two of the most attractive members of Hollywood's younger set were corralled for this one—blonde Anita Louise and brunette Margaret Lindsay. Anita's already a "veteran," though she's only chalked up eighteen years to date. Her stage debut was made in New York City in "Peter Ibbetson" and she's had an amazingly long list of appearances in stage plays and moving pictures since then. . . . Young Margaret Lindsay is a comparative newcomer to the theatrical world. She'll be remembered for years hence, though, as the American girl who came to Hollywood and made good—as a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher. She was born in Dubuque, Iowa, but decided to forget that for a while. She had made up her mind to get a role in "Cavalcade" and came to California with that purpose. Only English actors and actresses were going to be considered, which only made Margaret more enthusiastic about getting a role. If she could act, here was her chance to prove it. The Lindsay girl was so good that the result astonished her in the tests. She was as much "the new English discovery" to herself as to Hollywood. By the time the hoax leaked out, everyone in the industry quickly forgave such an artistic deception and admitted that Miss Lindsay's best performance was the one that preceded her screen debut. . . . This is Warren Hull's first appearance on the screen. He's familiar to most by sound rather than sight, having been on several national radio programs. Besides baritoning on various programs, Mr. Hull's been master of ceremonies for Beatrice Lillie and other luminaries. He's so crazy about ocean dips that he dashes down to the beach for one at 6 a.m. every day. Or maybe he's just crazy. But one discovery of Mr. Hull's proved that he's not so slow. He'd been in town several weeks without one person recognizing him as a celebrity. Then he invested in a pair of dark glasses and was immediately besieged by autograph-hounds. It's the surest way to recognition in Hollywood.

★★ His Night Out
(Universal)

If you're an Edward Everett Horton fan, or just think a good laugh is worth more'n anything in this world or the next, don't miss this picture! It's Mr. Horton at his best, which means you'll be off in a gale of giggles at the opening sequence and leave the theatre still chuckling. The plot of the story is weak, but you'll laugh that off, too. Edward Everett is the victim of dyspepsia and gangsters. He's been given three months to live on account of the former, but it looks more like three minutes when the gangsters get on his trail. Between saving himself and the gal friend, Irene Hervey, our hero's kept pretty busy. And dodging Jack La Rue's bullets is no joke—except to the audience. Miss Hervey gives a good account of herself, as do the rest of the cast. But it's a Horton picture from first to last.

Preview Postscripts

Electricians, cameramen, directors and actors battle for opportunities to work on sets where Edward Everett Horton is holding forth. He gives them all such a swell time. Mr. Horton doesn't know what a dull moment is and if he did would consider those moments just so much wasted time. In spite of the fact that he holds more degrees for higher larnin' than any actor in Hollywood, Edward E. is considered just a good egg by his fellow workers. His pride and joy is a de luxe ranch at Encino. Each picture means some definite improvement on it. He'll point out a grape arbor to visitors and add, "My next picture will mean a swimming pool over

CONTEST ENTRANTS, ATTENTION!

We are announcing the winners—one hundred in all—of our $2500.00 "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" Cash Prize Contest in the February issue of Modern Screen

there." Tennis courts, squash courts, bowling alleys and a golf course in the last year prove that Mr. Horton's fans think him a pretty good guy, too. . . . Irene Hervey is a native daughter. That's enough to establish a girl in California, but Irene had her eyes on a career. She spent several years in dramatic schools in Los Angeles, then purchased a down-filled cushion and began camping every day at the casting offices. Ben Piazza, Metro's casting director, suddenly spoke to her one evening on his way out of the office. "There's something familiar about your face. Haven't I seen it somewhere before?" Irene admitted that was highly possible since she'd been sitting in his office for five days straight. Mr. Piazza was so embarrassed that he mumbled something about a screen test. Miss Hervey promptly pinned him down to an appointment for the following morning. "Stranger's Return" with Lionel Barrymore proved that Irene had some other qualities besides persistence. She's headed for bigger and better roles these days. What spare time she has, Irene spends in the Pacific, since she lives on the Santa Monica beach with her parents in the same house where she was brought up these past twenty odd years.

★★ It's in the Air
(M-G-M)

With Jack Benny as its star, "It's in the Air" should have been grand comedy fare. Instead, it's a mildly amusing drama which won't win any Academy honors for anyone concerned, although it will afford a fair quota of laughs. Class it as routine entertainment. People who think Jack Benny is the funniest guy in radio will be disappointed to find that he is, as in "Broadway Melody of 1936," playing a stooge to another comic. This time Ted Healy is handed most of the laugh lines, while Jack gets the heavy lover assignment. He does well in a romantic role, but our contention is that there are enough profile boys around any studio to take care of those assignments, and when an ace comedian is available it would seem good judgment to let him play comedy. Or maybe we're wrong about the whole thing. Anyway, Jack plays a Broadway crook who goes straight in an effort to win back his wife, who is Una Merkel and swell in the part. The rest of the cast includes Nat Pendleton, Grant Mitchell and Mary Carlisle.

Preview Postscripts

Jack Benny is the Waukegan boy who made good in the big city. Waukegan's in Illinois, and that's where Meyer Benny, Jack's father, had a small haberdashery shop in which his son was expected to work when not at school. But the son had other plans. He was learning to fiddle, and finally got together an orchestra among the town boys. Then the lure of the theatre got in Jack's blood and he decided to take his orchestra into Waukegan's only theatre. But he only got as far as the front door. He was made doorman. Then he tried the back door and was made property man. Finally he reached the orchestra pit just one week before the theatre closed of old age. During the war Jack joined the navy, but he didn't swab many decks. He was too busy entertaining the boys. By this time the violin was parked under his arm instead of his chin. It's been there most of the time since. In 1927 Jack married Sadye Marks, known on the air as Mary Livingstone. They have an adopted daughter, Joan, aged a year and a half, whose favorite recreation is tobogganing downstairs on Mr. Benny's violin. . . . Una Merkel is from Kentucky. But she prefers Hollywood to Covington any old day. If you think you'd recognize Una on Hollywood Boulevard by her inimitable gum-chewing technique, you're wrong. Una's not a bit like her screen roles in real life. She has neither so much Southern accent, nor so many wisecracks, though there's a touch of both.

★★★ Remember Last Night
(Universal)

The reason no one can remember last night is because the entire cast of this one spends almost every minute of its time guzzling. In that respect, you might say it's thinner than "The Thin Man," after which it seems to be patterned. A gay group, comprised of Robert Young, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Reginald Denny, Monroe Owsley, Louise Henry and George Meeker, spends an evening among the champagne bottles, and when the rest of them arrive at consciousness next morning they discover that Mr. Meeker is "slightly" dead. No one can remember what happened, so detective Edward Arnold is called in. He doesn't drink, which makes his entrance something of a relief after several reels of constantly bent elbows. The picture offers little solace for teetotalers, however, for those two-fisted drinkers, Robert Young and Constance Cummings, do much more toward solving the crime than does the long and temperate arm of the law. "Remember Last Night," if you can disregard the exaggerated drinking scenes, is a lively murder mystery which should hold your attention throughout. The large cast is swell, and it is particularly nice to see Constance Cummings back again, gin-soaked though she is.

Preview Postscripts

Edward Arnold's the most superstitious man in Hollywood. In 1928 he was touring with Viola Dana in a vaudeville act. In Long Beach a fortune teller told him that he was going to make a hit in talkies. Arnold had never been in one, was flat broke, and had been snubbed by several producers that same week. The next day he received a wire from the Theatre Guild asking him to join them in a Broadway play. He was given a two-year contract and the day after it ran out was offered three contracts from motion picture studios. His friends claim he's more patient than superstitious, waiting two years for the prophecy to come true. . . . Constance Cummings leaped at the chance to play in this flicker. She dotes on murders and reads herself to sleep every night with the more lurid ones. Her only objection to her husband, Benn Levy, British playwright, is that he can't appreciate the fine points of a good murder and writes only super-sophisticated dramas. . . . Robert Young is one young man who attained sudden success without an increase in headsize. He graduated from a Los Angeles high school and started in extra work at the studios as the best way to get some badly needed cash for his younger brother's education. A small part in one picture suddenly boosted him into the public eye. As soon as Robert found out it was Fame, sure enough, he eloped with his high-school sweetheart. Studio publicity heads wagged woeful heads and prophesied it was the end of his glamor in the public eye. But in the last two years Bob has proved that common sense can be pretty glamorous, too. . . . The Long Island mansion in this picture set Universal back just two hundred thousand dollars in cold cash. When completed the sets were so elaborate that all the actresses' gowns had to be redesigned in order to fit in with the fancy work. The wardrobe department didn't consider this picture too highly. But Monroe Owsley did. He got the biggest break in many a picture on this one. He was allowed to live almost through the entire play. It's seldom Mr. Owsley is allowed to survive more than three or four reels.

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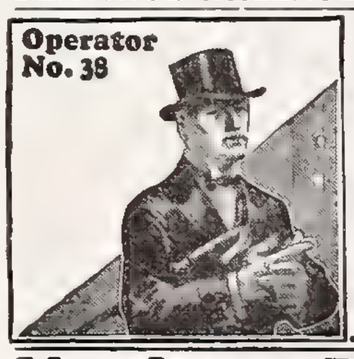
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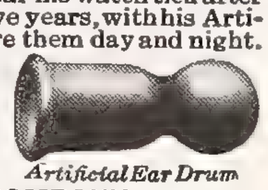
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Between You and Me

TEAMING TOO

I get a great deal of pleasure from your magazine, and would like to express a sincere desire. Here it is:

I would like to see Nelson Eddy and Gladys Swarthout as a team, and my mind seems immediately to hear and see them in Bizet's "Carmen." What a Toreador Nelson would make and what a beautiful Carmen Miss Swarthout would be! Their voices would be ideally suited to each role and it would give them full scope both vocally and dramatically.

I am very anxious to know what the reaction of the rest of the fans is to this suggestion. We all loved Nelson and Miss MacDonald, too, but I know they will both want to make a change of partners in due time, so why not the combination I suggest?—M. Woolsey, Providence, R. I.

A BOY WHO'S A BOY

As a fan writer I'd probably make a swell brick layer, but I've got to admit that little Frankie Darro's name in a cast is plenty big enough to drag me in to see a picture I otherwise would have passed right up.

Oh, I like movies all right, and I have my favorites—Bergner, Greta Garbo and Shearer for the actresses; and Gable, March and Colman for the actors—but I sure get a big kick out of this tough little youngster, Frankie Darro. He's the kind of an "all-boy" every father wants and very seldom gets. It even took the screen a long time to find an hundred per cent all-boy, and now that they have found one, I hope they'll have sense enough to keep him and do right by him.—George Galey, Newark, N. J.

MONTREAL FOR MACMURRAY

May I say something about a young man who has recently come upon the screen horizon? He is a fast-growing favorite, and I think that the best reason for his popularity is that he typifies every average young man. He is not the "perfect profile" type, he has no affectation; he is just the ideal symbol of a healthy normal young American of today. His name? Fred MacMurray. His performance in "Men Without Names" and "Alice Adams" was a very welcome change from anything done by many other actors on the screen today.

My big favorite is Nelson Eddy, but when the golden-voiced star is not on the screen, I take Fred MacMurray, without hesitation, for my evening's entertainment. His success is well deserved. May he continue to give such clean, wholesome

(Continued from page 63)

performances as he has done in his first screen appearances. The movies will be a better form of entertainment when more "regular guys" like Fred MacMurray invade them.—Rosemary Kent, Montreal, Canada.

MARVELOUS MELODY

All sorts of bouquets to M-G-M for their perfectly swell production, "Broadway Melody of 1936." It was one grand and novel show from start to finish. So orchids to Leo for a grand cast and a grand picture.

To Eleanor Powell, whose dancing alone is splendid, but who also proves her metal as an actress of no mean ability.

To Jack Benny, because he was funny and amusing rather than "silly."

To the designer of the distinctly "different" set for the "I've Got a Feelin' You're Foolin'" number.

And last but not least, to Bob Taylor, for a sterling performance. There should be an unlimited future for him. He has what it takes—good looks and the ability to handle any type of role with an utterly disarming naturalness. He should go far. —D. F., Germantown, Pa.

A VOICE FROM HOME

Your "Advance Model" article in the September issue is so truly Rosalind Russell that to me it is like seeing her again. Of course, this is only the "rave" of one of those "farmers" she was telling you about, but you will remember she did say we were appreciative.

When she appeared with the Little Theatre Group in Buffalo, I was delighted with her interpretations. As far as the audience in general was concerned, SHE was the Little Theatre Group. I don't know whether this proves histrionic ability or not, but she imparted to her audience such an intimate feeling that at intervals it would cause amused individual chuckles and "ahs" to burst forth from sheer joy.

It was funny—even while we sat there enjoying her work, we sensed that she was destined for greater glory.

I have seen her every performance in the motion picture field, and upon several occasions have had the pleasure of hearing an exasperated neighbor voice my personal opinion, "Why don't they give her a part worthy of her talent?" And WHY NOT? If Hollywood authorities really recognize talent when they see it, why don't they capitalize on Rosalind Russell? As yet, with the vehicles afforded her, the screen world hasn't even an idea of what Rosalind really can do."

And meanwhile, we "farmers" patiently wait until her talent is as apparent to the moguls as it is to us.—Mildred Francis, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIKES AND DISLIKES

I have read lots of your letters and most of the people have very good judgment.

All we fans are tired of Gable, Crawford, Tone, Harlow and little Temple, etc. Give us more of Patricia Ellis, Jane Withers, Grace Moore, Sybil Jason, Gary Cooper—and give us more of Eddy, but not too much.

I like Jean Harlow, but I don't like the roles she plays. Give her some *good* roles and let us enjoy her talent.—Martha Thornton, Dunn, N. C.

THE PUBLIC SAYS—

Leave Bing Crosby with Joan Bennett, but give him better roles because Bing is slipping. Give him a he-man role and not that of a sissy, nor yet again the role of a bad man. Somehow, in "Mississippi," he seemed to be awkward. There was absolutely nothing to that picture or "Two For Tonight." The plots were no good and Bing sang a trifle too much. Give him stories with good plots or Bing will soon be in the past. We'd certainly hate to lose him.

Separate Clark Gable and Jean Harlow if you don't want his career ruined, for that's just what she is doing to him. Walking out of a theatre after seeing one of her pictures, I can't help but feel filthy. "China Seas" would have been a four-star picture, according to me, if Jean Harlow hadn't shown her common self. The only picture we liked her in was "Hold Your Man." Give her more of this sort, and give us Clark Gable in another like "The White Sister." But please separate them.

George Raft is really the tops with us. More of Raft and Carole Lombard together. He's all right in slow dancing or in a rhumba, but for heaven's sake, he's too much of a man to be made to tap dance.

Now for Pat O'Brien—there's really a man for you. Give us more of him with Josephine Hutchinson. "Oil For the Lamps of China" was a beautiful picture.

Why not do with John Wayne what you did with Randolph Scott? I'm sure he, too, could make the grade because he can act and he certainly has the looks. We all give thanks for putting Scott into "big-time" pictures, so please give John Wayne a break!—M.M.L., Rayne, La.

More Good News

(Continued from page 59)

simply maaaa-ad about Director David Butler! And Mrs. Butler doesn't know a thing about that hop-scotch affair which is being carried on between every scene! If this should leak out Mrs. B., no doubt, will join forces with Mrs. John Boles, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Jack Holt and a few others to put a ban on the Temple charms.

■ ■ ■

"Reunion in London" is staged every Saturday evening in an English restaurant. It's a gathering of homesick Hollywoodians. Among the recent participators were Fay Wray, Douglass Montgomery, Mary Brian and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young. The Fredric Marches were regular attenders but have left for home by now.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich has just joined the select group of stars who close their sets to visitors. With La Dietrich the move was one of necessity, for too many people wanted to watch her emote and the sets grew so crowded there was hardly room for the the technical crew. So the "No Visitors" sign was tacked up, and no visitors meant everyone but daughter, Maria, and the present romance, John Gilbert. Marlene and Maria, incidentally, are a striking pair as they stroll down the boulevard, especially since Maria has grown so that two more inches will see her as tall as mama.

The Dietrich-West war's over. Two glamor queens on one lot usually means fireworks, and for quite a time on the Paramount lot there was no friendship wasted between Mae and Marlene. As a matter of fact, they hardly knew each other. Finally, Dietrich visited a West set. Then West visited a Dietrich set. The gals began dropping in on each other's dressing room. So Marlene baked a cake for Mae, which is a sure sign of admiration, for the Dietrich hasn't turned out much pastry lately.

■ ■ ■

Film fans in the United States may go so far as to yank a flower from the lapel of their favorite star, but down in South America they stop at whatever is Spanish for "nothing." If you don't believe it just ask Clark Gable, who recently returned from what he thought was going to be a rest down there. Seems Clark was in his hotel suite quietly shaving when a bevy of Latin ladies broke down the door, rushed in and mobbed the frightened Mr. G. When the mob departed, Clark, full of lipstick and lather, found that they had taken all of his underwear, his pajamas and his handkerchiefs.

■ ■ ■

Watching a scene from "Collegiate," we noticed that one of the most interested spectators was Jack Oakie. Jack, of course, is starred in the picture, but he wasn't needed on the set that day because the scene involved only a few lovely co-eds attired in a like number of lovely you-know-whatties. "How come," we asked Jack, "you're around when you don't have to work?" "Oh," said Oakie in as off-hand a tone as he could command, "I just like to keep in touch."

■ ■ ■

If you would lead the Private Life, come to Hollywood! That's from no less an authority on the subject than Miss Greta Garbo. On her return from Sweden, the Garbo has announced, she will hibernate permanently in the Hollywood Hills. George Brent is building an elegant retreat up there now. Whether Greta will go in for solitary confinement or Mr. Brent is a moot question.

■ ■ ■

Now that the decks are cleared for the tinkle of legal wedding bells, Claudette Colbert and her fiancé, Dr. Joel Pressman, are rumored to be planning their march to the altar the very day the doctor's divorce decree becomes final.

■ ■ ■

W. C. Fields has been feeling anything but funny the past two months. The nosey gentleman has been spending his time at a sanatorium near Los Angeles, where he's reported suffering from violent headaches, stomach aches, neck aches and back aches. Every kind of trouble, it seems, except fallen arches and Baby LeRoy.

■ ■ ■

Edith Fellows is a sworn Democrat and will uphold the party to the end since President Roosevelt's Los Angeles visit. The nine-year-old Columbia starlet was chosen representative of a local C.C.C. camp, and delivered a bouquet to the chief executive when he visited the camp. Mr. R. was flattered to the extent of asking Edith for a photograph, and said he'd appreciated her acting in "She Married Her Boss." So in the next mail went the photo. It was autographed "With love from Edith Fellows—I mean, Annabelle, the brat."

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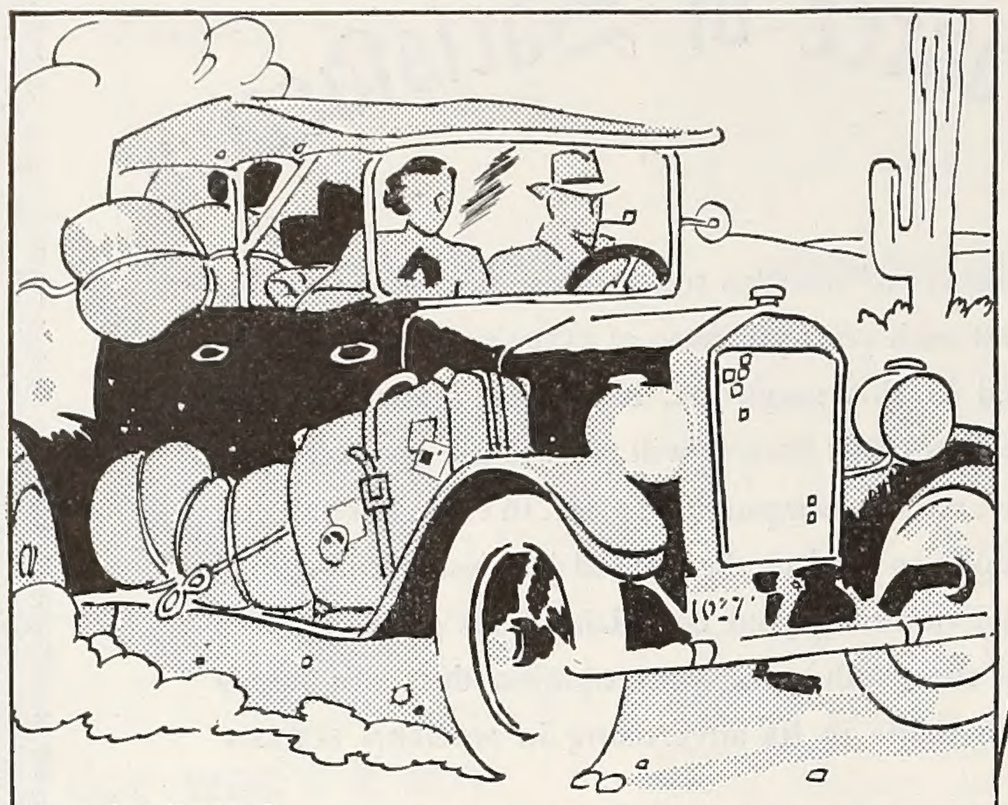
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all joking aside... by Jack Betts



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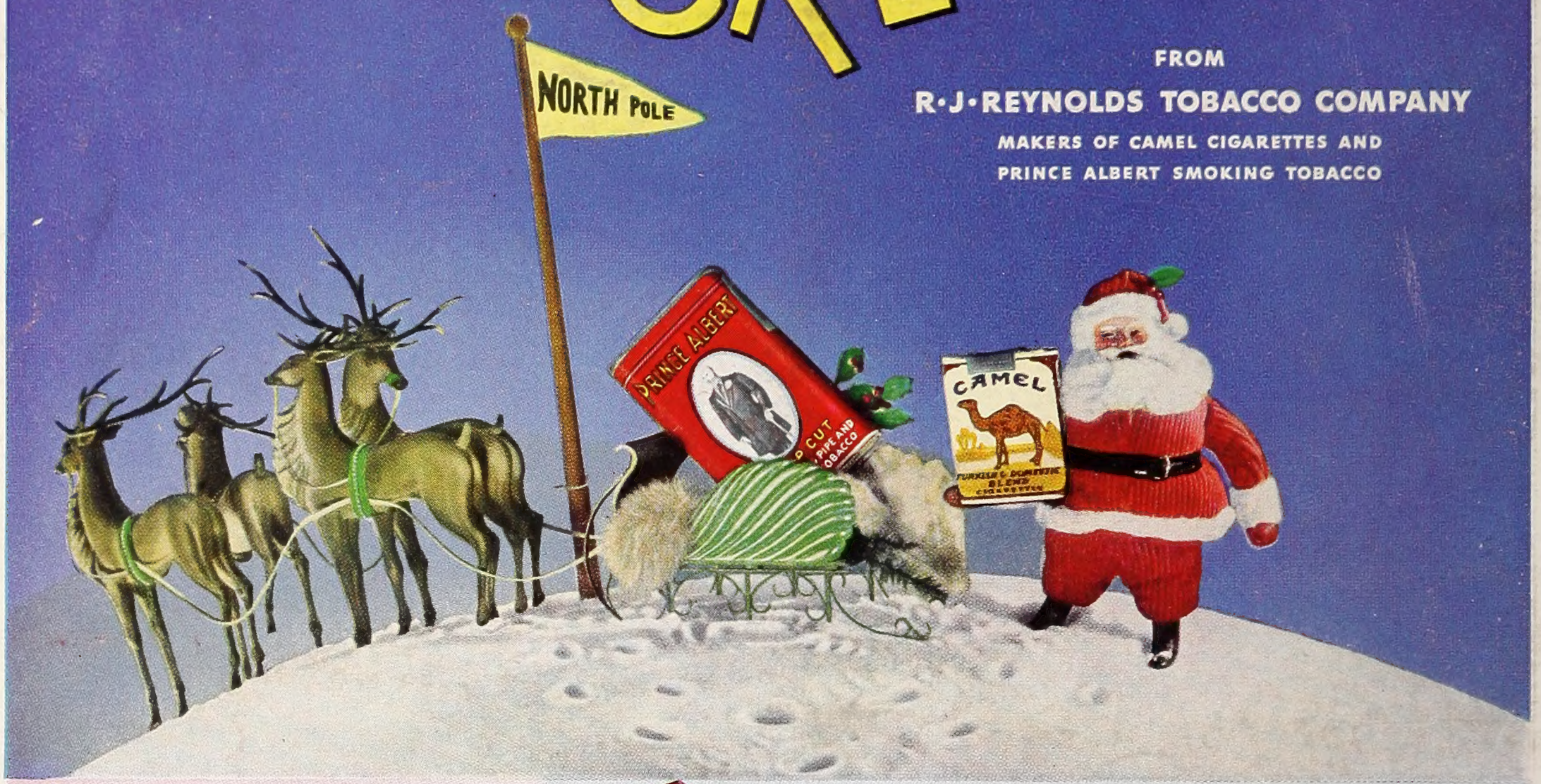
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